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Select Proverbs -

by John Mapletoft

(Britwell Catalogue)

Rev. John Mapletoft, M.D.

(Stanwell & Young)

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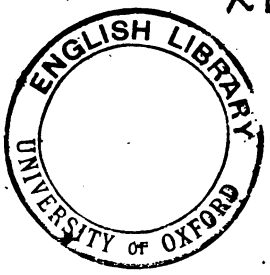

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SELECT
PROVERBS,

ITALIAN, SPANISH, FRENCH, } { ENGLISH, SCOTISH, BRITISH, &c.

Chiefly Moral.

The Foreign Languages done into Engliſh.

Volunt Prodeſſe.

Anſæ Sapienti datæ, unde fiat Sapientior, Malo unde Bonus, Bono unde Melior.

Hints which may poſſibly ſerve to make a Wiſe Man yet Wiſer, a Bad Man Good, and a Good Man Better.

LONDON,

Printed by *J. H.* for *Philip Monckton* at the *Star* in St. *Paul's* Church-yard. M DCC VII.

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THE

PREFACE.

IT may be of good use, if not necessary to the great and wise Ends of Religion and Virtue, for which we were made by Almighty God, and for the more prudent Conduct of our selves here, to have always about us and as it were at hand, some Fix'd unquestionable Aphorisms, or Rules applicable to the most usual Occurrences of Life.

Many of these Established and Governing Maxims, the Κύριαι Δόξαι *Authentick and Stated Judgments, or Decisions*

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ciſions of the ancient Moraliſts, are grown into Proverbs in moſt of the living Languages in this part of the World. And that more of them may become ſo in ours, is the Deſign of publiſhing this Collection.

The Italians, Spaniards, *and* French, *as well as we of theſe Nations, have enriched their ſtore with many of the moſt conſiderable Sayings and Obſervations of the* Greeks *and* Romans; *which are here inſerted for their ſakes chiefly who are Strangers to thoſe learned Tongues.*

For they who are acquainted with Euripides, Sophocles, *and thoſe valuable Fragments of* Menander, *and the other Greek Dramatick Poets and Sages, happily preſerv'd to us by* Stobæus, *and ſome of the more ancient Chriſtian Writers, will eaſily trace up many*

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many of the very best and wisest of these Proverbs to those great Originals.

I mention this out of a just Indignation, and to the eternal Shame of our wretched Poetasters, the modern Scribblers to the English *Stage; who, either to get Bread by so vile and mean a Trade, or to gain the Applause of the empty and gay Things, and loose Debauchees of a degenerate Age, and withall to Patronize their own lewd and scandalous Lives, have taken as much pains to varnish and set off Profaneness, and all kinds of brutish Sensuality and Wickedness, and to ridicule true Wisdom and Virtue, and even common Honesty, as those much wiser and better Men, the Heathen Poets, did to discredit Vice and Folly, and to raise Sobriety, Justice, Humanity, and even Piety, to that Esteem and true Value with all Men, which they ever had, and will*

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ever have with the most discerning and unbyassed Judges, even Pagans as well as Christians.

These Jacula Prudentum, *these Goads or Nails of the Wise, may probably make a deeper Impression, and stick faster in some Mens minds than large Discourses and accurate and close Reasonings.*

Some single Proverb may, either by its own Weight and clear Evidence of Truth, or by its agreeable Turn of Expression, so luckily hit some Persons in some Circumstances, and may give them such a seasonable Hint, as may be worth twenty times more to them upon that one Occasion, than the whole Book cost them.

For Example.

Fly the Pleasure that will bite to-morrow.

'Tis

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'Tis better to pleaſe a Fool than to anger him.

Lay your Hand often upon your own Heart, and you will not ſpeak ill of others.

Never Speak, or Do that thing which Anger prompts you to.

Giving much to the Poor increaſeth our ſtore. *&c.*

Some one of theſe, I ſay, or the like, may come ſo patly into that Man's Head which is furniſhed with ſuch Materials, as to prevent his doing ſome Ill or Folly which he would afterwards repent of; or to put him upon what he might not otherwiſe have thought to do at that time, or in that manner.

Some plain, irreſiſtible, and uſeful Truths, are inſerted here and there a-

mong

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mong the reſt, that if they are not yet common enough to paſs for Proverbs, or ſtated Maxims and Rules of Life, they may be ſo for the future to all who will give themſelves the leiſure duly to conſider, and then to apply them to their own Uſe.

If there needs any Apology, it is for ſome few, which are either Matters of Fact and common Obſervation, or which ſhew ſomewhat of the Genius of thoſe Nations whence they at firſt came. And theſe, as Sea-marks, may ſerve to warn us what is to be avoided, as well as diſapprov'd, by all who have a true taſte and ſenſe of their Duty and Intereſt. Some too of the French *Proverbs are in ſuch an old Dreſs, as that they will ſcarce be owned by their Country-men; the Reaſon of which is, that they were copied from Books printed before the modern Refinements of that Tongue, which hath*

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hath had several Changes within the compass of a few Years.

That they are too many; and again too few; that this was left out, and that put in; that some are only Repetitions of the same things in other Words or Languages; that others are not ranked in that Language to which they do originally belong, (which must be very hard to be now determined in those which are found in so many of them;) that some are too plain and too common, tho' perhaps the most significant and instructive; that others want that sprightly air of Wit which is the only thing some Men can relish: All these are either Faults, or Exceptions, and Imaginations, which the most critical Reader must have come under had he Published any thing of this kind himself.

'Tis

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'Tis very possible that there is not any one Line in this Collection which some nicer Judge may not, for some Reason, or for no Reason, think would have been better left out; though very probably Forty more, who take themselves to be every one of them as Wise as he, are of another Opinion. They who were desired to strike out what they pleased, agreed so little in their Verdict, that usually what one blotted out, another would have restored again.

Those Proverbs or Sentences which may chance to be twice or oftner found in the several Languages, or perhaps the sense of them in the same, are generally such as deserve a second Thought, perhaps a third, or fourth, from most Men: They are mostly such as are proper to awaken the Inconsiderate; and may chance at some time to dart such a Light into the Soul even of a wise and good

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good Man, as may help or excite him to forbear more carefully, or to act more wisely and vigorously in particular cases than he might have done without such a Monitor.

This is certain at least, that a few of the most important of these Aphorisms well digested, frequently thought upon, and lived up to, would contribute very much to make many Persons more reasonable, more considerate, more wise and sober, more just and pious, and more true to their great Interest, that of their immortal Souls; in a word, more Men, i. e. *more themselves, more what they ought to be, than they now are: and by consequence would assist them to pass more easily through this World, and be more happy in the next.*

If any of the younger, and more unexperienced Persons, for whose Instruction

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on and Improvement things of this nature are chiefly design'd, would at their best leisure read one Leaf, or one Page only at one time, and then spend a few of those Minutes which are commonly lost every day in doing nothing, or in doing worse, in seriously pondering with themselves, and reflecting upon what they think may be most serviceable to them hereafter, the Advantage would doubtless more than requite the little pains it would cost them. And the Publisher would then be sure to have his utmost Aim and Wish, which was only to do the Reader the charitable Office of giving him some Rise or Lift towards his being Wiser, or Better in some kind or other; or Acting more prudently, and more warily in some instance or other, than he might possibly otherwise have been, or have done.

ERRATA.

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ITALIAN PROVERBS.

CHi ſerve a Dio hà Buon Padrone.
He who ſerves God hath the beſt Maſter in the World.
Dove Dio ſi trouva nulla manca.
Where God is there nothing is wanting.
Quanto è l' huomo negl' occhi di Dio, tanto è, e non più.
No Man is greater in truth than he is in God's eſteem:
Hà Buono giuditio chi del proprio non ſi fida.
He hath a good Judgment who doth not rely on his own.
La robba non è di chi la fà, ma di chi la gode.
Wealth is not his who gets it, but his who enjoys it.
Huomo ſolitario ô è Beſtia, ô Angelo.
He who converſes with no body, is either a Brute or an Angel.
Chi no vede il fondo non paſſi l'acqua.
Go not over the Water where you cannot ſee the bottom.
Chi non ſi governa bene un anno, vive ſenza allegrezza poi cinque anni.
He who lives diſorderly one Year, doth not enjoy himſelf for five Years after.
Le amicitie ſon a buon conto, quando ſi comprano à sberrettate.
Friendſhips are good cheap, when they are to be bought with pulling off your Hat.

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Del Amico bene; del Nemico ne ben, ne male.
Speak well of your Friend, of your Enemy neither well nor ill.
Amicitia di Grandi Vicinanza di leoni.
The Friendſhip of a great Man is a Lyon at the next door.
I denari refiutati non ſi ſpendono.
The Money you refuſe will never do you good.
Il ſacco de' mendici non ha fondo.
A Beggar's Wallet is a Mile to the bottom.
Haver-havuto è un pover huomo.
I-once-had *is a poor Man.*
Si trouvano Aſini aſſai ſenza orecchie grandi.
There are a great many Aſſes without long Ears.
A dura incudine martello di piuma.
An Iron Anvil ſhould have a Hammer of Feathers.
Aſſai va dritto chi fugge li triſti.
He keeps his Road well enough who gets rid of bad Company.
Hai debiti, & più ne fai, ſe non mentiſti, mentirai.
Tou are in Debt, and run in farther; if you are not a Lyar yet, you will be one.
Il miglior tiro de' dadi è non giuocarli.
The beſt Throw upon the Dice is never to play at them.
E' cattivo dormir vicino alla porta dell Inferno.
'Tis horribly dangerous to ſleep near the Gates of Hell.
Chi vuol ingannar il proſſimo, inganna ſe ſteſſo.
He who thinks to cheat another, cheats himſelf moſt.
Donar ſi chiama Peſcar.
Giving is going a fiſhing.
Il troppo ben ſtare fà altri impazzire.
Too much Proſperity makes moſt Men Fools.
Li morti aprono gli occhi à quelli chi vivono.
Dead Men open the eyes of the Living.
A neſſun Confortator dolſe mai teſta.
No Man's head akes while he comforts another.

Gl'

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Gl' huomini sfacciati possedono la metà del mondo.
Bold and shameless Men are Masters of half the World.
Ognuno hà da far assai con se stesso.
Every one hath enough to do to govern himself well.
Chi Asino è, e Cervo esser si crede, al saltar del fosso, se ne auvede.
He who is an Ass, and takes himself to be a Stag, when he comes to leap the Ditch finds his mistake.
La Lode giova al Savio, & al matto nuoce.
Praise doth a wise Man good, but a Fool harm.
Fatta la Legge trouvata la malitia.
No sooner is a Law made, but an Evasion of it is found out.
Chi dà ciancie imbocca colla cuchiara vuota.
He who gives fair words, feeds you with an empty Spoon.
Trè cose sempre ci costano, carezze del Cane, Amor di Corteggiana, & invito d' Hoste.
Three things cost dear; The Caresses of a Dog, the Love of a Miss, and the Invitation of an Host.
La fame hà sempre buon Cuoco.
Hunger never fails of a good Cook.
Tanto vale la persona quanto se fa valere.
A Man is valued as he makes himself valuable.
Trè pochi fanno l' huomo diventar ricco di subito, poco di Senno, poco divergogna, poco d' Honestá.
Three Littles make a Man rich on a sudden; little Wit, little Shame, and little Honesty.
Chi ha la Sanita è Ricco, & non lo sa.
He who hath good Health is a rich Man, and doth not know it.
Accenna al Savio & lascia far a lui.
Give a wise Man a hint, and he will do the business well enough.
E' meglio un cattivo Accordo, che una buona Lite.
A bad Agreement is better than a good Law-suit.

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Più val l'acqua del ciel che ogni inaffiamento.
The beſt Watering is that which comes from Heaven.
Quando arde il vicinato porta acqua à caſa tua.
When your Neighbour's houſe is on fire carry Water to your own.
Poco cibo, & neſſun affanno Sanità nel corpo fanno.
Spare Diet and no Trouble keep a Man in good health.
Chi non ſi vuol affaticare in queſto mondo, non ci naſca.
He that will have no trouble in this World muſt not be born in it.
La Giovane come è allevata, & la ſtoppa come è filata.
The Maid is ſuch as ſhe is bred, and Tow as it is ſpun.
Chi vuol Amici aſſai ne provi pochi.
He that would believe he hath a great many Friends, muſt try but few of them.
Amor infanga i Giovani, & anniega i vecchi.
Love bemires Young-men, and drowns the Old.
Ogni dieci anni l'uno ha hiſogno dell' alfro.
Once in every ten Years every Man needs his Neighbour.
Dice Ariſtotene, Quando puoi haver del hen, tottene; Et dice poi Platone, Se tu non lo tuoi, ſei pur un gran coglione.
Ariſtotle *ſaith, When you can have any good thing take it: And* Plato *ſaith, If you do not take it, you are a great Coxcomb.*
Dal Aſino non hai che calci e petti.
From an Aſs you can get nothing but Kicks and Stench.
Dall' Aſſente ô taci, ô parla da amico.
Either ſay nothing of the abſent, or ſpeak like a Friend.
Un Auvertito ne val due.
One man forewarn'd (or appris'd of a thing) is worth two.
Beato colui che può far Beato altrui.
He is truly happy who can make others happy too.

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Bellà ſenza Bontà è come vino ſventá.
A fair Woman without Virtue is like palled Wine.
Di gli che è Bella, e Pazza diverrà ella.
Tell a Woman ſhe is wondrous fair, and ſhe will ſoon turn Fool.
Belletto è Moſchette offeſa al marito, Speranza al Amante.
Paint and Patches give offence to the Husband, Hopes to her Gallant.
Chi vuol che ſi dica ben di lui ſi guardi di dir mal d' altrui.
He that would be well ſpoken of himſelf, muſt not ſpeak ill of others.
Più gode quello chi fà, che quello chi receve il beneficio.
He that doth the Kindneſs hath the nobleſt Pleaſure of the two.
Chi fa beneficio al Buono, lo riceve.
He who doth a kindneſs to a good man, doth a greater to himſelf.
Beretta in mano non fece mai danno.
A man's hat in his hand never did him harm.
Una Beretta manco ô più, & un quinterno di carta l' anno, coſtan poco, e molti amici ti faranno.
One Cap or Hat more or leſs, and one Quire of Paper in a Tear, coſt but little, and will make you many Friends.
Chi biaſima i Grandi ſcorre pericolo, chi li loda ſpeſſo dice la bugía.
He who blames Grandees endangers his head, and he who praiſes them muſt tell many a lye.
Il Savio non s' imbarca ſenza biſcotto.
A wiſe Man goes not on board without due Proviſion.
Bocca chiuſa, & occhi aperti.
Keep your Mouth ſhut, and your Eyes open.

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Chi vuol turar la bocca a tutti biſogna che habbia aſſai farina.

He who will ſtop every Man's mouth muſt have a great deal of Meal.

I ſaggi hanno la bocca nel cuore, i matti il cuor nella bocca.

Wiſe Men have their Mouth in their Heart, Fools their Heart in their Mouth.

Non ſi dè monſtrar il fondo nè della borſa, nè dell' Animo.

Never ſhew the bottom either of your Purſe or of your Mind.

Haver ſentito dire è mezza bugia.

I heard one ſay ſo, *is half a lye.*

Le Bugie hanno corte le gambe.

Lyes have very ſhort legs.

Una bugia ne tira dieci.

One Lye draws ten more after it.

Accoſta ti a' Buoni, e ſarai un d' eſſi.

Keep Company with good Men, and you'll increaſe their Number.

Buon per ſe buono, buon per altri buon' affatto.

He is a good Man who is good for himſelf, but he is good indeed who is ſo for others too.

Chi è Buono fanne ritratto.

When you meet with a vertuous Man, draw his Picture.

Chi prattica co' buoni, gli può far le ſpeſe.

He who keeps good Men Company may very well bear their Charges.

Comincia a diventar cattivo chi ſi tien buono.

He begins to grow bad who takes himſelf to be a good Man.

Non è buono chi non cerca di diventar megliore.

He is far from a good Man who ſtrives not to grow better.

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Prattica co' buoni, e ſta ben co' cattivi.
Keep good Men Company, and fall not out with the bad.
Chi butta il ſuo colle mani lo và poi cercando cò piedi.
He who throws away his Eſtate with his hands, goes afterwards to pick it up on his feet.
Triſte la cà che da vecchio non ſà.
'Tis a bad Houſe that hath not an old Man in it.
Il cantar bene e ruſpar male è arte del diavolo.
To crow well and ſcrape ill is the Devil's trade.
Preſto al capello, tardi alla borſa.
Be ready at (or with) your Hat, but ſlow at your Purſe.
Carica voluntaria non carica.
A Burthen which one chuſes is not felt.
Quanto più è caro, tanto meglior mercato per me.
The dearer ſuch a thing is, the better Penny-worth for me.
Più n' ammazza la Cena che non ſanò mai Avicena,
Suppers kill more than the greateſt Doctor ever cured.
Tutto il Cervello non è in una teſta.
All the Wit in the World is not in one Head.
Non manchiamo à noi medeſimi poi faccia il cielo.
Let us do what we can and ought, and let God do his pleaſure.
E' meglio eſſer condennato da più Medici che da un Giudice.
'Tis better to be condemn'd by the College of Phyſicians than by one Judge.
Invitta coppia è Confidenza & Arte.
Skill and Aſſurance are an invincible Couple.
Alla Conocchia il Pazzo s' inginocchia.
The Fool kneels to the Diſtaff.
Non baſta conoſcer il bene biſogna farlo.
Knowing is worth nothing unleſs we do the Good we know.

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Vedendo uno ſi conoſce mezzo, udendolo ſi può conoſcer tutto.
A Man is half known when you ſee him, when you hear him ſpeak you know him all out.
Conſiglio di chi ti vuol bene, ſcrivilo anchor che ti paia male.
Write down the Advice of him who loves you, tho' you like it not at preſent.
Conſiglio lento, ſerviggio pronto.
Be ſlow to give Advice, ready to do any Service.
In conſiglio non ſia nè ira nè preſtezza.
Both Anger and Haſte hinder good Counſel.
Nè Conſiglio nè Sale ſi dà ſe non vien chieſto.
Give neither Counſel nor Salt till you are asked for it.
Il matto non s' impaccia da' coppi in sú.
The Fool never thinks higher than the top of his houſe.
Corteggiano ſchiavo della catena d' oro.
A Courtier is a Slave in a golden Chain.
Cucina picciola fà la caſa grande.
A little Kitchin makes (or builds) a large Houſe.
Habbi pur fiorini, che troverai Cugini.
Have Money, and you will find Kindred enough.
Chi danari preſta, due coſe perde.
He that lends his Money hath a double Loſs.
Di danari, ſenno, e bontà, la metà della metà.
Of Money, Wit, and Virtue, believe one fourth part of what you hear Men ſay.
Il danaro è Servo di chi ſà ſervirſene, di chi non ſà, Padrone.
Money is his Servant who knows how to uſe it as he ſhould, his Maſter who doth not.
E' meglio di dar un Soldo, che preſtar ne venti.
'Tis better to give one Shilling than to lend twenty,
Diffidenza madre di ſicurezza.
Wiſe Diſtruſt is the Parent of Security.

Sola

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Sola clemenza à Dio c' agguaglia.
Mercy or Goodneſs alone makes us like to God.
Tanto è mio, quanto io godo, e do per Dio.
So much only is mine, as I either uſe my ſelf or give for God's ſake:
Chi vuol dir mal d' altri, penſi prima di ſe ſteſſo.
He who's about to ſpeak evil of another, let him firſt well conſider himſelf.
Non dir di me, ſe di me non, ſai;
Penſa di te, e poi di me dirai.
Speak not of me unleſs you know me well;
Think of your ſelf e're ought of me you tell.
Più val un giorno del diſcreto, che tutta la vita d' un ſciocco.
One day of a Wiſeman is worth the whole Life of a Fool.
Quel che ſi dona luce, quel che ſi mangia, puzza.
What you give ſhines ſtill, what you eat ſmells ill next day.
Il domandar coſta poco.
Asking coſts no great matter.
Donna di feneſtra uva di ſtrada.
A Woman that loves to be at the Window is like a Bunch of Grapes in the Highway.
La donna & il vetro ſempre in pericolo.
A Woman and a Glaſs are never out of danger.
La Donna e la Ceraſa per ſuo mal s' imbelletta.
A Woman and a Cherry are painted for their own harm.
Non v' è miglior Mobil in caſa quanto la Donna dabbene.
The beſt Furniture in the Houſe is a virtuous Woman.
La prima Donna Matrimonio, la ſeconda Compagnia, la terza Reſia.
The firſt Wife is Matrimony, the ſecond Company, the third Hereſie.

Sà

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Sà più un Dottor & un Villan, che un Dottor ſolo.
A Doctor and a Clown know more than a Doctor alone.
Duro con duro non fà buon Muro.
Hard upon Hard never makes a good Wall.
Eſſempio dè buoni Filoſofia viſibile.
The Example of good Men is viſible Philoſophy.
Molte Leggi corrompe un mal Eſſempio.
One ill Example ſpoils many good Laws.
Tutto può eſſere, eccetto foſſa ſenza riva.
Every thing may be, except a Ditch without a Bank.
Chi contra Iddio getta pietra in capo glitorna.
He who throws a ſtone againſt God, it falls upon his own head.
Chi mi ne fà una, non me ne farà due.
He who plays me one Trick ſhall not play me a ſecond.
Fai che devi, e ſegua cio che puole.
Do what you ought, and let what will come on it.
Facendo fallo s'impara.
By making a Fault you may learn to do better.
I primi falli ſono di quegli che li commettono, i ſecondi di chi non gli caſtiga.
The firſt Faults are theirs who commit them, all the following are his who doth not puniſh them.
Chi vuol eſſer mal ſervito tenga aſſai famigli.
He who would be ill ſerved, let him keep good ſtore of Servants.
A ben far non dar di mora
Perche preſto paſſa l'hora.
To do good ſtill make no delay,
For Life and Time ſlide faſt away.
Pez mal far poco tempo baſta.
A little time will ſerve to do ill.
Chi vuol faſtidii in vita, ô piglia nave, ô ſi marita.
He who would have trouble in this Life, let him get either a Ship or a Wife.

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Chi fugge fatica non fà caſa de trè ſolari.
He who will take no pains, will never build a Houſe three Stories high.

Il bello del gioco è, il far fatti, e parlar poco.
The beſt of the Game is, to do ones buſineſs and talk little of it.

L'Italiano è Saggio inanzi al fatto, il Todeſco nel fatto, e l'Franceſe doppo il fatto.
The Italian *is wiſe before he undertakes a thing, the* German *while he is doing it, and the* Frenchman *when it is over.*

Nella Felicità Ragione, nell' infelicita Patienza.
In Proſperity we need Moderation, in Adverſity Patience.

Nella proſperità gli Altari non fumano.
Proſperous Men ſacrifice not, i. e. *they forget God.*

Di rado la Felicità ſacrifica alla Modeſtia.
Great Proſperity and Modeſty ſeldom go together.

Femina, Vino, è Cavallo, Mercantia di fallo.
Women, Wine, and Horſes, are Ware Men are often deceiv'd in.

All' Amico ſi monda il Fico, al Nimico il Perſico.
Give your Friend a Fig, and your Enemy a Peach.

Chi non hà figlivoli non ſà che ſia Amore.
He who hath no Children doth not know what Love means.

Chi fila porta una Camiſcia, chi non fila ne porta due.
He who ſpins hath one Shirt, he who ſpins not hath two.

Chi al fin penſa ogni Voglia reffrena.
He who conſiders the End, reſtrains all evil Inclinations.

Il più forte hà ſempre Ragione.
He who hath the longeſt Sword is always thought to be in the right.

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Il giuditio della Fortuna non receve appello.
There lies no Appeal from the Decision of Fortune.
Non occorre di consigliar il fortunato.
Luckey Men need no Counsel.
Mai si fà cosa ben in fretta, che il fuggir la Peste, e Rumori, e pigliar pulci.
Three things only are well done in haste; Flying from the Plague, escaping Quarrels, and catching Fleas.
E' meglio che si dica, Quì fuggì, che quì mori.
'Tis better it should be said, Here he ran away, than here he was slain.
La Spada di là sù in ciel non cala in fretta.
The Sword from Heaven above falls not down in haste.
Ciò di buon haverà il givoco, se sarà poco.
The best thing in Gaming is, that it be but little us'd.
Il givoco, donne, e vino consuman l' huomo ridendo.
Play, Women, and Wine, make a Man laugh till he dies of it.
Il givoco hà Diavol nel cuore.
Play or Gaming hath the Devil at the bottom.
Il Diavol hà parte nel gioco.
The Devil goes shares in Gaming.
Chi non se leva à buon hora non fà buona giornata.
He who doth not rise early never does a good days work.
E' giovane chi è sano, ricco chi non hà debiti.
He who hath good Health is young, and he is rich who owes nothing.
Se il giovane sapesse & il vecchio potesse, non v' è cosa che non si facesse.
If Young-men had Wit, and Old-men Strength enough, every thing might be well done.
Chi fugge il Giuditio se stesso condanna.
He who will have no Judge but himself, condemns himself.

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La Scienza è Pazzia ſe ſenno non lo governa.
Learning is Folly unleſs a good Judgment hath the Management of it.
Ogniuno ama la Giuſtitia a caſa d' altri: A niun piace à caſa ſua.
Every Man loves Juſtice at another Man's houſe; No body cares for it at his own.
Chi prattica co' Grandi, l' ultimo à tavola, e 'l primo à ſtrapazzi.
He who keeps Company with Great Men is the laſt at the Table, and the firſt at any Toil or Danger.
Ogni uno hà il ſuo Grillo in capo, & ſi lo fà cantare à ſuo modo.
Every one hath his Cricket in his Head, and makes it ſing as he pleaſes.
In fin dè fini i guai col pane ſon buoni.
In the Concluſion, even Sorrows with Bread are good.
Quando comincia la Guerra, s' apre l' Inferno.
When War begins, Hell Gates are ſet open.
Chi non hà, non ſà; e chi non hà non è.
He that hath nothing knows nothing, and he that hath nothing is no body.
Chi più hà, più penſa, più richiede, e meno gode.
He who hath more, hath more care, ſtill deſires more, and enjoys leſs.
A mal paſſo l' honore.
At a dangerous Paſſage give the Precedency.
Infermità del Corpo ſanità dell' Animo.
The Sickneſs of the Body may prove the Health of the Soul.
Il lavorar è un mezzo orar.
Working in your Calling is half-praying.
Non v' è peggior ladro d'un cattivo libro.
An ill Book is the worſt of Thieves.
La man ſavia non fà tutto quel che dice la lingua ſciocca.
The wiſe Hand doth not all which the fooliſh Tongue ſaith.

Non

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Non dica coſa la lingua che la paghi con la teſta.
Let not your Tongue ſay what your Head may pay for.
Buoniſſimo Giacco è lo ſtar lontano.
The beſt Armour is to keep out of Gunſhot.
La Buona Madre non dice, Vuoi? ma dà.
The good Woman doth not ſay, Will you have this? but gives it you.
Benedetto è quel male che vien ſolo.
That is a good Misfortune which comes alone.
Chi male non fà päura non hà.
He who doth no ill hath nothing to fear.
Non vien mai un Male, che non venga a fin di Bene.
No Ill befalls us but what may be for our Good.
Chi del ſuo vuol eſſer Signore non entri mai mallevadore.
He that would be Maſter of his own muſt not be bound for another.
Mangia a tuo modo, Veſti a modo d' altri.
Eat after your own Faſhion, cloth your ſelf as others do.
Medico Graſſo, e Religioſo magro.
A fat Phyſician, but a lean Monk.
Fatti di miele, e ti Mangieran le Moſche.
Make your ſelf all Honey, and the Flies will eat you up.
La Moglie e Roncino piglia dal vicino.
Marry a Wife, and buy a Horſe from your Neighbour.
E' Padron del Mondo chi lo diſprezza, ſchiavo chi lo apprezza.
He is Maſter of the World who deſpiſes it; its Slave who values it.
Il Mondo è una Gabbia de Matti. N' è vero?
This World is a Cage of Fools. Is it not ſo?
Il Mondo è di chi hà Patienza.
He who hath moſt Patience beſt enjoys the World.

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Se la Mongana volaſſe, non c' uccello che l' arrivaſſe.
If Veal (or Mutton) could fly, no wild Fowl could come near it.
Infelice chi la morte deſidera, più chi la teme.
He is unhappy who wiſhes to die; but more ſo he who fears it.
Meglior diventerai ſe à la morte penſerai.
The more you think of Dying, the better you will Live.
Fà opre degne di Vita chi ſouvente penſa alla morte.
He who oft thinks on Death provides for the next Life.
La Natura, il Tempo, e la Patienza, trè Medici principali.
Nature, Time, and Patience, are the three great Phyſicians.
Quando la Nave è perſa tutti ſon Piloti.
When the Ship is ſunk every Man knows how ſhe might have been ſaved.
Mal la Neceſſità guarda la Caſtità.
Poverty is the worſt Guard for Chaſtity.
I negotii vogliono ſtare gran tempo à molle, come i peſci ſalati.
Affairs, like Salt-fiſh, ought to lie a good while a ſoaking.
Chi niente ſà di niente dubita.
He who knows nothing is confident in every thing.
A chi ben vive non gli manca nulla.
He who lives as he ſhould, has all that he needs.
Col far nulla s' impara à far male.
By doing nothing Men learn to do ill.
Bella vendetta è levar l' occaſione.
The beſt Revenge is to prevent the Injury.

Guardati

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Guardati dall' occaſione, e ti guarderà Iddio da' peccati.

Keep your ſelf from the Occaſion, and God will keep you from the Sins it leads to.

Più vede un occhio del Padrone que quattro del ſervitore.

One Eye of the Maſter ſees more than four Eyes of his Servant.

Chi offende non perdona mai.

He who doth the Injury never forgives the injured man.

Offerir molto è ſpetie di negare.

Extravagant Offers are a kind of Denial.

Con l' ombra della Virtu ſi dipinge il Vitio.

Vice is ſet off with the ſhadow or reſemblance of Virtue.

Ombra di Signore Capello di Matto.

The Shadow of a Lord is an Hat or Cap for a Fool.

Più ombra che frutto fanno l' arberi grandi.

Large Trees give more Shade than Fruit.

Il vero Amor non ſi ſcompagna dall' Onor.

True Love and Honour go always together.

Chi vuol dell' opera ſua far pago ognivno
Se ſteſſo offende, e non contenta alcuno.

He who would pleaſe every body in all he doth, troubles himſelf, and contents no body.

Felice chi mette in opera ciò che dice.

Happy is the Man who doth all the Good he talks of.

Belliſſimo è quello che è opportuno.

That is beſt or fineſt which is moſt fit or ſeaſonable.

E' buon Orator chi à ſe perſuade.

He is a good Orator who prevails with himſelf.

Un paio d' orecchie ſeccherebbero cento lingue.

One pair of Ears will drain dry an hundred Tongues.

Un ſouverchio Orgoglio mille virtu aſconde.

A great deal of Pride obſcures, or blemiſhes, a thouſand good Qualities.

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E' un timor haver l'oro, il non haverne un dolore.
He who hath Gold hath Fear, who hath none hath Sorrow.

L' Asin d' Arcadia carco d'oro, mangia paglia.
An Arcadian Ass, who is laden with Gold, and eats but Straw.

Le Lepre hà preso il Leone nel laccio d'oro.
The Hare catch'd the Lion in a Net of Gold.

Il peggior de' peccati è l' ostinatione.
Obstinacy is the worst, the most incurable of all Sins.

Le vesti de gl' Auvocati son sodrati dell' ostinatione de' Litiganti.
Lawyers Gowns are lined with the Wilfulness of their Clients.

L' otio Madre de' Vitii, Matrigna delle Virtù.
Idleness is the Mother of Vice, the Step-mother to all Virtues.

Chi fatica è tentato da un demonio, chi stà in otio da molti.
He who is employ'd is tempted by one Devil; he who is idle, by an hundred.

Huomo otioso è lo Capezzale del Diavolo.
An idle Man is a Bolster for the Devil.

Otio sepoltura dell' huomo vivo.
Idleness buries a Man alive.

Chi fà buona Guerra ha buona Pace.
He that makes a good War hath a good Peace.

Chi non si cura de' fatti altrui Pace e Riposo procura per lui.
He who troubles not himself with other Mens business, gets Peace and Ease thereby.

Dove è la Pace v' è Dio.
Where Peace is, there God is or dwells.

Il Mondo senza Pace è il soldo del Soldato.
The World without Peace is the Soldier's Pay.

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L' Arme portano la Pace.
Arms carry Peace along with them.
Poco & in Pace multo mi piace.
A little in Peace and Quiet is my heart's wish.
Sopporta e tace chi vuol viver in Pace.
He bears with others, and ſaith nothing, who would live in Peace.
Baſta un Padre à governar cento Figliuoli, e cento Figliuoli non baſtano à governar un Padre.
One Father is ſufficient to govern an hundred Children, and an hundred Children are not ſufficient to govern one Father.
Il Padrone è l' occhio della Caſa.
The Maſter is the Eye of the Houſe.
Il primo ſervitio che il figlio fà al Padre è di farlo impazzire; il ſecondo di farlo arrabiare.
The firſt ſervice a Child doth his Father, is to make him a Fool; the next is, to make him mad.
Buon paëſe, cattivo camino.
A rich Country and a bad Road.
Buon Auvocato cattivo vicino.
A good Lawyer is a bad Neighbour.
Buon Pagatore dell' altrui borſa è Signore.
He who pays well is Maſter of every body's Purſe.
Il pan d'altri coſta caro.
Another Man's bread coſts very dear.
Pan & Vino? va cantando.
Have you Bread and Wine? ſing and be merry.
Poco pan, tienlo in man; poco vin, bevi ſpeſſo; poco letto, cacciati in mezzo, e va à dormire à buon' hora.
If there is but little Bread, keep it in your hand; if but a little Wine, drink often; if but a little Bed, go to bed early, and clap your ſelf down in the middle.

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E' buon tener i panni à chi nuota.
'Tis good keeping his Cloaths who goes to ſwim.
Il parer Proprio non hà mai torto.
A Man's own Opinion is never in the wrong.
Chi parla poco gli baſta la metà del cervello.
He who ſpeaks little, needs but half ſo much Brains as another Man.
Chi più ſà meno parla.
He who knows moſt, commonly ſpeaks leaſt.
Chi troppo parla à pochi dà conſiglio.
Few Men take his Advice who talks a great deal.
Chi d' altri parlar vorrà, riguardi à ſe, e tacerà.
He that is going to ſpeak ill of another, let him conſider himſelf well, and he will hold his peace.
Il poco mangiar & il poco parlar non ponno mai mal far.
Eating little, and ſpeaking little, can never do a Man hurt.
Molto vale è poco coſta, a mal parlar buona Riſpoſta.
A civil Anſwer to a rude Speech coſts not much, and is worth a great deal.
Parlar ſenza penſar è come tirar ſenza mirar.
Speaking without Thinking is Shooting without taking aim.
Non iſtudia à vuoto chi conta bene ogni ſua Parola.
He doth not loſe his labour who counts every Word he ſpeaks.
Più ſpegne una buona parola che un ſecchio d' acqua.
One mild Word quenches more Heat than a whole Bucket of Water.
Belle parole e mele fracide.
Yes, good Words to put off your rotten Apples.

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Dà pur belle parole, mà tien ſolda la Borſa.
Give every Man good Words, but keep your Purſe-ſtrings cloſe.
Belle parole non paſcon i Gatti.
Fine Words will not keep a Cat from ſtarving.
Chi non hà Patienza non hà niente.
He that hath no Patience, hath nothing at all.
Non vi può eſſer Prudenza dove non v' è Patienza.
No Patience, no true Wiſdom.
Con ogniuno fà un Patto, con teco ſteſſo fanne quattro.
Make one Bargain with other Men, but make four with your ſelf.
I pazzi per lettera ſono i maggiori pazzi.
There is no Fool to a learned Fool.
Il primo grado di Pazzia è il tenerſi Savio; il ſecondo farne profeſſione; il terzo ſprezzar il conſiglio.
The firſt degree of Folly, is to think ones ſelf wiſe; the next to tell others ſo; the third to deſpiſe all Counſel.
Le inſalate pazzie le fanno i Savii.
If Wiſe-men play the Fool, they do it with a Vengeance.
Baſta d' un Pazzo per caſa.
One Fool in one Houſe is enough in all Conſcience.
Del tutto non è Savio chi non ſà far il Pazzo.
He is not a through Wiſe-man who cannot play the Fool on a juſt occaſion.
Quel chi fà il Pazzo all' ultimo, lo fà il Savio alla prima.
A Wiſe-man doth that at the firſt which a Fool muſt do at the laſt.
Anni e Peccati ſon ſempre più di quel che ſi dicono.
Mens Years and their Faults are always more than they are willing to own.

I pec-

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I peccati & i debiti ſono più di quel che ſi crede.
Mens Sins and their Debts are more than they take them to be.

La Pena è zoppa e pur arriva.
Puniſhment, tho' lame, overtakes the Sinner at the laſt.

Mal penſa, chi non contrapenſa.
He conſiders ill, that conſiders not on both ſides.

Penſa molto, parla poco, e ſcrivi meno.
Think much and often, ſpeak little, and write leſs.

Penſa bene, Chi tu ſei, Quel che fai, Donde vieni, e Dove vai.
Conſider well, Who you are, What you do, Whence you came, and Whither you are to go.

Penſieri ſtretti, viſo ſciolto.
Keep your Thoughts to your ſelf, let your Mien be free and open.

Alla Pera il Vino, & al Fico l' acqua.
Drink Wine with Pears, and Water after Figs.

Quando la Pera è fatta, convien che caſchi.
When the Pear is ripe, it muſt fall of courſe.

Chi perde à raggione non perde nulla.
He that parts with what he ought, loſes nothing by the Shift.

Perdona à gli altri, mà niente à te.
Forgive every Man's faults except your own.

Il Perdonare è Vendetta divina.
To forgive Injuries is a noble and God-like Revenge.

E' ſegno di gran Perfettione di ſupportar l' altrui Imperfettioni.
'Tis a mark of great Proficiency, to bear eaſily the Failings of other Men.

Amor di ſe ſteſſo figlio dell' Ignoranza.
Fond Love of a Man's ſelf ſhews that he doth not know (himſelf.

Ciò che piace è mezzo fatto.
That which a Man likes well is half done.

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Chi fa piacer ſempre ne trouva.
He who is uſed to do Kindneſſes, always finds them when he ſtands in need.
Niſſun Buon Auvocato piatiſce mai.
A wiſe Lawyer never goes to Law himſelf.
Il Pigro per non far un paſſo, ne fà cento.
A Sluggard takes an hundred ſteps becauſe he would not take one in due time.
Accordatevi, dice Arlotto, & Io farò piovere.
When you are all agreed upon the time, quoth the Curate, I will make it rain.
Faro quel ch' io potrò, & un pò manco, per potervi durare.
I will do what I can, and a little leſs, that I may hold out the better.
Di pochi fidati, di tutti guardati.
Truſt ſome few, but beware of all Men.
Chi ſà poco preſto lo dice.
He who knows but little preſently outs with it.
Chi non tien conto del poco non acquiſta l' aſſai.
He that doth not mind ſmall things will never get a great deal.
Giovanni Poco-fa fù figlio di Madonna Poco-fila.
John Do-little was the Son of Good-wife Spin-little.
Il ſaperſi contentar del Poco non è boccon da loco.
To know how to be content with a little, is not a morſel for a Fool's mouth.
Quello che baſta non è mai poco.
That is never to be call'd Little, which a Man thinks to be enough.
Trà due Poltroni il vantaggio è di chi prima conoſce l' altro.
Of two Cowards, he hath the better who firſt finds the other out.

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Al più triſto Porco vien la meglior Pera.
The worſt Pig often gets the beſt Pear.
A' porta chiuſa il demonio volta le ſpalle.
The Devil turns his back when he finds the door ſhut againſt him.
Al più poſſente cede il più prudente.
The wiſer Man yields to him who is more than his match.
Chi più crede poter, più erra.
He who thinks he can do moſt, is moſt miſtaken.
Le raggioni del Pouvero non Peſano.
The wiſe Diſcourſes of a poor Man go for nothing.
Povertà non hà nè Parenti nè amici.
Poor Folks have neither any Kindred nor any Friends.
I veri Predicatori danno frutti e non fiori.
Good Preachers give their Hearers Fruit, not Flowers.
Guai a' Predicatori che non aſcoltano à ſe ſteſſi.
Woe to thoſe Preachers who liſten not to themſelves.
A' chi patiſce freddo, manca ô il denaro, ô il ſenno.
He who quakes for Cold, either wants Money to buy him Cloaths, or Wit to put them on.
Povertà odiato bene.
Poverty is a Good hated by all Men.
Chi vuol preſto è ben, faccia da ſe.
He that would have a thing done quickly and well, muſt do it himſelf.
Chi più ſà meno preſume.
He who knows moſt is the leaſt preſuming or confident.
E' meglior diventàr che di naſcer il primo.
'Tis more noble to make your ſelf Great, than to be Born ſo.
D' Amor il principio è paüra, il mezzo, peccato, & il fin dolore.
The beginning of an Amour (or Gallantry) is Fear, the middle Sin, and the end Sorrow or Repentance.

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Solo il principio è difficile e coſta caro.
The Beginning only of a thing is hard, and coſts dear.
Bella Promeſſa liga il matto.
A fair Promiſe catches the Fool.
Chi per altri promette entra per lo largo, & eſce per lo ſtretto.
He who is bound for another goes in at the wide end of the Horn, and muſt come out at the narrow if he can.
Promettere non è per dare, ma per matti contentare.
Promiſing is not with deſign to give, but to pleaſe Fools.
A gran Promettitor poca fede.
Give no great credit to a great Promiſer.
Non hanno gl' huomini maggior nimico della Proſperità.
Proſperity is the worſt Enemy Men uſually have.
Il Proverbio s' invecchia, & chi vuol far bene, vi ſi ſpecchia.
Proverbs bear age, and he who would do well may view himſelf in them as in a Looking-glaſs.
Proverbio figlio della Sperienza.
A Proverb is the child of Experience.
Chi non iſtima un quattrino, nollo vale.
He that makes no reckoning of a Farthing, will not be worth an Half-penny.
Guardati ben dal primo error & inconveniente, che un diſordin che naſca ne fà cento.
Avoid carefully the firſt Ill or Miſchief, for that will breed an hundred more.
Al ſavio la Raggione, al matto il baſtone.
Reaſon governs the Wiſe-man, and a Cudgel the Fool.
La Sperienza è Madre de' Pazzi, e la Ragione de' Savi.
Suffering is the Mother of Fools, Reaſon of Wiſe-men.

Se

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Se tu vuoi viver da Rè, non guardar inanzi, ma in drè.

If you would be as happy as any King, consider not the few that are before, but the many that come behind you.

La Religione e la Favella ſi bevono col latte.

Our Religion and our Language we ſuck in with our Milk.

Amor, Frode, e Neceſſità, inſegnano la Retorica.

Love, Knavery, and Neceſſity, make Men good Orators.

A quel che vien di ſopra non c' è riparo.

There is no Fence againſt what comes from Heaven.

Il riſparmio e'l primo Guadagno.

Good Husbandry is the firſt ſtep towards Riches.

Fatto un certo che, la robba ſi fà da ſe.

A Stock once gotten, Wealth grows up of its own accord.

La robba cuopre di grandi diffetti.

Wealth hides many a great fault.

La robba buona non fù mai cara, nè buona Robba à buon mercato.

Good Ware was never dear, nor a Miſs ever worth the Money ſhe coſts.

La Robba de' Matti è la prima ſpedita.

The Fool's Eſtate is the firſt ſpent.

La Robba è di chi la gode, e' l Mondo di chi ſe ne piglia.

Wealth is his that enjoys it, and the World is his who ſcrambles for it.

Padre con troppa Robba figlio con poca Virtù.

A Father with very great Wealth, and a Son with no Virtue at all.

Poca Robba poco Penſiero.

Little Wealth, and little Care and Trouble.

Il Romano vence ſedendo.

The Roman Conquers by ſitting ſtill at home.

Dal

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Dal Rubar al Reſtituir ſi guadagna trenta per cento.
Between Robbing and Reſtoring Men commonly get thirty in the Hundred.
Aſſai ſà chi viver ſà.
He is Learned enough who knows how to live well.
Chi più ſà manco crede.
The more a Man knows, the leſs credulous he is.
Il voler eſſer tenuto Saggio non è male, ma il dar à creder à ſe ſteſſo di eſſer tale.
There is no harm in deſiring to be thought wiſe by others, but a great deal in a Man's thinking himſelf to be ſo.
Salario non arrichì mai Servitore.
Bare Wages never made a Servant rich
Il perder fà cattivo ſangue.
Loſing much breeds bad blood.
Sanità ſenza danari è mezza malatia.
Health without any Money is half Sickneſs.
Al venir giù ogni Santo ajuta.
When a Man is tumbling down, every Saint lends a hand.
Savio contra tempo è Pazzo.
He that unſeaſonably plays the Wiſe-man is a Fool.
Chi troppo vuol far il Saputo, per Pazzo vien tenuto.
He that pretends too much to Wiſdom is counted a Fool.
Non cura il ſavio quel che haver non ſpera.
A Wiſe-man never ſets his heart upon what he cannot have.
Scapolo Puttaniere marito Geloſo.
A Lewd Batchelour makes a jealous Husband.
Buon è quel ſcudo che ne fà ſparagnar dieci.
That Crown is well ſpent which ſaves you ten.
Amor può aſſai, mà più lo Sdegno.
Love can do much, but Scorn or Diſdain can do more.

Se

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Se vuoi che ſtia ſecreto, nollo dire: E ſe non vuoi che ſi ſappia, nollo fare.

If you would have a thing kept ſecret, never tell it to any one: And if you would not have a thing known of you, never do it.

Di tutto quello che vuoi far, ô dire, Penſa prima ciò che ne può ſeguire.

Whatever you are going to do or ſay, Think well firſt what may be the Conſequence of it.

Color che n' hanno meno voglion vender il ſenno.

They are always ſelling Wit to others who have leaſt of it for themſelves.

Chi guadagna il tempo guadagna aſſai.

He that gains Time gains a great point.

Del ſenno di poi è piena ogni foſſa.

Every Ditch is full of After-wit.

Poco Senno baſta à chi fortuna ſuona

A little Wit will ſerve a fortunate Man.

Favor di Corte Seren d' inverno.

The Favour of the Court is like Fair-weather in Winter.

Servitor Pregato, Parente, nè Amico non torrai mai, ſe vuoi eſſer ben ſervito.

Neither take for a Servant him who you muſt entreat, nor a Kinſman, nor a Friend, if you would have a good one.

A' far Serviggi non ſe ne perde.

A Man never loſes by doing good Offices to others.

Chi vuol eſſer ben ſervito ſappi mutar di Servitu.

He that would be well ſerv'd, muſt know when to change his Servants.

Ardito fanno Ignoranza e buon anno.

Ignorance and Proſperity make Men bold and confident.

Chi mette un ſervo ad un ſervitio, l' hà intiero; chi due, n' hà un mezzo; chi trè, n' hà neſſuno.

He who employs one Servant in any buſineſſes, hath him all there; who employs two, hath half a Servant; who three, hath never a one.

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O un bel sì, ô un Bel nò.
Either a civil Grant or a civil Denial.
A' chi havrai à far, dagli de Signor nel parlar.
When you have any Buſineſs with a Man give him Title enough.
L'Avaro è Procurator de' ſuoi beni, non Signor.
The covetous Man is the Bailiff, not the Maſter, of his own Eſtate.
Nè di tempo, nè di Signoria, non ti dar mai Malinconia.
Trouble not your Head about the Weather, or the Government.
Simile con ſimile, ſtà bene, e dura.
Like with like looks well, and laſts long.
Quanto piace al mondo è breve ſogno.
All worldly Joy is but a ſhort-liv'd Dream.
Maledetto il Solazzo che fà l'huomo Pazzo.
That is a curſed Pleaſure that makes a Man a Fool.
Il Soldato per far mal è ben pagato.
The Soldier is well paid for doing miſchief.
Soldato, Acqua, è Fuoco, preſto ſi fan luoco.
A Soldier, Fire, and Water, ſoon make room for themſelves.
Il ſollecito è mezzo Indovino.
A conſidering careful Man is half a Conjurer.
Non ſi vorria eſſer ſolo in Paradiſo.
A Man would not be alone even in Paradiſe.
Un ſonno trouva l'altro.
One Nap finds out or draws on another.
Sorte, e dormi.
Have good luck, and you may lie in Bed.
Chi tutto vuol diffender, non occorre che metta la ſpada nel fodro.
He that will maintain every thing muſt have his Sword always ready drawn.

Stà

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Stà pur freſca la caſa dove la rocca commanda alla ſpada.
That Houſe is in an ill caſe where the Diſtaff commands the Sword.
Una ſpada tien l'altra nel fodro.
One Sword keeps another in the Scabbard.
Chi d' altri ſparla, s' abbruccia la lingua.
He that ſpeaks ill of other Men, burns his own tongue.
Chi più ſpende, meno ſpende.
He that is moſt liberal where he ſhould be ſo, is the beſt Husband.
Aſſai guadagna chi vana Speranza perde.
He is Gainer enough who gives over a vain Hope.
Gran Speranza, grand' Inganno.
A mighty Hope is a mighty Cheat.
Speranza dolce inganno.
Hope is a pleaſant kind of Deceit.
Della Sperienza non ſi fà teſtamento.
A Man cannot leave his Experience, or Wiſdom, to his Heirs.
Impara vivere il ſciocco alle ſue ſpeſe, il ſavio à quelle d' altri.
Fools learn to live at their own Coſt, the Wiſe at other Mens.
Chi il tutto può ſprezzar poſſiede terra e mar.
He is Maſter of the whole World who hath no value for it.
Chi dice Donna dice Danno.
He who ſaith Woman, ſaith Wo to Man.
Ad ogni gran ſtato un nimico è troppo, & cento amici pochi.
One Enemy is too much for a Man in a great Poſt, and an hundred Friends are too few.
Godiamo, che ſtentar non manca mai.
Let us enjoy the preſent, we ſhall have trouble enough hereafter.

Si

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Si ſtenta per non ſtentare.
Men toil and take pains in order to live eaſily at laſt.
Chi manca à ſe ſteſſo, non ſperi in altri.
He that takes no care of himſelf, muſt not expect it from others.
Buono ſtudio fà prod' huomo, & rompe rea fortuna.
Induſtry makes a gallant Man, and breaks ill Fortune.
Studio baſton di bombace.
Study, like a ſtaff of Cotton, beats without noiſe.
Suocera e nuora, tempeſtà e gragnuóla.
Mother-in-law and Daughter-in-law are a Tempeſt and Hail-ſtorm.
Se la ſuperbia foſſe infermità, quanti ſarebbero morti già.
If Pride were a deadly Diſeaſe, how many would be now in their Graves.
Chi non ſà tacer non ſà goder.
He who cannot hold his Peace will never live at eaſe.
L' Ignorante non ſà tacer.
A Fool will be always talking, right or wrong.
Nel tacer v' è ogni buon taglio.
In ſilence there is many a good morſel.
Taci, che tu non mi faceſti addormentare.
Pray hold your Peace, or you will make me fall aſleep.
Tavola ladro ſecreto il ſuo Padron manda allo Spedale.
The Table, a ſecret Thief, ſends its Maſter to the Hoſpital.
A' tela ordita Dio manda il filo.
Begin your Web, and God will ſupply you with Thread.
Mal delibera chi troppo teme.
Too much Fear is an Enemy to good Deliberation.
Non prima ſi fà un Tempio à Dio, che ſi Fabrica una Capella al Diavolo.
As ſoon as ever God hath a Church built for him, the Devil gets a Tabernacle ſet up for himſelf.

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Il tempo è lima ſorda.
Time is a File that wears, and makes no noiſe.
Ogni coſa ſi comporta fuor che il buon tempo.
Nothing is ſo hard to bear well as Proſperity.
Patienza, Tempo, e Danari accomodano il tutto.
Patience, Time, and Money, ſet every thing to rights.
Alchimia provata è il poco ſpender, & haver entrata.
The true Art of making Gold is to have a good Eſtate, and to ſpend but little of it.
Di quello che ſenti sbattine due terzi.
Abate two Thirds of all the Reports you hear.
Bella teſta e brutto cervello.
A fair Face, or a fine Head, and very little Brains in it.
A' chi mal vive timor ſegue.
He who lives wickedly lives always in fear.
Bella ciera bel tradimento.
A beautiful Face is a pleaſing Traitor.
Trè lo ſanno, tutti lo ſanno.
If three know it, all the World will know it too.
Molti hanno troppo, niuno à baſtanza.
Many have too much, but no body hath enough.
Ad un' huomo dabbene auvanza la metà del cervello, ad un triſte non baſta ne anche tutto.
An honeſt Man hath half as much more Brains as he needs, a Knave hath not half enough.
Vantaggio muta penſier al ſaggio.
A Wiſe-man changes his Mind when there is reaſon for it.
Dal udire naſce il Sapére, e dal dire Penitenza.
From Hearing, comes Wiſdom; and from Speaking, Repentance.
La vecchiezza è un mal deſiderato da tutti, è la Giovenezza un ben non conoſciuto da perſona.
Old Age is an Evil deſired by all Men, and Youth an Advantage which no Young-man underſtands.

Chi

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Chi vuol giuſta vendetta in Dio la rimetta.
He that would have a good Revenge, let him leave it to God.
Vuoi far vendetta del tuo nimico? Governati bene, & è bell' e fatta.
Would you be reveng'd on your Enemy? Live as you ought, and you have done it to purpoſe.
Chi attende à vendicar ogni ſua onta, ô cade d' alto ſtato, ô non vi monta.
He that will revenge every Affront, either falls from a good Poſt, or never gets up to it.
La Verità Cittadin del Cielo.
Truth is an Inhabitant of Heaven.
Il veriſimile è 'l maggior nimico che habbia la Verità.
That which ſeems probable is the greateſt Enemy to the Truth.
Mille Veriſimili non fanno un Vero.
A thouſand Probabilities cannot make one Truth.
Chi dice il vero non s' affatica.
'Tis no great pains to ſpeak the Truth.
Egli è il vero quel che diſpiace.
That is moſt true which we leaſt care to hear.
Il vero hà il morbo in caſa. *(ded.*
Truth hath the Plague in his Houſe. Is carefully avoi-
Quel vero che hà faccia di menzogna ſi dè tacere;
A Wiſe-man will not tell ſuch a Truth as every one will take for a Lye.
Longa via longa bugia.
Long Voyages occaſion great Lyes.
Il Mondo & il vino ugualmente inebbriano.
The World makes Men drunk as much as Wine doth.
Vino e Gioventù doppio incendio.
Wine and Youth are Fire upon Fire.

Nella

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Nella Gioventù fatti ricco di Virtù.
Enrich your younger Age with Virtue's Lore.
Virtù ne' libri Virtù depinta.
'Tis Virtue's Picture which we find in Books.
Non è a caſo Virtute, anzi à bell' Arte.
Virtue muſt be our Trade and Study, not our Chance.
Caſa compita havrem' nell' altra Vita.
We ſhall have a houſe without a fault in the next world.
Dimmi la Vita che fai, E ti dirò la morte che farai.
Tell me what Life you lead, and I will tell you how you ſhall die.
Poco in alto ſale chi penſa ſolo à queſta Vita mortale.
He is in a low Form who never thinks beyond this ſhort Life.
I vitii s' imparano ſenza maeſtro.
Vices are learn'd without a Teacher.
Chi vive nel vitio muore vivendo.
Wicked Men are dead whilſt they live.
E' ricco chi non hà voglia.
He is rich who deſires nothing more.
Il ritrarre altrui dal vitio è doppia Virtù.
To recover a bad Man is a double Kindneſs or Virtue.
Chi viva? Viva chi mi dà da mangiare.
Who are you for? I am for him whom I get moſt by.
Chi mangia d'una ſol ſorte di vivande, non hà biſogno di Medici.
He who eats but of one Diſh never wants a Phyſician.
Chi non può viver doppo morte non hà viſſuto.
He hath lived to ill purpoſe who cannot hope to live after his death.
Viver all' antica, e parlar alla moderna.
Live as they did of old, ſpeak as Men do now.
Volgo gran Beſtia.
The Mob is a terrible Monſter.

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Di buona Volontà ſtà pieno l' inferno.
Hell is very full of good Meanings and Intentions.
Quel che Dio guarda è ben guardato.
He only is well kept whom God keeps.
A' mal uſo rompegli le Gambe.
Break the Legs of an evil Cuſtom.
L'uſo tiranno della Ragione.
Tyrant Cuſtom makes a Slave of Reaſon.
Padre della Sapienza e l'uſo, è la Madre è la Memoria.
Experience is the Father, and Memory the Mother of Wiſdom.
Chi fà quel che vuol non fà quel che deve.
He who doeth every thing he has a mind to do, doth not what he ſhould do.
Ode ciò che non vuol chi dice ciò che vuole.
He who ſays all that he has a mind to ſay, bears what he hath no mind to bear.
Proſpera è la Città dove le Virtù ſon più in dignità.
That City thrives beſt where Virtue is moſt eſteem'd and rewarded.
Cader non può chi hà la Virtù per guida.
He cannot go wrong whom Virtue guides.
Le Spada amazza di molti, mà molti piu il Vino.
The Sword kills many, but Wine many more.
Del vero s' adira l' huomo.
'Tis Truth which makes the Man angry.
Chi per tutto vuol dire la Verità, non trova ni albergo ni cà.
He who tells all the Truth he knows, muſt lie in the Streets.
L'oglio è la Verità tornan alla ſommità.
Oyl and Truth will get uppermoſt at the laſt.

Del

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Del Verisimile la Calonnia s'arma.
A probable Story is the best Weapon of Calumny.
Chi conta senza Dio non hà Arithmetica.
He counts very unskilfully who leaves God out of his reckoning.
Tutto è niente che non è Dio.
Nothing is of any great value but God only.
Tutto è buono che vien da Dio.
All is good that God sends us.
Chi hà figlivoli tutti i bocconi non sono suoi.
He that hath Children, all his Morsels are not his own.
Il Pensier hà buone gambe.
Thought is a nimble Footman.
Molti san tutto, & di se stessi nulla. *(selves.*
Many know every thing else, but nothing at all of them-
Non si deve dar la farina al Diavolo, & la semola à Dio.
We ought not to give the fine Flour to the Devil, and the Bran to God.
Sei piè di terra agguaglion tutti.
Six foot of earth make all Men of one size.
Chi di Gallina nasce convien che ruspi.
He that is born of a Hen must scrape for his living.
I travagli tirano sù l'huomo.
Afflictions draw Men up towards Heaven.
Il bene non fù mai tardi.
That which does us good is never too late.
Poi che la casa bruscia, io mi scalderò.
Since my House must be burnt, I will warm my self at it.
Dì il fatto tuo, e lascia far al Diavolo.
Tell ev'ry body your Business, and the Devil will do it for you.
Per dir il vero l'huomo è impiccato.
A Man was hanged for saying what was true.

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Non far ciò che tu puoi; Non ſpender ciò che tu hai; Non creder ciò che tù odi; E non dir ciò che tù ſai.

Do not all that you can do; Spend not all that you have; Believe not all that you hear; And tell not all that you know.

Biſogna ſaper navigare ad ogni vento.

A Man ſhould learn to ſail with all Winds.

Colui è l' huomo chi regger può ſe ſteſſo.

He is the Man indeed who can govern himſelf as he ought.

Chi vuol vita, convien che cangi vita:

He that would live long, muſt ſometimes change his courſe of life.

Fanciulli piccioli dolor di teſta; Fanciulli grandi dolor del cuore.

When Children are little they make their Parent's heads ake; and when they are grown up they make their hearts ake.

Per ben predicar ſi deve prima far.

To preach well you muſt firſt practiſe what you teach others.

L' Eſſercitio è buon Maeſtro.

Uſe or Practice of a thing is the beſt Maſter.

Un huomo Litterato ne val due.

A Man that hath Learning is worth two who have it not.

Sà meglio il matto il biſogno ſuo che un Savio quel d'altrui.

A Fool knows his own Buſineſs better than a Wiſe-man doth another's.

Chi più ſà è Padron degl' altri.

He who underſtands moſt is other Men's Maſter.

Guardati da —— Se haveſſi ſaputo.

Have a care of —— Had I known this before ——

Com-

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Commanda e fallo, e ti leverai di travaglio.
Command your Servant, and do it your ſelf, and you will have leſs trouble.
Dal ſervo ſi conoſce il Padron.
You may know the Maſter by his Man.
Chi ſerve al Commune hà cattivo Padrone.
He who ſerves the Publick hath but a ſcurvy Maſter.
Chi vuol di Serviggi biſogna farne.
He that would have good Offices done to him, muſt do them to others.
La vera Libertà è à Dio ſervire.
Tis the only true Liberty to ſerve our good God.
Il ſangue del Soldato fà grande il Capitano.
The common Soldier's blood makes the General a great Man.
Gran Caſa gran Croce.
An huge great Houſe is an huge great Trouble.
Andar à la Guerra, ne caſare non s' hà da conſigliare.
Never adviſe a Man to go to the Wars, nor to marry.
Con molti alla Guerra, con pochi al Conſiglio.
Go to the War with as many as you can, and with as few to Counſel.
E' meglio conſervar la Pace, che farla.
Tis better keeping out of a Quarrel, than to make it up afterward.
La Nobilità è una povera vivanda in tavola.
Great Birth is a very poor Diſh on the Table.
Non vender al tuo Amico, nè comprar.
Neither buy any thing of, nor ſell to your Friend.
Le Malattie ſon viſite di Dio.
Sickneſs or Diſeaſes are Viſits from God.
Malattia è Citation perſonale.
Sickneſs is a perſonal Citation before our Judge.

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Bellezza e Follia ſon ſouvente in compagnia.
Beauty and Folly do not often part company.
La Beltà ſerve di tamburino.
Beauty beats a Call upon a Drum.
Dente inanzi la lingua è buono conſiglio.
Teeth placed before the Tongue give good Advice.
Frà dir e far ſi guaſtano ſcarpe aſſai.
A great many pair of ſhoes are worn out before Men do all they ſay.
Le parole non empiono la borſa.
A great many words will not fill a Purſe.
A' dimanda frettoloſa Riſpoſta tarda.
Make a ſlow Anſwer to an haſty Queſtion.
Lode propria ſemenza d' odio.
Self-praiſe is the ground of Hatred.
Il dir mal d' altrui è il quinto Elemento.
Speaking evil of one another is the fifth Element Men are made up of.
Miele in bocca, guarda la borſa.
When a Man ſpeaks you fair, look to your Purſe.
Non iſcherzar che dolga, nè moteggiar il vero.
Play not with a Man till you hurt him, nor jeſt till you ſhame him.
Il mangiar molto fà mangiar poco.
Eating more than you ſhould at once, makes you eat leſs afterward.
Rende il dolor leggiero chi tal lo ſtima.
He makes his Grief light who thinks it ſo.
Mal penſa chi non ripenſa.
He thinks but ill who doth not think twice of a thing.
Chi và vuole, chi manda non ſe ne cura.
He who goes about a thing himſelf, hath a mind to have it done; who ſends another, cares not whether it be done or no.

Digitized by Google Amor

Amor non hà Sapienza, & Ira non hà Configlio.
There is no Diſcretion in Love, nor Counſel in Anger.
Giamai co' l bramar il ſacco può colmar.
Wiſhes never can fill a Sack.
Il primo grado di Bontà è il penſar di non haverla.
The firſt ſtep a Man makes towards being good, is to know he is not ſo already.
Chi e cattivo alli ſuoi, è peſſimo à ſe ſteſſo.
He who is bad to his Relations is worſt to himſelf.
E bene conoſcer li difetti d' amici, ma paleſarli no.
'Tis good to know our Friends failings, but not to publiſh them.
Con l' error d' altri il proprio ſi conoſce.
A Man may ſee his own Faults in thoſe which others do.
La Vertù de' Santi è paſſar da una Virtù ad un' altra.
'Tis the Virtue of Saints to be always going on from one kind and degree of Virtue to another.
Savio in bocca Matto in teſta.
A Man may talk like a Wiſe-man, and yet act like a Fool.
Del cervello ogniun ſi penſa d' haverne più che parte.
Every one thinks he hath more than his ſhare of Brains.
Il primo capitolo de' Matti è di tenerſi per Savi.
The firſt Chapter (or Point) of Fools is to think they are Wiſe-men.
Diſcretione è Madre della Virtù.
Diſcretion, or a true Judgment of things, is the Parent of all Virtue.
La Caſtità è la Beltà primiera.
Chaſtity is the chief and moſt charming Beauty.
Poco Conſcienza & gran Diligenza fanno l' huomo ricco.
Little Conſcience and great Diligence make up your Rich man.

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Nè mai contarè quattro ſe non l' havete nel ſacco.
Never count four except you have them in your bag.
Al buon giorno apri la porta, & apparécchiati per il triſto.
Open your door to a fair day, but make your ſelf ready for a foul one.
Un poco troppo tardi è troppo tardi.
A little too late is too late ſtill.
Il buono è ſempre à caſa ſua, douunque egli ſia.
A good Man is ever at home where-ever he chance to be.
Fabricare parola cara.
Building is a word that Men pay dear for.
Per viver ſano veſti caldamente, e mangia ſcarſamente.
If you would be healthful, cloath your ſelf warm, and eat ſparingly.
Condennati a' Metalli ſono i Ricchi.
Rich Men are Slaves condemn'd to the Mines.
La robba di molti entra per la porta, & eſce per il camino.
Many Mens Eſtates come in at the Door, and go out at the Chimney.
La robba è il primo Sangue.
Wealth is more dear to Men than their Blood or Life is.
Il fiume non s' ingroſſa d' acqua chiara.
Foul dirty Water makes the River great.
Solo il Santo Intereſſe gouverna il Mondo.
That great Saint Intereſt rules the World alone.
I Principi con la Regola del Potére, & del Volere miſurano la Ragione.
Their Power and their Will are the Meaſures Princes take of Right and Wrong.

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Nel governo biſogna far quanto che ſi può, non tutto quel che ſi vuole.

In Governing others you muſt do what you can do, not all you would do.

E' coſa da Savio l' aſpettare l' opportunità de' tempi è piegare più toſto che ſradicarſi.

A Wiſe-man will ſtay for a convenient ſeaſon, and will bend a little, rather than be torn up by the Roots.

Imparar ſempre alle ſpeſe d' altrui.

Ever buy your Wit at other Mens charges.

Per non guaſtar i fatti tuoi, fà che la flemma vinca la cholera.

You muſt let your Flegm ſubdue your Choler, if you would not ſpoil your Buſineſs.

Non pigliar Medicine in Sanità, per non morire per iſtar meglio.

Take not Phyſick when you are well, leſt you die to be better.

Non far male per haver bene, che non venne mai bene.

Do not do Evil to get Good by it, which never yet happen'd to any.

Troppo caro è il Gioire che compran le Pene.

That Pleaſure's much too dear which is bought with any pain.

Viver Povero per morir Ricco è eſſer Pazzo formatiſſamamente.

To live Poor that a Man may die Rich, is to be the King of Fools, or a Fool in grain.

Buon Vino cattiva teſta, è favola longa.

Good Wine makes a bad Head, and a long Story.

Star bene in queſto Mondo, con penſiero però di ſtar bene nell' altro.

Be as eaſie as you can in this World, provided you take good care to be happy in the next.

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Ben vivere & ſtare allegramente.
Live well, and be chearful.
Tanto ſi ſà quanto ſi mette in opera.
A Man knows no more to any purpoſe than he practiſes.
Chi più lo fà, manco lo fà.
He that doth moſt at once, doth leaſt.
Miſer chi ſpeme in coſa mortal pone.
He is a Wretch whoſe Hopes are all below.
Per dir gran Mercè, la mia Gatta morè.
Thank you good Puſs, ſtarv'd my Cat.
Neſſuno trouva il bene ſe non lo cerca.
No great Good comes without looking after it.
Piglia la Roſa e laſcia ſtar la Spina.
Gather the Roſe, and leave the Thorn behind.
Chi vuol arrichire in un' anno è impiccato in ſei meſi.
He who would be rich in one Year is hanged at ſix Months end.
Chi hà bocca vuol mangiar.
He who hath a Mouth will certainly eat.
Preſto al Mercato, è tardi alla Battaglia.
Go early to the Market, and as late as ever you can to a Battle.
A la Barba de' Pazzi il Barbier impara à radere.
The Barber learns to ſhave at the Beards of Fools.
A chi la và bien par Savio.
He who is lucky (or rich) paſſes for a Wiſe-man too.
Aſſai commanda chi ubbidiſce al Saggio.
He commands enough who is ruled by a Wiſe-man.
Chi ſuo ſecreto dice ſervo ſi fà.
He who reveals his Secret makes himſelf a Slave.
Il Givoco è Paragon del huomo.
Gaming ſhews what Metal a Man is made of.
Che ne può la gatta ſe la Maſſara è Matta?
How can the Cat help it if the Maid be a Fool?

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Gli Pazzi crescono senza inaffiargli.
Fools grow up apace without any watering.
A buon spenditore Iddio è Tesoriere.
God supplies him with more who lays out his Estate well.
La stampa è la Madre de gli Errori.
The Printing Press is the Mother of Errors.
Dammilo morto, per saper s'il è Ricco.
Let me see your Man dead, and I will tell you how rich he is.
Con Arte e con inganno si vive mezzo l' anno, con inganno e con Arte si vive l' altra parte.
Men live one half of the Year with Art and Deceit, and the other half with Deceit and Art.
Fate bene à voi Signore.
Do your self a Kindness, Sir. [The Beggar's Phrase for *Give an Alms.*]
Per voler star meglio sto quì. [*On a Monument.*]
I was well, would be better; took Physick, and died.
Tutti vogano alla Galléra.
All row Gally-wise; Every Man draws towards himself.
Chi hà Denaro e Cappari è fornito per la Quaresima.
He who hath Money and Capers is provided for Lent.
Al Orgoglio non manca mai cordoglio.
A proud Man hath Vexation or Fretting enough.
Chi vive à minuto, fà le spese à suoi, & à gli altri.
He who buys by the Penny keeps his own House and other Mens too.
Dimmi con chi tu vai, & io ti dirò que che tu fai.
Tell me what Company you keep, and I will tell you what you do.
A' buona derrata pensa vi su.
At a good Pennyworth pause a while.

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Chi fà li fatti ſuoi non s' imbratta le mani.
He who doth his own Buſineſs doth not foul his fingers.
Le feſte ſono belle à caſa d' altri.
'Tis good Feaſting at other Mens Houſes.
Il Savio fà della neceſſità Virtu.
A Wiſe-man makes a Virtue of what he cannot help.
Poche parole & buon Regimento.
Talk but little, and live as you ſhould do.

SP'ANISH

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SPANISH PROVERBS.

AQuel es Rico que eſtà bien con Dios.
He is a Rich Man who hath God for his Friend.
Quien bien vive harto Letrado es.
He is the beſt Scholar who hath learn'd to live well.
Mas vale puñado de natural que almoçada de Sciencia.
An Handful of Mother-wit is worth a buſhel of Learning:
Quando todos dizen que eres Aſno, rebuzna.
When all Men ſay you are an Aſs, 'tis time to Bray.
Mudança de tiempos bordon de necios.
Change of Weather finds Diſcourſe for Fools.
Peſadumbres no pagan deudas.
A Pound of Care will not pay an ounce of Debt.
Duelo ageno de pelo cuelga.
The Sorrow Men have for others hangs upon one hair.
Il ſabio muda conſejo, il necio no.
A Wiſe-man changes his Mind, a Fool never will.
El dia que te caſas, ô te ſanas, ô te matas.
That day on which you marry you either marr or make your ſelf.
Viene Dios a vernos ſin campanilla.
God comes to ſee, or look upon us, without a Bell.

Mejor

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Mejor es dexar a la muerte al Enemigo, que pedir en la vida al Amigo.

You had better leave your Enemy ſomething when you die, than live to beg of your Friend.

Buena es la Tardanza que haze el camino ſeguro.

That's a wiſe Delay which makes the Road ſafe.

El mal del oio curarle con el codo.

Cure your ſore Eyes only with your Elbow.

En lo que eſtamos Benedicamos.

Let us thank God, and be content with what we have.

El pie del dueño eſtiercol es para la herededad.

The foot of the Owner is the beſt Manure for his Land.

Eſſe es mi Amigo qui muele en mi molinillo.

He is my Friend who grinds at my Mill.

Goza tu del poco mientras buſca mas el loco.

Enjoy that little you have while the Fool is hunting for more.

Dezir y hazer no comen a una meſa.

Saying and Doing do not dine together.

El dinero haze un hombre entero.

Money cures all Diſeaſes.

La vida paſſada haze la vejez Peſada.

A Life ill-ſpent makes a ſad Old-age.

Los dineros hazen dueños.

'Tis Money that makes Men Lords.

Los dichos en nos, los hechos en Dios.

We talk, but God doth what he pleaſes.

Ventura ayas hijo, que poco ſaber te baſta.

May you have good Luck my Son, and a little Wit will ſerve your turn.

Dadivas quebrantan peñas.

Gifts break through Stone-walls.

Ni con cada mal al Fiſico, ni con cada riña al Letrado, ni con cada ſed al jarro.

Go not to your Doctor for every Ail, nor to your Lawyer for every Quarrel, nor to your Pitcher for every thirſt.

No

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No ay mejor Eſpejo que el Amigo viejo.
There is no better Looking-glaſs than an old true Friend.
Por conſervar amiſtad pared en medio.
A Wall between both beſt preſerves Friendſhip.
El fin final, ſervir a Dios, y no hazer mal.
The ſum of all is, To ſerve God well, and to do no ill thing.
Al Acreedor mejor Memoria que al Deudor.
The Creditor always hath a better Memory than the Debtor.
Eſcritura es buena Memoria.
Setting down in Writing is a laſting Memory.
Caro cueſta el arrepentir.
Repentance always coſts very dear.
Coſtumbres y dineros hazen hijos Cavalleros.
Good Breeding and Money make our Sons Gentlemen.
Hijo eres, Padre ſeras, como hizieres tal auras.
As you uſe your Father, ſo your Children will uſe you.
Do ay malo, ay bueno.
There is no Evil, but ſome good uſe may be made of it.
Al buon Conſejo no ſe halla precio.
No Price is great enough for good Counſel.
Al hombre Bueno no le buſques Abolengo.
Examine not the Pedigree nor Patrimony of a good Man.
No ay coſa mala en Eſpana ſi no la que habla.
There is no ill thing in Spain *but that which can ſpeak.*
Aquel loar devemos cuyo pan comemos.
Praiſe the Man whoſe Bread you eat.
De quien me fio Dios me guarde, de quien no me fio me guarderè io.
God keep me from him whom I truſt, from him whom I truſt not I ſhall keep my ſelf.

Del

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Del ayrado un poco te deſvia, del Calandriz toda tu vida.
Keep out of an haſty Man's way for a while, out of a ſullen Man's all days of your Life.
Si bien me quieres Juan, tus obras me lo diran.
If you love me John, *your Deeds will tell me ſo.*
Reniego de grillos aunque ſean d'oro.
I deſie all Fetters though they were made of Gold.
De hambre pocos vi morir, de mucho comer cien mil.
Few die of Hunger, an hundred thouſand of Surfeits.
Sigue la Razon, aunque a unos agrade, a otros nò.
Govern your ſelf by Reaſon, though ſome like it, others do not.
Si quieres ver quanto vale un Ducado, buſcalo preſtado.
If you would know the worth of a Ducat, go and borrow one.
Sobre dinero no ay Compañero.
No Companion like Money.
La Muger buena hecho del Marido.
A good Wife is the Workmanſhip of a good Husband.
Enamoroſe el ruyn de las trencas del Mandil.
The Fool fell in love with the Lady's laced Apron.
Frayle que pide por Dios, pide por dos.
The Friar who asks for God's ſake, asks for himſelf too.
Quien ſe guarda Dios le guarda.
God keeps him who takes what care he can of himſelf.
Todo es nada deſte Mundo ſe no ſe endoreça al ſegundo.
Nothing is valuable in this World, except as it tends to the next.

Humo,

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Humo, Gotera, y muger Parlera echan el hombre de ſu caſa fuera.
Smoak, Raining into the Houſe, and a Talking Wife, make a Man run out of doors.
Quando amigo pide no ay manana.
There is no To-morrow for an asking Friend.
Del aqua manſa me guarde Dios, che de la brava yo me guardare.
God keep me from ſtill Water, from that which is rough I will keep my ſelf.
Toma el primer conſejo de tu Muger, el ſegundo nò.
Take your Wife's firſt Advice, not her ſecond.
Quanto ſabes no diras, quanto vees no juſgaras, y viviras en paz.
Tell not what you know, Judge not what you ſee, and you will live in quiet.
Eſcuche a la Razon, ô ſe harà eſcuchar.
Hear Reaſon, or ſhe will make her ſelf be heard.
Dadivas entran ſin taladro.
Gifts enter every where without a Wimble.
Gran dote cama de renzillas.
A great Fortune with a Wife is a Bed full of Brambles.
Una aguia para la Bolſa, y dos para la boca.
One Pin for your Purſe, and two for your Mouth.
Uno fue que nunca errò.
There was never but one Man who never did a Fault.
Quien promete en deuda ſe mete.
He who promiſes runs into Debt.
Quien ſe calla piedras apaña.
He who holds his Peace gathers Stones.
A' tu hijo buen nombre y Officio.
Leave your Son a good Reputation and an Employment.
Antes que eſcrivas recibas, antes que des, eſcrivas.
Receive your Money before you give a Receipt for it, and take a Receipt before you pay it.

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Dios es el que ſana, y el Medico lleva la Plata.
God doth the Cure, and the Phyſician takes the Money for it.

El Pienſar no es Saber.
Thinking is very far from knowing the Truth.

Los locos hazen los vanquetes, y los Sabios los comen.
Fools make great Feaſts, and Wiſe-men eat of them.

Junio, Julio, Agoſto, y Carthagena, los mejores Puertos de Eſpaña.
June, July, Auguſt, and Carthagena, are the four beſt Ports of Spain.

Bezerilla manſa mama a ſu madre, y a otras quatro.
A gentle Calf ſucks her own Mother, and four Cows more.

Entre hermano y hermano dos teſtigos, y un Notario.
Between two own Brothers, two Witneſſes, and a Notary.

Al hombre vergonçoſo el diablo le truxò al Palatio.
The Devil brings a modeſt Man to the Court.

Quien quiſiera mula ſin tacha, que sè eſte ſin ella.
He who will have a Mule without any fault, muſt keep none.

Aſno de muchos lobos le comen.
The Wolves eat the poor Aſs that hath many Owners.

A caſa de tu Tia, mas no cada dia.
Viſit your Aunt, but not every Day in the Year.

A' cabo de cien años los Reyes ſon Villanos, y à cabo de ciento y diez los Villanos ſon Reyes.
In an hundred years time Princes are Peaſants, and in an hundred and ten Peaſants grow Princes.

Agotan a la gata ſi nò hila nueſtra ama.
The poor Cat is whip'd becauſe our Dame will not ſpin.

A' la burla dexarla quando mas agrada.
Leave your Jeſt whilſt you are moſt pleaſed with it.

Ado

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Ado vas duelo? ado ſuelo.
Whither goeſt thou Grief? where I am uſed to go.
Al Perro y al Parlero dexa los en el ſendero.
Leave a Dog and a great Talker in the middle of the [*Street.*
Al que mal hizieres no le creas.
Never truſt a Man whom you have injured.
Alla van leyes do quieren Reyes.
The Laws go on the King's errands.
Amor de Padre, que todo lo otro es ayre.
Parents love indeed, others only talk of it.
Ayudandoſe tres para peſo de ſeys.
Three helping one another will do as much as ſix Men ſingle.
Buena tela hila quien ſu hijo cria.
She ſpins well who breeds her Children well.
A la moça que ſer Buena, y al moço que el Officio no le puedes dar mayor beneficio.
You cannot do better for your Daughter than to breed her vertuouſly, nor for your Son than to fit him for an Employment.
Cierra tu puerta, y haràs tu vezina buena.
Lock your Door, that ſo you may keep your Neighbour honeſt.
Corteſia de boca mucho vale y poco coſta.
Civil obliging Language coſts but little, and doth a great deal of good.
Mas vale un *Toma* que dos *Te dare.*
One Take it *is better than two* Thou ſhalt have it *is.*
Por yr à la yglèſia ni dar cevada, no ſe pierde jornada.
Prayers and Provender never hinder'd any Man's Journey.
Eſta una higa en Roma para el que da conſejo a quien no ſe le pide.
There is a Fig at Rome *for him who gives another Advice before he asks it.*

Quien no es mas de otro, no meréce mas que otro.
He who is not more, or better than another, deſerves not more than another.

Quien no ſabe no vale.
He who hath no Wiſdom hath no Worth.

Mas valè ſaber que aver.
'Tis better to be a wiſe than a rich Man.

Porque quiero del Mundo gozar, quiero oyr, y ver, y callar.
Becauſe I would live quietly in the World, I hear, and ſee, and ſay nothing.

Entre hermanos no metas tus manos.
Meddle not between two Brothers.

A' muertos y a ydos no ay Amigos.
The Dead and the Abſent have no Friends left them.

Què es eſſe Hidalgo? El que haze las obras.
Who is the true Gentleman, or Nobleman? He whoſe Actions make him ſo.

Haz bien y no cates a quien, Haz mal y guarte.
Do well to whom you will, Do any Man harm and look to your ſelf.

Buen Coraçon quebranta mala ventura.
Good Courage breaks ill Luck to pieces.

La Pobreza no es vileza, mas inconveniencia.
Great Poverty is no Fault or Baſeneſs, but ſome Inconvenience.

Mas da el Duro que el deſnudo.
The hard-hearted Man gives more than he who has nothing at all.

No demos de comer à el diablo.
Let us not fall out, to give the Devil a Dinner.

Verdades apuradas ſon Necedades.
Truths too fine ſpun are ſubtle Fooleries.

Si quieres tener dineros, tenellos.
If you would always have Money, keep it when you have it.

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Como tengo las hechas tengo ſoſpechas.
I ſuſpect that ill in others which I know by my ſelf.
No ay Prudencia que reſiſta al Enganno.
Sly Knavery is too hard for honeſt Wiſdom.
A quien ſe muda Dios le ayuda.
He who reſolves to amend hath God on his ſide.
De los Ingratos eſtà lleno el infierno,
Hell is crowded up with ungrateful Wretches.
Acordar te de ti, y olvidar te de mi.
Think of your ſelf, and let me alone.
Quien teme la muerte no goza la vida.
He can never enjoy himſelf one day who fears he may die at night.
Quien hizo harà.
He who hath done ill once, will do it again.
No ay mal que no venga por bien.
No Evil happens to us but what may do us good.
Si me quebre la pierna, qui ſa por mejor?
If I have broke my Leg, who knows but 'tis beſt for me?
Las honras quanto mas creçen mas hambre ponen.
The more Honour we have, the more we thirſt after it.
Si quieres ſer Papa, eſtampalo en la teſta.
If you would be Pope, you muſt think of nothing elſe.
Haz (ô ſea) la noche noche, y el dia dia, y viviras con Alegria.
Make the night night, and the day day, and you will be merry and wiſe.
Quien mucho come, poco come.
He who eats moſt eats leaſt.
Si quieres vivir ſano haz te viejo temprano.
If you would live in health be old betimes.
Que io ande caliente y riaſe la loca Gente.
I will go warm, and let Fools laugh on.

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Si quieres hembra, Eſcoje la el Sabado, y no el Domingo.
Chuſe your Wife on a Saturday, not on a Sunday.
El agua ni enferma, ni adeuda, ni embiuda.
Drinking Water neither makes a Man ſick nor in Debt, nor his Wife a Widow.
Ni Olla ſin Tocino, ni Sermon ſin Aguſtino.
No Pottage is good without Bacon, no Sermon without St. Auguſtin.
Conocidos muchos, Amigos pocos.
Have many Acquaintance, and but a few Friends.
Muger linda en eſtremo no puede ſer toda ſuya.
A wondrous fair Woman is not all her Husband's own.
Quien eſpoſa una biuda tendrà cada rato la cabeça de un muerto echada en su Plato.
He who marries a Widow, will have a dead Man's Head often thrown in his Diſh.
De puerta cerrada el Diablo ſe torna.
Away goes the Devil when he finds the door ſhut againſt him.
De gran coraçon el ſufrir, y de gran ſeſo el oyr.
'Tis great Courage to ſuffer, and great Wiſdom to hear patiently.
De juyzios no mê curo, que mis obras me hazen ſeguro.
Doing what I ought ſecures me againſt all Cenſures.
Deſque naci llorè y cada dia nace por que.
I wept when I was born, and every day ſhews why.
Dos adevinos ay en ſegura el uno Eſperiencia, y el otro Cordura.
Experience and Wiſdom are the two beſt Fortune-tellers.
El buen Soldado ſacalo del arado.
The beſt Soldier comes from the Plow.
El vino anda sin calças.
Wine wears no Breeches.

El

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El agujero llama al ladron.
The Hole in the Wall invites the Thief.
El cuerdo no ata el Saber al eſtaca.
A Wiſe-man doth not hang his Wiſdom on a Peg.
El Amor y la Fee en las obras ſe vee.
A Man's Love and his Belief are ſeen by what he does.
El cuytádo del maravedi haze cornado, y el liberal del maravedi real.
A covetous Man makes a Half-penny of a Farthing, and a liberal Man makes Six-pence of it.
En Deziembre leña y duerme.
In December keep your ſelf warm and ſleep.
El que todo lo quiere vengar, preſto quiere acabar.
He who will revenge every Affront, means not to live long.
Guarda eſcaſo tu dinero, lazerà tu pompearà tu heredero.
Keep your Money Niggard, live miſerably that your Heir may ſquander it away.
Guerra, Caça, y Amores, por un Plazer mil Dolores.
In War, Hunting, and Love, you have a thouſand Sorrows for every Joy or Pleaſure.
Honra y Provecho no caben en un ſaco.
Honour and Profit will not keep both in one Sack.
Ira de Hermanos ira de Diablos.
The Anger of Brothers is the Anger of Devils.
La Mula y la Muger por halágos hazen el mandado.
A Mule and a Woman do beſt by fair means.
La Muger hermoſa ô loca ô preſumptuoſa.
A very great Beauty is either a Fool or proud.
La Pintura y la Peléa deſde lexos me le otea.
Look upon a Picture and a Battle at a good diſtance.

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Lo mucho ſe gaſta, y lo poco baſta.
A great deal is ill waſted, and a little would do as well.
Lo bien Ganado ſe pierde, y lo mal, ello y ſu amo.
An Eſtate well got is ſpent, and that which is ill got deſtroys its Maſter too.
Lo barato es caro.
That which is bought cheap is the deareſt.
Mas cueſta mal hazer, que bien hazer.
'Tis more trouble to do ill than to do well.
Madre que coſa es caſar? Hija hilar, parir, y llorar,
Mother, what kind of thing is this Marrying? Daughter, tis to ſpin, to bring Children, and to cry your eyes out.
Marido no veas, Muger ciega ſeas.
The Husband muſt not ſee, and the Wife muſt be blind.
Mientra la grande ſe abaxa la chica barre la caſa.
While the tall Maid is ſtooping the little one hath ſwept the Houſe.
Ni tan hermoſa que mate, ni tan fea que eſpante.
Neither ſo fair as to kill, nor ſo ugly as to fright a Man.
No te dè Dios mas mal che muchos hijos y poco pan.
May no greater ill befall you than to have many Children, and but a little Bread for them.
No tomes eſpanto ſi no del pecado.
Let nothing affright you but Sin.
No ſoy rio para no bolver àtras.
I am no River, but can go back when there is reaſon for it.
No me hagas beſar, no me haras pecar.
Do not make me kiſs, and you will not make me ſin.
Vana Gloria florece y no grana.
Vain-glory is a Flower which never comes to Fruit.

Nunca

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Nunca los auſentes ſe hallaron juſtos.
The abſent are always in the fault.
Nunca mucho coſtò poco.
A great Good was never got with a little pains.
Pereza llave de Pobreza.
Sloth is the Key to let in Beggary.
Por el alabado dexe el conocido, y vime arrepentido.
I left him I knew for him who was highly prais'd, and I found reaſon to repent it.
Por túrbia que eſte, no digas deſta aqua no beverè.
Do not ſay I will never drink of this Water, however dirty it is.
Quien ſu tempo gaſta en coſas vanas, no vee la muerte que eſta ſopra ſus eſpaldas.
He who triſles away his time, perceives not Death which ſtands upon his Shoulders.
Quien al cielo eſcupe en la cara le cae.
He who ſpits againſt Heaven, it falls upon his Face.
Quien eſtropieça ſi no cae, el camino adelanta.
He who ſtumbles, and falls not, mends his pace.
Quien enferma de locura ô ſana tarde, ô nunca.
He who is ſick of Folly recovers late or never.
Quien tiene boca no diga à otro, Sopla.
He who hath a Mouth of his own ſhould not bid another Man blow.
Quien malas hadas no halla de las buenas ſe enhada.
He who hath no ill Fortune is tired out with good.
Quien a mano agena eſpera, mal yanta, y peor cena.
He who depends wholly upon another's providing for him, hath but an ill Breakfaſt, and a worſe Supper.

Roſtro

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Roſtro ledo, y el perdon gran vengança es del Baldon.

A chearful Look, and Forgiveneſs, is the beſt Revenge of an Affront.

Ruegos de Grande fuerça es que te haze.

The Requeſt of a Grandee is a kind of Force upon a Man.

Biva quien vence.

I am always for the ſtrongeſt ſide.

Si la locura fueſſe dolores, en cada caſa darian bozes.

If Folly were Pain, we ſhould have great crying out in every Houſe.

Sirve a Señor, y ſabras que es dolor.

Serve a Great Man, and you will know what Sorrow is.

Siempre promete en duda, pues al dar nadie te ayuda.

Make no abſolute Promiſes, for no body will help you to perform them.

Todos ſomos locos los unos de los otros.

Every Man is a Fool in another Man's opinion.

Tras los dias viene el ſeſo.

Wiſdom comes after a long courſe of Tears.

Viene la Ventura a quien la procura.

Good Fortune comes to him who takes care to get her.

Una higa ay en Roma para quien le dan, y no toma.

They have a Fig at Rome *for him who refuſes any thing that is given him.*

Un Amor ſaca à otro.

One Love drives out another.

Va el Rey haſta do puede, y no haſta do quiere.

Kings go as far as they are able, not ſo far as they deſire to go.

Amor

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Amor loco, yo por vos, y vos por otro.
So play Fools. I muſt love you, and you love ſome body elſe.
Quien pienſa que haga, pienſa que diga.
He who thinks what he is to do, muſt think what he ſhould ſay too.
Malo vernà que bueno me harà.
A Miſchief may happen which will do me (or make me good.
Los amenizados pan comen.
Threatned Men eat bread ſtill, i. e. *live on.*
Cobra buena fama, y echa te a dormir.
Get but a good Name, and you may lie in bed.
La Verdad es hija de Dios.
Truth is the Child of God.
El que mal pleyto tiene metelo a barato.
He who hath an ill Cauſe, let him ſell it cheap.
Nunca el Sabio dize, No penſe.
A Wiſe-man never ſays, I did not think of that.
Honra el bueno porque te honre, y al malo porque no te deſhonre.
Reſpect a good Man that he may reſpect you, and be civil to an ill Man that he may not affront you.
Del Sabio es mudar Parecer.
A Wiſe-man only knows when to change his Mind.
El conſejo de la Muger es poco, y quien no le toma es loco.
The Wife's Counſel is not worth much, but he who takes it not is a Fool.
Dos Amigos de una bolſa, el uno canta, y el otro llora.
When two Friends have a common Purſe, one ſings, and the other weeps.
Perdi mi honor hablando mal, y oyendo peor.
I loſt my Reputation by ſpeaking ill of others, and being worſe ſpoken of.

Quien

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Quien te quiere bien te harà llorar, y quien mal te harà reyr.

He who loves you will make you weep, and who hates you may make you laugh.

El hazer bien florece, y todo lo al perece.

Good Deeds live and flouriſh when all other things are at an end.

Al fin ſi canta la Gloria.

At the end of Life La Gloria *is ſung.*

Otorgando con todos ſi ganan los Amigos; que ſi dezis la verdad, quebrar os han la cabeça.

By yielding you make all your Friends; but if you will tell all the Truth you know, you will have your Head broke.

Pues todo lo ſabeys vos, y yo nada, direme lo que ſoñava eſta mañana.

Since you know every thing, and I know nothing, pray tell me what I dream'd this Morning.

Lò que te dixére el Eſpejo, no te lo diran en conſejo.

Your Looking-glaſs will tell you what none of your Friends will.

Enojoſſe el Villano, y por ſu daño.

The Clown was angry, and he paid dear for it.

Si os enojarédes, terneys dos trabaios.

If you are vexed or angry, you will have two Troubles inſtead of one.

Siempre el año paſſado fue mejor.

The laſt Year was ever better than the preſent.

Mejor curada eſta herida que no ſe diò, que la que ſe cura bien.

That Wound that was never given is beſt cured of any other.

Mucho enſeñan los Males, però cruel Mäeſtro ſon.

Afflictions teach much, but they are a hard cruel Maſter.

En

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En los errores agenos aprende, y no culpes.
Improve rather by other Mens Errors, than find fault with them.
Pues te ſufres à ti, tolera en el otro ſu ofenſa.
Since you can bear with your own, bear with other Mens Failings too.
Gaſtan el Entendimiento en conocer-ſe unos a otros; Aſſi nadie ſe conoce.
Men lay out all their Underſtanding in ſtudying to know one another, and ſo no Man knows himſelf.
Ruyn conſuelo el aplauſo de los muchos.
The Applauſe of the Mob or Multitude is but a poor Comfort.
Verdades y roſas tienen eſpinas.
Truths and Roſes have Thorns about them.
Mas te amo quien te haze bueno que quien te plaçe.
He loves you better who ſtrives to make you good, than he who ſtrives to pleaſe you.
El podra ſer, es la eſperança de los necios.
You know not what may happen, is the Hope of Fools.
El ſueño es igualdad de todos.
Sleep makes every Man as great and rich as the greateſt.
Anda tras las dichas, no corras.
Follow, but do not run after Good Fortune.
La ira es enfermedad del Entendimiento.
Anger is the Weakneſs of the Underſtanding.
Cargos y oficios Yedra en el muro, que engalana y deſtruye.
Great Poſts and Offices are like Ivy on the Wall, which makes it look fine, but ruins it.
Encoleriza te de eſpacio, que ſi huviere cauſa, non ſi faltarà tiempo en que eſtes enojado.
Make no great haſte to be angry; for if there be occaſion, you will have time enough for it.

Las

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Las Riquezas aplauſo para todos es Peſadumbre para el dueño.
Riches which all applaud, the Owner feels the weight or care of.
Con lo ſufficiente ſeras todo de ti.
A Competency leaves you wholly at your Diſpoſal.
Con las Riquezas ſucede ſer peores en los ultimos años.
Riches make Men worſe in their latter days.
Solamente es Rico el que lo ſave ſer.
He is the only Rich Man who underſtands the uſe of wealth.
Ignorancia grande de quien gaſta, y no da.
He is a great Fool who ſquanders rather than doth Good with his Eſtate.
Favorecer los ingratos mas, es la vengança mas diſcreta, però la mas cruel.
To heap freſh Kindneſſes upon ungrateful Men, is the wiſeſt, but withall the moſt cruel Revenge.
Delitos de necio no ſe pueden hazer por nadie.
The Fool's Pleaſures coſt him very dear.
Mucho caſtiga quien deſprecia.
Contempt of a Man is the ſharpeſt Reproof.
Ingenio ſin Prudencia loco con Eſpada.
Wit without Diſcretion is a Sword in the hand of a Fool.
Las virtudes ſin Prudencia ſon hermoſura ſin ojos.
Other Virtues without Prudence are a blind Beauty.
Las faltas agenas ſi las vè, no las mira, ni las pregunta, ni las oye.
Neither enquire after, nor hear of, nor take notice of the Faults of others when you ſee them.
Las Navidades no ſe van en balde.
Tears paſs not over Mens Heads for nothing.

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La ſoga ſin penſar ſe vernà antes que una Calongía.
An Halter will ſooner come without taking any care about it, than a Canonſhip.

O ſi todos los Aſnos truxeran albardas, que buen oficio era el de los albarderos.
If all Aſſes wore Packſaddles, what a good Trade would the Packſadlers have?

Palabras de buena creanza no obligan.
The uſual forms of Civility oblige no Man.

No ay mas cierto y deleytoſo amigo que el buen libro.
There is no more faithful nor pleaſant Friend than a good Book.

No falta jamas que hazer al que bien quiere ocuparſe.
He who loves to employ himſelf well can never want ſomething to do.

No fuera malo olvidar mil coſas por la quietud.
A thouſand things are well forgot for Peace and Quietneſs ſake.

El prudente quita las occaſiones de ira.
A Wiſe-man avoids all Occaſions of being angry.

El diſcreto mida ſu guſto con ſu poder.
A Wiſe-man aims at nothing which is out of his reach.

Ni ſiquen a la Razon neceſſidad, ni abundancia.
Neither great Poverty nor great Riches will hear Reaſon.

Al hombre bueno no puede faltar Ventura.
A good Man hath ever good luck.

No ay deleyte mas barato que el que es fundado en virtud.
No Pleaſure is a better Penny-worth than that which Virtue yields.

No ay agradable ſenectúd ſino ſola la del Savio.
No Old Age is agreeable but that of a Wiſe-man.

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No ſi mueſtra la cordura del hombre como en caſar ſe.

A Man's Wiſdom is no where more ſeen than in his marrying himſelf.

No difiere la Locura della Ira ſi no en nombre.

Folly and Anger are but two Names for the ſame thing.

No ay hombre a cuya puerta fortuna no ay llamado.

Fortune knocks once at leaſt at every one's door.

No ay mas importante herencia que la virtud del Mayor.

The Father's Vertue is the beſt Inheritance a Child can have.

No es viſto ningun plazer que dure ſi quiera una hora.

No ſenſual Pleaſure ever laſted ſo much as for a whole hour.

No ſuele ſer Riqueza de la virtud compañera.

Riches and Virtue do not often keep one another Company.

No ſe yguala el Refrenar al Prevenir de la ira.

Ruling one's Anger well, is not ſo good as preventing it.

No ay mas provechoſa Ciencia que la que enſeña à morir.

The moſt uſeful Learning in the World is that which teaches us how to die well.

No ay Santo entre mucha gente que buelve tal comò vinò.

The beſt Men come worſe out of Company than they went into it.

Mas aguada alegria es la que los hijos dan.

The moſt mixed or allayed Joy is that Men take in their Children.

A la

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A la hija mala dineros, y caſalla.
Find Money and Marriage to rid your ſelf of an ill Daughter.
No ay mas ſeguro conſejo que mirar ſiempre a la fin.
There is no better Advice than to look always at the Iſſue of things.
Seran ſus duelos menos medidos con los agenos.
Compare your Griefs with other Mens, and they will ſeem leſs.
Deve algo para Paſqua, y hazerte hà corta la Quareſima.
Owe Money to be paid at Eaſter, and Lent will ſeem ſhort to you.
No huye el qui buelve à ſu caſa.
He who only returns home, doth not run away.
Quien eſtà mal con Dios no puede hazer coſa buena.
He can do nothing well who is at enmity with his God.
Quantos ay que huyen de otros porque no ſe veen a ſe miſmos.
Many avoid others becauſe they ſee not and know not themſelves.
Dios và abriendo ſu mano.
God is always opening his hand to us.
Quebremos el ojo al diablo.
Let us be Friends, and put out the Devil's eye.
Muchas ay muy buenas mugeres: es verdad, las que eſtan enterradas.
'Tis true there are many very good Wives, but they are under ground.
El Hablar mucho y el méntir ſon Parientes.
Talking very much, and Lying, are Couſin Germans.
Con todo ſu Saber conoce ti miſmo.
With all your Learning be ſure to know your ſelf.

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De un Error muchos.
One Error breeds twenty more.
Con el ojo y la Fè no me burlarè.
I will never jeſt with my Eye, nor with my Religion.
Lo que has de hazer has, y no digas Cras.
Do what you have to do juſt now, and leave it not for to morrow.
A las malas lenguas tixéras.
Ill Tongues ſhould have a pair of Sciſſors.
Cabello luengo, y corto il ſeſo.
Huge long Hair, and very little Brains.
Habla poco, eſcucha mucho, y no erraras.
Speak little, hear much, and you will ſeldom be much out.
Da me la Honeſta, y dar te la hè compueſta.
Give me a vertuous Woman, and I will make her a fine Woman.
No fiarte no ſeras engannado.
He who truſts no body is never deceiv'd.
El Agua como buey, y vino como Rey.
Drink Water like an Ox, Wine like a King of Spain.
No mi peſa que mi hijo pierda, ſino que deſquitarſe quiera.
I am not ſorry that my Son loſes his Money, but that he will have his Revenge, and play on ſtill.
Dixò me mi Madre que porfiaſſe mas que no Apoſtaſſe.
My Mother bid me be confident, but lay no Wagers.
Es media vida el fuego.
A good Fire is one half of a Man's Life.
La Codicia rompe il ſaco.
Covetouſneſs breaks the Sack; i. e. *loſes a great deal.*
Gran ſabor es comer y no eſcotar.
That Meat reliſhes beſt which coſts a Man nothing.

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El Aſno ſufre la carga, no la ſobre-carga.
The Aſs bears his Load, but not an Over-load.

Quien a ſolas come il Gallo, a ſolas enſilla ſu cavallo.
He who eats his Cock alone, muſt catch his Horſe ſo too.

Quien te haze fieſta, que no ſuele hazer, ô te quiere engañar, ô te hà meneſter.
He who makes more of you than he uſed to do, either would cheat you or needs you.

Quien quita l' occaſión quita el pecado.
He that would avoid the Sin, muſt avoid the occaſion of it.

Guarda te de yra de ſenor, y del alboróto de pueblo, de locos en lugar eſtrecho, de perſona ſenalada, y de biuda tres vezes caſada, de viento que entre per forado, y de enemigo reconciliado.
Keep your ſelf from the Anger of a great Man, from a Tumult of the Mob, from Fools in a narrow Way, from a Man that is marked, from a Widow that hath been thrice married, from wind that comes in at a Hole, and from a reconciled Enemy.

Una onça de Alegria vale mas que cien quintales de melancolia.
One ounce of Mirth is worth more than ten thouſand weight of Melancholy.

Coraçon contento es gran Talento.
A contented Mind is a great gift of God.

Quien el Diablo hà de enganar de mañana ſe hà de levantar.
He that would cheat the Devil muſt riſe early in the Morning.

A' cada necio agrada ſu porrada.
Every Fool is in Love with his own Bauble.

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A cada malo ſu dia malo.
Every ill Man will have an ill time.
A fuerça de Villano hierro en medio.
Keep your Sword between you and the Strength of a Clown.
Al gran arroyo paſſar poſtrero.
Be ye laſt to go over a deep River.
Al que tiene muger hermoſa, ò caſtillo en frontera, ô viña en carrera nunca le falta guerra.
He who hath a handſome Wife, or a Caſtle on the Frontier, or a Vineyard near the Highway, never wants a Quarrel.
Al Medico, Confeſſor, y Letrado no les ayas engañado.
Never deceive your Phyſician, your Confeſſor, nor your Lawyer.
Al Enemigo ſi buelve la eſpalda la puente de plata.
Make a Bridge of Silver for a flying Enemy.
Al que mal hizieres no le creas.
Never truſt him whom you have wronged.
Al bien buſcallo, y al mal eſperallo.
Seek for Good, and be ready for Evil.
A lo que puedes ſolo, no eſperes à otro.
What you can do alone by your ſelf, expect not from another.
A mocedad ocioſa vejez trabajoſa.
Idleneſs in Youth makes way for a painful and miſerable Old-age.
Amigo de todos y de ninguno todo es uno.
He who pretends to be every body's particular Friend is no body's.
Antes que caſes mira que hazes, que no es nudo que des-hazes.
Conſider well before you tie that Knot you never can undo.

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Antes que cognoſcas ni alabes, ni cohondas.
Neither praiſe nor diſpraiſe any before you know them.
A' Padre Guardador hijo Gaſtador.
A prodigal Son ſucceeds a covetous Father.
Aſno ſea quien Aſno bozea.
He is Fool enough himſelf who will bray againſt another Aſs.
Aunque ſeas prudente viejo, no deſdenes el conſejo.
Tho' old and wiſe, yet ſtill adviſe.
Bendito ſea el varon qui por ſi ſe caſtiga, y por otro nò.
Happy is he that mends of himſelf, without the help of others.
Bien ſabe el Sabio que no ſabe, il necio pienſa que ſabe.
A wiſe Man knows his own Ignorance, a Fool thinks he knows every thing.
Bocado comido no gana amigo.
What you eat your ſelf never gains you a Friend.
Buena Olla y mal Teſtamento.
Great Houſe-keeping makes but a poor Will.
Buenas Palabras y ruynes Hechos engañan ſavios y locos.
Fair Words and foul Deeds deceive Wiſe-men as well as Fools.
Buen comer trae mal comer.
Eating too well at firſt makes Men eat ill afterwards.
Calle el que diò, hable el que tomò.
Let him ſpeak who receiv'd, let the Giver hold his Peace.
Caſa de Padre, viña de abuelo.
An Houſe built by a Man's Father, and a Vineyard planted by his Grandfather.
Cavallo rucio rodado antes muerto que canſado.
A dapple-grey Horſe will die ſooner than tire.

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Compueſta no ay Muger fea.
No Woman is ugly when ſhe is dreſs'd.
Con mala perſona el remedio mucha tierra en medio.
The beſt Remedy againſt an evil Man is to keep at a good diſtance from him.
Conoceras la locura en cantar, y jugar, y correr la mula.
A Man's Folly is ſeen by his Singing, his Playing, and Riding full ſpeed.
Comprar caro no es franqueza.
Buying a thing too dear is no Bounty.
Comprar en feria, y vender en caſa.
Buy at a Fair, and ſell at home.
De los ruydos guarte, no ſeras teſtigo ni parte.
Keep aloof from all Quarrels; be neither a Witneſs nor Party.
De hora en hora Dios mejora.
God doth us more and more good every hour of our Lives.
Del loco porrada ô mala palabra.
An ill Blow, or an ill Word, is all you will get from a Fool.
De quien ſe duerme ſu hazienda lo ſiente.
He who lies long in Bed his Eſtate pays for it.
De eſpacio pienſa, y obra a prieſſa.
Conſider well of a Buſineſs, and diſpatch it quickly.
Donde ay hijos, ni Parientes, ni Amigos.
He who hath Children hath neither Kindred nor Friends.
Dios me dè contienda con quien me entienda.
May I have a Diſpute with a Wiſe-man, if with any.
Do no ay verguença no ay virtud Buena.
He who hath loſt Shame is loſt to all Virtue.
El Amor à ningun da honor, y a todos dolor.
Being in Love brings no Reputation to any Man, but Vexation to all.

El

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El dar limoſna nunca mengua la bolſa.
Giving to the Poor leſſens no Man's ſtore.
El perezoſo ſiempre es meneſteroſo.
He who is idle is always wanting ſomewhat.
El mal entra a braçadas, y ſale a pulgaradas.
Evil comes to us by Ells, and goes away by Inches.
El que tiene teiados de vidro no tire piedras al ſu vezino.
He whoſe Houſe is tiled with Glaſs muſt not throw Stones at his Neighbours.
El Hombre es el fuego, la Muger la eſtopa, viene el Diablo y ſopla.
The Man is Fire, the Woman Tow, and the Devil comes to blow the Coals.
El que adelante no mira atras ſe halla.
He who doth not look forward, finds himſelf behind other Men.
El Amor de Dios vence, todo lo al peréce.
The Love of God prevails for ever, all other things come to nothing.
El que ha de dar cuenta de ſi y de otros, es meneſter que conoſca a ſi, y a los otros.
He who is to give an account of himſelf and others, muſt know both himſelf and them.
El Amor, y la Fee en las obras ſe vée.
A Man's Love and his Faith appear by his Works or Deeds.
En contienda ponte rienda.
In all Contention put a Bridle upon your Tongue.
En el tiempo elado el clavo vale el cavallo.
In a great Froſt a Nail is worth a Horſe.
Fuyme à Palacio, fui beſtia, y vine aſno.
I went a Fool to the Court, and came back an Aſs.
Guarda moço, y hallaras viejo.
Keep Money when you are young, that you may have it when you are old.

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Habla poco y bien, tener-te han por alguien.
Speak but little, and to the purpoſe, and you will paſs for ſome body.
Hazes mal eſpera otro tal.
If you do evil, expect to ſuffer evil.
Haz barato, y venderas por quatro.
Sell cheap, and you will ſell as much as four others.
Hijo malo mas vale doliente que ſano.
An ill Child is better ſick than well.
Hombre que madruga de algo tiene cura.
He who riſes early in the Morning hath ſomewhat in his head.
La horca lo ſuyo lleva.
The Gallows will have its own at laſt.
La mentira no tiene pies.
A Lye hath no Legs.
Muger, Viento, y Ventura, preſto ſe muda.
Women, Wind, and Fortune, are ever changing.
Necios y porfiados hazen ricos los Lettrados.
Fools and willful Men make the Lawyers great.
Ni firmes carta que no leas, ni beves agua que no veas.
Never ſign a Writing till you have read it, nor drink Water till you have ſeen it.
Ni Barvero mudo, ni Cantor ſeſudo.
Neither is any Barber dumb, nor any Songſter very wiſe.
Ni à todos dar, ni con necios porfiar.
Neither give to all, nor contend with Fools.
No la hagas, y no la temas.
Do no Ill, and fear no Harm.
No haze poco quien ſu caſa quema, eſpanta los ratones y ſe eſcalienta a la leña.
He doth ſomething who ſets his Houſe on fire; he ſcares away the Rats, and warms himſelf.

No

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No fio nada haſta mañana.
I ſell nothing on truſt till to morrow. [*Writ over the Shop-doors.*
No perdona el vulgo tacha de ninguno.
The Common People pardon no fault in any Man.
Nunca el Juglar de la tierra tañe bien en la fieſta.
The Fidler of the ſame Town never plays well at their Feaſt.
O Rico, ô Pinjado.
Either Rich, or Hanged in the Attempt.
Paſſa la fieſta, y el loco reſta.
The Feaſt is over, but here is the Fool ſtill.
Partir como hermanos; lo mio mio, lo tuyo de entrambos.
To divide as Brothers uſe to do; That which is mine is all my own, that which is yours I go halves in.
Perdiendo tiempo no ſe gana dinero,
There will be no Money got by loſing your Time.
Perdido es quien tras perdidos anda.
He will ſoon be a loſt Man himſelf who keeps ſuch Men company.
Por ſer Humano con el que poco puede antes ſe gana que ſe pierde.
By Courteſies done to the meaneſt Men, you get much more than you can loſe.
Por nuevas no peneys, hazer ſe han viejas, y ſaber les heys.
Trouble not your ſelf about News, it will ſoon grow ſtale and you will have it.
Preſto es dicho lo que es bien dicho.
That which is well ſaid, is ſaid ſoon enough.
Quando el Diablo reza enganar te quiere.
When the Devil goes to his Prayers he means to cheat you.

Quando

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Quando topares con el loco finge negocio.
When you meet with a Fool, pretend Buſineſs to get rid of him.

Quien mucho habla y poco entiende por Aſno lo vende a S. Vincente.
Sell him for an Aſs at a Fair, who talks much and knows little.

Quien compra y vende lo que gaſta no ſiente.
He who buys and ſells doth not feel what he ſpends.

Quien ara, y cria oro hila.
He who plows his Land, and breeds Cattle, ſpins Gold.

Quien no ſe aventura no anda a cavallo, ni a Mula.
He who will venture nothing muſt never get on Horſe-back.

Quien lexos ſe và a Caſar ô và a engañado, ô à engañar.
He who goes far from home for a Wife, either means to cheat, or will be cheated.

Quien ſiembra in Dios eſpera.
He who ſows his Land, truſts in God.

Quien dexa el Camino real por la hereda, pienſa atajar y rodéa.
He who leaves the great Road for a By-path, thinks to ſave Ground, and he loſes it.

Quien haze por Comun haze por ningun.
He who ſerves the Publick obliges no body.

Quien guarda ſu Puridad eſcuſa mucho mal.
He who keeps his firſt Innocency eſcapes a thouſand Sins.

Quien de los ſuyos ſe alexa, Dios le dexa.
He who abandons his poor Kindred, God forſakes him.

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Quien a veynte no es Galan, ni a treynta tiene fuerça, ni a quarenta riqueza, ni a cinquenta Experiencia, ni ſera Galan, ni Fuerte, ni Rico, ni Prudente.

He who is not Handſome at Twenty, nor Strong at Thirty, nor Rich at Forty, nor Wiſe at Fifty, will never be Handſome, Strong, Rich, nor Wiſe.

Quien de preſto ſe determina de eſpacio ſe arrepiente.

He who reſolves on the ſudden, repents at leiſure.

Quien ſe levanta tarde no oye miſſa, ni toma carne.

He who riſes late loſes his Prayers, and provides not well for his Houſe.

Quien aſſecha por agujero vee ſu duelo.

He who peeps through a Hole may ſee what will vex him.

Quien yerra y ſe emienda, a Dios ſe encomienda.

He who amends his Faults, puts himſelf under God's Protection.

Quien bien quiere de lexos vee.

He who loves well ſees things at a diſtance.

Quien hà criados hà enemigos no eſcudados.

He who hath Servants hath Enemies which he cannot well be without.

Quien paga deuda haze caudal.

He who pays his Debts begins to make a Stock.

Quien da el ſuyo antes de morir, aparejeſe a bien ſuffrir.

He who gives all before he dies will need a great deal of Patience.

Quien callò venciò, y lo que quisò viò.

He who ſaid nothing had the better of it, and had what he deſired.

Quien

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Quien mucho duerme poco aprende.
He who ſleeps much gets but little Learning.

Quien neciamente peca, neciamente ſe va al infierno.
He who ſins like a Fool, like a Fool goes to Hell.

Si quieres ſer bien ſervido, ſirve te tu miſmo.
If you would have your buſineſs well done, do it your ſelf.

Al Savio ſu ſuerte le agrada.
'Tis the Wiſeman only who is content with what he hath.

La tardança es odioſa, però dà fuerças.
Delay is odious, but it makes things more ſure.

En el puerto navéga quien bien ſe conóce.
He is always ſafe who knows himſelf well.

La caſta Matrona Obedeciendo manda.
A good Wife by obeying commands in her turn.

No querer hazer bien, y dilatallo poco différen.
Not to have a mind to do well, and to put it off at the preſent, are much the ſame.

Italia para nacer, Francia para vivir, Eſpaña par morir.
Italy *to be born in*, France *to live in, and* Spain *to die in.*

Por de mas toma trabajos quien en ellos no ſe enſeña.
He loſes the Good of his Afflictions who is not the better for them.

No ay vicio tan daño ſo como el que tiene mueſtra de Virtú.
'Tis the moſt dangerous Vice which looks like Virtue.

Prudencia es grande olvidar qualquieras ajenas injurias.
'Tis great Wiſdom to forget all the Injuries we may receive.

De

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De ninguna coſa ſi deve menos fiar que de las proſperas.

Proſperity is the thing in the World we ought to truſt the leaſt.

Mas provechoſo es uſo ſin letras, que letras ſin uſo.

Experience without Learning does more good than Learning without Experience.

Patrimonio es para los ſucceſſores la virtud.

Virtue is the beſt Patrimony for Children to inherit.

Menos trabajo ay en vivir bien que mal.

'Tis much more painful to live ill, than to live well.

Siempre halla tiempo la Buona Volondad.

An hearty Good-will never wants time to ſhew it ſelf.

Obligation nos pone para biẽn, havello ya hecho.

To have done well obliges us to do ſo ſtill.

Mucho ſiente de ſi el que con ninguno ſe compara.

He hath a great Opinion of himſelf who makes no Compariſon with others.

Hartas riquezas tiene el que mas no quiere.

He only is rich enough who hath all that he deſires.

La fuerça de toda Dottrina conſiſte en hazer lo que enſeñamos.

The beſt way of Inſtruction is to practiſe that which we teach others.

Pequeño es el animo a quien coſas terrenas deleytan.

'Tis but a little narrow Soul which earthly things can pleaſe.

La cauſa porque ſon amados mas los poſtreros hijos eſta por razon que de otros no queda eſperanza.

The Reaſon why Parents love the younger Children beſt, is becauſe they have ſo little hopes that the elder will do well.

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La verdadera Honra es la que da el que la tiene.
That only is true Honour which he gives who deſerves it himſelf.

Gran guerra tienen ſiempre entre ſi Hermoſura y Caſtidad.
Beauty and Chaſtity have always a mortal Quarrel between them.

Se ha de uſar deſta Vida como de coſa ajena.
Look always upon Life, and uſe it, as a thing that is lent you.

Offreſcimientos ſon por los eſtraños, y las obras por los Amigos.
Civil Offers are for all Men, and good Offices for our Friends.

No ay en el Mondo fuerças ſobre el hombre fuera ſu Paſſion miſma.
Nothing in the World is ſtronger than a Man but his own Paſſions only.

En tiempo de Afflicion el mejor de los amigos es el dinero.
When a Man comes into Troubles, Money is one of his beſt Friends.

Solamente ſabe mucho el que ſabe lo que baſta para vivir.
He only is the great learned Man who knows enough to make him live well.

A Bolſa vazia, e a Caſa acabada faz o home ſeſudo, mas tarde.
An empty Purſe and a new Houſe finiſhed make a Man wiſe, but 'tis ſomewhat too late. Portug.

FRENCH

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FRENCH
PROVERBS.

IL eſt Riche que Dieu aime.
He is a Rich Man whom God loves.
Il eſt pouvre qui eſt de Dieu haï.
He is a poor Wretch whom God hates.
En Dieu eſt tout.
In God you have all you can need or wiſh for.
Etre homme de bien c'eſt Mêtier jurè, il ne l' eſt pas qui veut.
To be a good Man is a Trade which muſt be learn'd and ſtudied; 'tis not enough to have a mind to it.
Fy de jeuneſſe et de beautè deſgarnie d' humilitè.
Fye upon Youth and Beauty not ſet off with Humility.
A' vray dire perd on le jeu.
The Game is loſt by telling the Truth.
Tout ſe porte mal où la femme parle plus haut que le mari.
All is naught where the Wife ſpeaks louder than the Huſband.
Qui ſeme les chardons recuille des eſpines.
He who ſows Thiſtles reaps Thorns.
La plus grande fineſſe c'eſt de n' avoir point.
The beſt Cunning is never to uſe any Trick.
A' bon demandeur bon refuſeur.
To an unreaſonable Demand give a reſolute Denial.

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Orgueïlleuſe ſemblance monſtre folle cuidance.
A proud Look ſhews a ſilly fooliſh Mind.
Belle, Bonne, Riche, & Sage, eſt une femme à quatre éſtages.
Handſom, Good, Rich, and Wiſe, is a Woman four Stories high.
Qui a del argent a des chapeaux.
He who hath Money hath Hats enough.
Bon Poete mauvais homme.
A good Poet is uſually a bad Man.
Qui ſçait métier il eſt Renté.
He who hath a Trade, hath a Revenue or an Eſtate.
On touche toûjours ſur le cheval qui tire.
The Horſe which draws moſt is moſt whip'd.
La plus grande Fineſſe c'eſt, d' être homme de bien.
'Tis the wiſeſt thing in the world to be a good Man.
Voulez vous ceſſer d' aimer? poſſeder la choſe aimee.
To be cured of your Longing you need only obtain what you ſo wiſhed for.
Il ne faut pas faire d'un Diable deux.
Do not make two Devils of one.
Homme plaideur ſouvent menteur.
He is a rare Pleader who never ſaith what is falſe.
D'un ſac à charbon ne peut ſortir que de la pouſſiere noire.
You can have nothing but dirty ſtuff out of a Collier's Sack.
A' peine cognoiſt on la Femme et le Melon.
A Woman and a Melon are not to be known by their Looks or Out-ſide.
Tout eſt perdu qu'on donne à fol.
All that you give to a Fool is thrown away.
Bien payè bien pendu.
He that pays well may hang well too.

Païs

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Païs gaſtè vaut mieux que païs perdu.
A ruin'd Country is better than none at all.
Mieux vaut un poing de bonne Vie que plein muy de Clergie.
A handful of good Life is better than a whole Buſhel of Learning.
Il eſt toſt trompè qui mal ne penſe.
He who thinks no harm is eaſily deceived.
Vers Dieu c'eſt le meilleur.
That's always beſt which brings us near to God.
Farine du Diable n'eſt que bran.
The Devil's fineſt Flour will prove Bran.
Argent contant porte medicine.
Ready Money doth great Cures.
Il n'eſt nul petit Ennemy.
No Enemy is to be deſpiſed, how inconſiderable ſoever.
Qui n' a Patience n' a rien.
He who hath no Patience hath nothing at all.
Entre promettre et donner doit on marier ſa fille.
Between Promiſing and Giving marry your Daughter.
Il n' eſt vie que d' être content.
There is no Life like being content with what one hath.
Le ſage và toûjours la ſonde en main.
A Wiſe-man goes always with a Plummet in his hand.
Paix et Peu gran don de Dieu.
A little with Content and Quiet is a great Gift of God.
Neceſſitè eſt la moitie de Raiſon.
Neceſſity is half a Reaſon.
Faim fait diſner, paſſe temps ſouper.
Hunger makes Men dine, Wantonneſs makes them ſup.
Se lever à ſix, manger à dix, ſouper à ſix, coucher à dix, font vivre l' homme dix fois dix.
To Riſe at ſix, and Dine at ten, to Sup at ſix and go to Bed at ten, make a Man live ten times ten years.

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Il n'y a point de plus beau Revenu que l'eſpargne.
Good Huſbandry is one of the beſt Incomes.
Amour de Grands ombre de buiſſon qui paſſe bien toſt.
The Friendſhip of Great Men is the ſhadow of a Buſh, which is preſently gone.
En Amour eſt Sottiſe et Sens.
In Love there is both Folly and Diſcretion.
Bon Gaignage fait bon Potage.
A gainful Trade makes good Soupe.
Penſer n' eſt pas juſte meſure.
Thinking is no good meaſure.
A vieux comptes nouvelles diſputes.
Old Reckonings breed new Differences.
Qui bien aime bien chaſtie.
He who loves well chaſtiſes well.
Qui de tout ſe taiſt de tout a paix.
He who ſaith nothing of other Mens Affairs hath no Trouble.
De court Plaiſir long Repentir.
From a ſhort Pleaſure comes a long Repentance.
Le bel ſoulier bleſſe ſouvent le pied.
A fine Shooe often pinches the Foot.
Homme chiche jamais Riche.
A Covetous Man is always Poor.
Il vaut mieux avoir une Paix, où il y a deux Religions, qu' une guerre où il n' y en a point.
'Tis better to have a Peace with two Religions, than a War in which there is none.
Amour con Amour ſe paye.
Love is to be requited with (or breeds) Love.
Le plus ſage ſe taiſt.
The wiſeſt Man uſually ſpeaks the leaſt.
Un ſot Adviſe bien un ſage.
A Fool give a Wiſe-man good Counſel.

Un

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Un homme qu' attend ne vaut dix.
He who minds a thing is worth ten of thoſe who do not.
L' amour propre gauchit la regle pour nous, et la redreſſe pour les autres.
Self-love crooks the Ruler for us, and makes it ſtrait again for others.
La Suſpenſion n' a jamais fait de tort au bon Raiſonement.
Suſpending our Judgment a while never hurts good Reaſoning.
Le plus ſage eſt celuy qui ne penſe point l' être.
He is the wiſeſt Man who doth not think himſelf to be ſo.
C' eſt un méchant métier que celuy de Medire.
Speaking ill of others is a ſcurvy villainous Trade.
Le mal qu' on dit d' autruy ne produit que du mal.
Speaking ill of others breeds Miſchief only.
Ne prener jamais pour beau ce qui eſt faux.
Take nothing for a fine Saying which is falſe at the bottom.
La Pietè Chrêſtienne anneantit le moy Humain, et la Civilitè le cache, et le ſupprime.
Chriſtianity deſtroys Mens thinking, and talking vainly of themſelves; and good Manners conceals and ſuppreſſes it.
Parler de ſoy corrompt eſtrangement la Raiſon, et dans nous par la Vanitè, et dans les autres par l' Averſion.
Speaking of our ſelves ſtrangely corrupts Reaſon, in us by Vanity, and in others by the Averſion it gives them for us.
L' eſprit de Diſpute gaſte beaucoup l' eſprit.
The Spirit or Love of Diſputing, ſpoils Mens Underſtanding.

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Il ne faut avoir pour fin que la Verité.
Truth only ſhould be the End we aim at.
Il n' y a rien de beau que ce qui eſt vray.
Nothing is finely ſaid but what is true.
Les folies les plus courtes ſont les meilleures.
Errors ſhould be ſoon redreſt; The ſhorteſt Follies are the beſt.
Achette Paix et maiſon faite.
Buy Peace and an Houſe ready made.
La Paix eſt la Feſte de tous Saints.
Peace is the Feaſt of all Saints.
Il ne perd rien qui ne perd Dieu.
He who hath God can loſe no great matter.
Jamais Danſeur ne fut bon Clere.
Never was a fine Dancer a great Scholar.
Mal ſoupe qui tout diſne.
He ſups ill who eats all at his Dinner.
Qui fol va à Rome fol en retourne.
He who goes a Fool to Rome *comes back an Aſs.*
Haſte ne vient ſeule.
Haſte never comes alone.
Gran beſoin a de fol qui de ſoymeſme le fait.
He hath great need of a Fool, who makes himſelf one.
Les gros larrons pendent les petits.
Great Robbers hang little Thieves.
Apres bon vin bon cheval,
Good Wine makes a Horſe go well.
Femme, Argent, et Vin, ont leur bien et leur venin.
Women, Money, and Wine, have their good and their bad ſide.
L'amour fait la Rage, mais l'argent le Marriage.
Love makes Fools mad, but Money makes the Marriage.
Celuy qui eſt adonnè aux dez, le Diable le tire par le nez.
He who is given to play at Dice, the Devil leads him by the Noſe.

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Le mort n' a point d'amy, le malade n' a qu' un demy.
A dead Man hath no Friend, a ſick Man hath but half an one.
Ainſi và qui mieux ne peut.
Even ſo goes ſhe who can no finer go.
Qui veut entretenir ſon ami n' ait nuls affaires avec luy.
He who would keep his Friend long, let him not have much to do with him.
Amour fait beaucoup, mais Argent fait tout.
Love will do a great deal, but Money doth every thing.
Au preſter Ange, au rendre Diable.
When you lend you are an Angel, when you would be paid again you are a Devil.
Quand Argent faut, tout faut.
He who wants Money wants every thing elſe too.
Aſſer gaigne qui Matheur perd.
He gains well who eſcapes a Misfortune.
Qui fol envoye fol attend.
He who ſends a Fool expects a Fool.
Quand tous peches ſont vieux Avarice eſt encore jeune.
When all other Sins die for Age, Avarice grows young.
Aſſez a qui ſe contente.
He hath enough who thinks he hath it.
Qui n' a cœur ait jambes.
He who hath no Heart (or Memory) muſt have Legs.
Qui bien veut mourir bien vive.
He muſt live well who would die ſo.
Bonne journée fait qui de fol ſe delivre.
He doth a good day's Work who gets rid of a Fool.
Argent reçeu le bras rompu.
If you pay before hand you break the Workman's arm.

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Qui ne parle n' erre.
He who ſaith nothing makes no Miſtake.
Quand un chien ſe noye chacun luy offre à boir.
When a Dog is a drowning every one gives him drink.
Un fol fait toujours comencement.
A Fool is always beginning to live well.
Par trop debatre la Verité ſe perd.
Truth is loſt by too much diſputing it.
Nul vent ne fait pour celuy qui n' a point de port deſtiné.
No Wind can do him good who makes for no Haven.
De toute femme qui ſe farde donne toy ſoigneuſement garde.
Carefully avoid a Woman who paints her ſelf.
Nul n' a trop pour ſoy de Sens, d' Argent, de foy.
No Man hath too much Wiſdom, Money, or Honeſty, for himſelf.
Fy d'Avoir qui n' a joye, et d'Amour ſans Monnoy.
Fye upon an Eſtate without enjoying it, and upon a Miſtreſs without Money.
Bon Gâteau et mauvaiſe Coûtume ſe doivent rompre.
A good Cake and ill Cuſtom ſhould be broken.
A l' an ſoixante et douze temps eſt que l'on ſe houſe.
At ſeventy-two 'tis high time to be ready for one's Journey. Fr. *to put one's Boots on.*
Le plus riche n' emporte qu' un linceau.
The richeſt Man carries away nothing with him but a Winding-ſheet.
Qui a Compagnon a Maître.
He who hath a Companion hath a Maſter.
Qui bien ſe cônoit peu ſe priſe: qui peu ſe priſe Dieu l' adviſe.
He who knows himſelf well values himſelf but little: and God teaches the humble Man. Homme

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Homme matineux Sain, Alaigre, et Soigneux.
He who riſes early in the Morning, is Healthy, Chearful, and minds his Buſineſs.
Qui n' a Sante n' a rien.
He who wants Health can enjoy nothing.
Qui plus vit plus a à ſuffrir.
The longer a Man lives the more he hath to ſuffer.
Cheval fait, et Valet à faire.
An Horſe ready broke, and a Servant to breed up.
Vent au Viſage rend l'homme ſage.
Adverſity makes Men wiſe.
Cheval courant un Sepulchre ouvert.
Riding full ſpeed is the way to the Grave.
Gardez vous de n' acheter Penitence à trop gran priz.
Take care not to buy Repentance too dear.
Aſſez ſçait qui ſçait vivre et ſe taire.
He is wiſe enough who knows how to live well, and to hold his Peace.
Fol eſt qui s' oublie.
He is a Fool who forgets his own Concerns.
Belle Doctrine ſe prend en luy, qui ſe châtie par autruy.
He hath learn'd well, who corrects himſelf by other Men's Faults.
Bon Sang ne peut mentir.
Good Blood will never lie.
Mal vit qui ne s' amende.
He lives ill who ſtrives not to live better ſtill.
La Patience eſt contre tous maux Medicine.
Patience is the only univerſal Medicine.
Qui parle d' autruy regarde à ſoy, et il ſe tairà.
He who is going to ſpeak ill of another, let him conſider himſelf well firſt, and he will hold his Peace.

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Le ciel ne ſe peut acquerir que par le mepris de la terre.

No getting to Heaven unleſs we can deſpiſe this World.

Qui aime Dieu de tout ſon cœur, vit en terre de la meſme façon qu'on vit au ciel.

He who loves God above all things, lives here as the Saints do in Heaven.

Qui penſe ſouvent à la fin pour laquelle il a été Creé, trouve ſon repos dans les inquietudes du monde.

He who often conſiders what God made him for, finds Reſt amidſt all the ſtorms of Life.

Si les Dames prenoient autant de ſoin de leur Ames comme de leur Corps, elles ne ſe mettroient pas au hazard de perdre l'un et l'autre.

If Women took as much care of their Souls as they do of their Bodies, they would never ſo endanger their loſing both.

Le Repos de l' Ame, et la Santè du Corps, ſont les ſeules richeſſes du monde.

A peaceful quiet Mind, and an healthy Body, are the beſt and trueſt Wealth.

On a beau de chercher le Repos dans le Monde, on ne le trouve jamais qu'en Dieu.

'Tis in vain that Men look for that Reſt in this World which they can find in God only.

Qui veut tout ce que Dieu veut vit toûjours en Repos.

He is always eaſie, who likes that beſt which God pleaſeth to do.

Il n'eſt point de plus utile école que celle des Cimitieres.

Church-yards are the beſt and moſt uſeful Schools.

L' Orgueil eſt la Paſſion des Fous.

Pride is the proper Diſeaſe or Paſſion of Fools.

Qui

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Qui penſe à la Mort aprend tous les jours à bien vivre.

He who often thinks of Dying, ſtudies to live well every Day of his Life.

Les Plaiſirs coûtent cher, quand ils ne vaudroient qu'un Repentir.

That Pleaſure is too dear which may be had for one ſingle Repentance.

Un bon Eſprit fait toûjours la loy à la Fortune.

A good Mind gives Law to Fortune.

Un ſage ne doit jamais remettre à demain ce qu'il peut faire aujourdhuy.

A Wiſe-man never puts off till to morrow what he can (and ſhould) do to day.

Travailler pour Dieu, et pour ſon Ame c'eſt bien paſſer le jour; c'eſt gaigner le plus qu'on peut.

To ſpend the Day in the Service of God, and of your own Soul, is to make the beſt of it, and the moſt Advantage you poſſibly can.

Garder vous de n'oſer bien faire de peur que les fous diſent que vous êtes ſage.

Forbear not to do what you ſhould do, for fear that Fools ſhould ſcoff at your greater Wiſdom.

Le plus Honnête homme du Monde eſt celuy qui rend plus des ſervices à Dieu.

The moſt accompliſhed Man is he who ſerves God moſt.

L'Hipocriſie eſt un hommage que le vice rend à la Vertu.

Hypocriſie is a ſubmiſſive Reſpect which Vice pays to Vertue.

Grands Vanteurs petits Faiſeurs.

Great Boaſters perform leaſt.

Il ne faut pas s'embaraſſer avec de ſots.

Never embroil your ſelf with thoſe who want ſenſe.

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Mets ta main ſouvent en ton ſein, et tu ne médiras de ton prochain.

Lay your hand often upon your own heart, and you will not ſpeak evil of others.

Il n'y a rien tel que de vivre ſans Ambition.

To have no Ambition, makes a Man live moſt happily.

Il ne faut point dire du mal de ceux qui en peuvent faire.

Speak not ill of thoſe who can make you pay for it.

Et la Gloire et la Renommée
Ne ſont que Songe, et que fumée.
Glory, Fame, and high Renown,
Are only Smoak, an empty Dream.

A Folle demande il ne faut point de reponſe.

A fooliſh Queſtion ſhould have no Anſwer.

A nul ne peut être Amy qui de ſoy-meſme eſt Ennemy.

He can be no Man's Friend who is his own Foe.

A Pere, à Mâitre, et à Dieu, toutpuiſſant nul ne peut rendre l' equivalent.

No Man can ſufficiently requite his Father, his Teacher, nor his God.

Qui a beaucoup des Amis n'en a point.

He who hath many Friends hath none at all.

Bonnes paroles n' ecorchent pas la langue.

Civil Language never hurts the Tongue.

Il eſt paure qui eſt de Dieu abandonné.

He is a miſerable Wretch indeed whom God takes no care of, or forſakes.

A paroles lourdes Oreilles ſourdes.

To rude Language turn a deaf ear.

A celuy qui a ſon Pâtè au four, on peut donner de ſon Gâteau.

Give him ſome of your Cake who hath a Pye in the Oven.

Trois

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Trois Eſpagnols ſont quatre Diables en France.
Three Spaniards make four Devils in France.
En vengant la faute on l' accroit.
Juſtifying a Fault doubles it.
L' orgueilleux s' enyvre de ſa propre bouteille.
A Proud-man is drunk with himſelf.
Bon eſt le deuil qui apres aide.
That is a good Sorrow which makes a Man the better for it.
Aimer et ſçavoir n' ont meſme manoir.
To be in Love, and to be Wiſe, are two very different things.
Avarice fait petit monçeau.
Covetouſneſs never makes a great heap.
Belle femme mauvaiſe teſte.
An handſome Woman an ill Head-piece.
Nul ne fait ſi bien beſogne qui celuy à qui elle eſt.
Every Man can do his own Buſineſs better than any one elſe.
C' eſt folie de ſe prendre aux femmes et aux bêtes.
None but a Fool will quarrel with a Woman, or a brute Beaſt.
Le fol cherche ſon malheur.
A Fool hunts for Misfortune.
Les méchants ſont ſacs de Charbonniers qui ſe noirciſſent l' un l' autre.
Bad-men, like Collier's Sacks, make one another more filthy.
Mieux vaut Coüard que trop hardi.
'Tis better to be a Coward than Fool-hardy.
Ce n' eſt pas tout de courir bien, il faut partir à temps.
'Tis not enough to run well, unleſs you ſet out in due time.

Evêque

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Evêque d' Or Croſſe de bois; Croſſe d' Or Evêque de bois.
There have been Golden Biſhops with Wooden Croſiers, and Wooden Biſhops with Golden Croſiers.

Le Chiche fait de l' Argent avec les dents.
A Niggard makes Money with his Teeth.

Un diſcours trop ſincere aiſément nous outrage.
Too plain Truth uſually makes us very angry.

Il ne ſçait rien qui ne veut bien faire.
He knows nothing to any purpoſe who lives not as he ſhould do.

Jardin aux fauxbourg vaut cent ſolz au rebours.
A Country-houſe near to the City is worth an hundred Shillings backward.

Femme ſotte ſe cognoiſt à la cotte.
You may know a fooliſh Woman by her over-fine Cloaths, or Dreſs.

A quelque choſe malheur eſt bon.
Some Advantage may be made of Ill-luck.

Les petits Eſprits ſont le plus vains.
Men of little Souls moſt over-value themſelves.

On parle peu quand la Vanitè ne fait parler.
'Tis Mens Vanity which makes them great Talkers.

Un honêtte homme ſçait tout, et ne ſe pique de rien.
A well-bred Man knows moſt things, but brags of nothing.

La plus belle de toutes les Epargnes eſt celle de la bouche.
The moſt laudable Good-huſbandry is that of the Mouth.

C' eſt de ſe venger en Dieu que d' aimer ſes ennemies.
'Tis a God-like Revenge, to love our Enemies.

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La vraye Grandeur ne conſiſte pas à faire tout ce que l'on veut; mais bien à vouloir tout ce que l'on doit.

'Tis true Greatneſs, not to do what you have a mind to do, but to have a mind to do what you ought.

Un grand fond de la Raiſon et d'Honnetetè ſe rencontre rarement avec une grande fortune.

'Tis very ſeldom that great Wiſdom and Virtue are found in great Wealth.

Un ſot ſçavant eſt Sot plus qu' un Sot ignorant.

A learned Fool is a Fool in grain.

On ne dit rien en parlant beaucoup.

He who ſpeaks too much ſaith juſt nothing at all.

Les Richeſſes font naitre la folie, et l' entretiennent.

Riches beget and nurſe up Folly.

Le Riche eſt Fou, dit Ariſtote.

Ariſtotle calls Rich-men Fools.

Il n'eſt point d' homme qui ne ſe cache la moitie de ſes defauts.

Every Man conceals half of his Faults at leaſt from himſelf.

Cependant, Tout flattè qu' il eſt, il rougiroit de parôitre aux yeux des autres ce qu' il paroiſt à ſoymeme.

Yet with all this flattery of himſelf, he would bluſh to appear to others what he knows himſelf to be.

On repait les Grands de vent & de fumée.

Great Men are fed with Wind and Smoak.

Un Demi-ſçavant eſt fort Deciſif.

An Half-ſcholar can eaſily determine all Controverſies.

Il faut être d'un autre monde que celuicy pour mepriſer les Richeſſes.

He muſt be a Man of another World than this, who can deſpiſe Wealth.

Le

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Le Latin gâte l'eſprit, ou le fortifie ſelon le mauvais, ou le bon uſage que l'on en fait.

Learning corrupts, or improves the Mind, according to the bad or good uſe a Man makes of it.

Il eſt impoſſible d'aimer la Vertu ſans ſe faire aimer.

'Tis impoſſible for him who loves Virtue not to be beloved by others.

Les femmes Coureuſes vont perdre le temps.

Gadding Goſſips make it their buſineſs to loſe their own and others time.

Le Silence eſt le Pere de bonnes penſees la marque d'un Ame bien-aſſiſe.

Silence is the Parent of wiſe Thoughts; the Mark of a well-compoſed Mind.

Le jeu nous dérobe ſouvent trois grands biens, l'Argent, le Temps, et la Conſcience.

Play robs us of three good things, our Money, our Time, and our Conſcience.

Il faut ſe mettre bien avec Dieu, et maîtriſer ſes Paſſions pour être tranquille en ſoy meſme.

A Man muſt be at Peace with God, and Maſter of his Paſſions, before he can be truly eaſie at home.

La Charité et l'Humilité ſont l'ame de la Morale Chrêtienne.

Charity (or the Love of God, and of our Neighbour) and Humility, are the Life and Soul of Chriſtian Morality.

Les gens ſans Religion ſont ordinairement un peu fous.

Thoſe who have no Religion uſually have a touch of Madneſs.

Il ne faut jamais rien faire en particulier dont on daive rougir en public.

Never do that by your ſelf which you would bluſh to have known to others.

Il

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Il faut polir les Vertus comme les diamans.
Some Vertues, like rough Diamonds, ſhould be poliſhed.

L' Art de juger Sainement de toutes choſes c'eſt le meilleur de toutes les Sciences.
The Art of judging aright of things all is the beſt of all Sciences.

Pour faire de bruit ce ne ſont pas les Caracteres les plus raiſonables qui y ſont les plus propres.
The beſt and moſt reaſonable Characters are not the moſt proper to make a great noiſe in the World.

Quand on prend les hommes par les Paſſions on les mene où l' on veut.
Take Men by their Paſſions, and you may carry them whither you pleaſe.

Si l' on ôtoit les Chimeres aux hommes quel plaiſir leur reſteroit il?
If Men were cured of their ſilly Fancies, they would have little Pleaſure left.

On ne ſçauroit être en patience ce qu' on eſt, on anticipe toujours ſur ce qu' on ſera.
We are not pleaſed with what we are at preſent: we always fancy what we hope to be hereafter.

Les Reſſorts de grands mouvemens ſont d' ordinaire aſſez ridicules.
The Springs of the greateſt Affairs in the World are commonly very ridiculous.

Toutes les Sciences ont leur Chimére.
All Sciences have ſome Whimſey of their own.

Quand nous decouvrons le peu d' importance de ce qui nous occupe, et de ce que nous touche, on devient ſage, et on penſe, et on n'agit plus.
When we come to perceive what Trifles they are which employ and affect us, we grow wiſe, conſider, and give them over.

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Il faut être au deſſus de quelque merite qu'on ait par le peu d' eſtime qu' on en doit faire.

A Man ſhould be above any Merit he may have, by the little value he ſets upon it.

La Gloire n'eſt fondée que ſur l' imagination; et elle eſt bien plus forte que la Raiſon.

Glory is founded only upon a vain Fancy; and yet it is much too hard for Reaſon.

Il faut ſçavoir le foible et le fort de gens.

We ſhould know both Mens Strength, and their weak ſide.

L' oiſivetè eſt la ſource de l' Indigence, et l' Ecole de tous les Vices.

Sloth and Idleneſs is the Parent of Beggary, and the School of all Wickedneſs.

L' Humilitè eſt le Charactere le plus indubitable de Chrêtien.

True Humility is the moſt certain Character of a true Chriſtian.

Se contenter du plus bas degré de la Pieté c' eſt faire voir bien evidentment que l'on n'en a point du tout.

To be content with the loweſt degree of Piety, is to make it evident that a Man hath no Religion at all.

Les plus grands Malheurs des hommes ſont ceux où ils tombent par leur crimes.

The greateſt Misfortunes are thoſe which Men fall into by their Vices.

Le plus ſage paſſeroit pour fou ſi l' on voyoit toutes ſes penſées.

The wiſeſt Man would be counted a Fool if he could ſee all his Thoughts.

Il eſt fort rare qu' un Peché marche ſeul.

'Tis very ſeldom that any Sin goes alone.

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Il y a incomparablement moins de mal à prendre quelque precaution inutile, qu' à manquer à quêlqu' une de neceſſaire.

'Tis incomparably a leſs Evil to take too much Care, than to be wanting in that which is needful.

Il ne faut jamais eviter un mal par un autre mal; non pas même un plus grand par un plus petit.

We muſt never avoid one Evil by doing another; no, not a greater by doing a leſſer.

C' eſt une foibleſſe humaine que de pecher; mais c' eſt une Malignitè Diabolique que de perſeverer dans le crime.

'Tis humane Frailty to commit a Sin, but the Malice of a Devil to go on in it ſtill.

La Prudence Chretienne profite de tout, méme de ſes fautes, et de ſes mauvais ſuccés.

Chriſtian Prudence makes Advantage of every thing, even of its Faults and Diſappointments.

Nous penſons à tout, excepté à nous-mêmes.

We think of every thing beſides our own ſelves.

Il ne faut penſer jamais aux Defauts de autres, ſans examiner dans le moment méme, ſi on en eſt exempt.

We ſhould never think of other Mens Faults without conſidering whether we are not guilty of the ſame, or greater.

L' orgueil eſt celuy de tous les Defauts que l' on ſent le moins.

Pride is the Fault which of all others Men leaſt perceive in themſelves.

Le reſſort principal de toutes les Actions des hommes eſt ou la Vanitè, ou l' amour de Plaiſir.

Vanity and the Love of Pleaſure are the two great Springs of the Actions of Men.

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Pour bien faire il faut que l'Amour de Dieu ſoit le principe Dominant.

The Love of God muſt be the prevailing reaſon and ground of every good Action.

Il faut avoir des raiſons pour parler, mais il n'en faut point avoir pour ſe taire.

A Man ſhould have a reaſon for ſpeaking, but he needs have none for holding his peace.

On juge des choſes beaucoup moins par lumiere que par Prevention.

Men judge of things much more frequently by the Prejudice they have got, than by their own Knowledge.

Rien ne peut être plus agreeable à Dieu que de s' occuper à repandre la Morale de Jeſus Chriſt dans des jeunes cœurs avant que les Fauſſes morales du Monde s'en ſoient emparées.

A Man can no ways better pleaſe God, than in endeavouring to plant the moral Precepts of Chriſt in the minds of young Perſons before the falſe Morals of the World get poſſeſſion of them.

Les Sentences ſont les Proverbes des Honnêtes gens, comme les Proverbes ſont les Sentences du Peuple.

Wiſe Sayings are the Proverbs of well-bred and learned Men, as Proverbs are the Sentences or Maxims of the Common People.

ENGLISH

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ENGLISH
PROVERBS.

IN every Work begin and end with God.
The Grace of God is worth a Fair.
He is a Fool who cannot be angry; but he is a Wiſe-man who will not.
So much of Paſſion, ſo much of nothing to the purpoſe.
'Tis Wit to pick a Lock, and ſteal a Horſe; but 'tis Wiſdom to let him alone.
Sorrow is good for nothing but for Sin.
Love thy Neighbour, yet pull not down thy Hedge.
Half an Acre is good Land.
Chear up, Man, God is ſtill where he was.
Of little Meddling comes great Eaſe.
Do well, and Have well.
He who periſhes in a needleſs Danger is the Devil's Martyr.
Better ſpare at the Brim, than at the Bottom.
He who ſerves God is the true Wiſe-man.
The Haſty-man never wants Woe.
There is God in the Almonry.
He who will thrive muſt Riſe at Five.
He who hath thriven may Sleep till Seven.

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Prayer brings down the firſt Bleſſing, and Praiſe the ſecond.
He plays beſt who wins.
He is a proper Man who hath proper Conditions.
Better half a Loaf than no Bread.
Beware of *Had-I-wiſt.*
Froſt and Fraud have always foul Ends.
Good Words coſt nought.
A good Word is as ſoon ſaid as a bad one.
Little ſaid ſoon amended.
Great Words butter no Parſnips.
That Penny is well ſpent that ſaves a Groat to its Maſter.
Penny in Pocket is a good Companion.
For all your Kindred make much of your Friends.
He who hath Money in his Purſe, cannot want an Head for his Shoulders.
Great Cry and little Wool, quoth the Devil when he ſhear'd his Hogs.
'Tis ill gaping before an Oven.
Where the Hedge is loweſt all Men go over.
When Sorrow is aſleep wake it not.
Up ſtarts a Churl that gathered good,
From whence did ſpring his noble Blood.
Provide for the worſt, the beſt will ſave it ſelf.
A Covetous Man, like a Dog in a Wheel, roaſts Meat for others to eat.
Speak me fair, and think what you will.
Serve God in thy Calling; 'tis better than always Praying.
A Child may have too much of his Mother's Bleſſing.
He who gives Alms makes the very beſt Uſe of his Money.

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A Wiſe-man will neither ſpeak, nor do,
Whatever Anger would provoke him to.
Heaven once named, all other things are Trifles.
The Patient-man is always at home.
Peace with Heaven is the beſt Friendſhip.
The worſt of Croſſes is never to have had any.
Croſſes are Ladders that do lead up to Heaven.
Honour buys no Beef in the Market.
Care-not would have.
When it rains Pottage you muſt hold up your Diſh.
He that would thrive muſt ask Leave of his Wife.
A Wonder laſts but nine days.
The ſecond Meal makes the Glutton: and
The ſecond Blow, or ſecond ill Word, makes the Quarrel.
A young Serving-man an old Beggar.
A Pennyworth of Eaſe is worth a Penny at all times.
As Proud comes behind as goes before.
Batchelour's Wives and Maid's Children are well taught.
Beware of the Geeſe when the Fox preaches.
Rich-men ſeem Happy, Great, and Wiſe,
All which the Good-man only is.
Look not on Pleaſures as they come, but go.
Love me little, and love me long.
He that buys an Houſe ready wrought,
Hath many a Pin and Nail for nought.
Fools build Houſes, and Wiſe-men buy them, or live in them.
Opportunity makes the Thief.
Out of Debt out of deadly Sin.
Pride goes before, and Shame follows after.
That Groat is ill ſaved that ſhames its Maſter.

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Quick Believers need broad Shoulders.
Three may keep Counſel, if two be away.
He who weddeth ere he be wiſe, ſhall die ere he thrives.
He who moſt ſtudies his Content, wants it moſt.
God hath often a great ſhare in a little Houſe, and but a little ſhare in a great one.
When Prayers are done my Lady is ready.
He that is warm thinks all are ſo.
If every Man will mend one, we ſhall all be mended.
Marry your Son when you will, your Daughter when you can.
None is a Fool always, every one ſometimes.
Think of Eaſe, but work on.
He that lies long in bed his Eſtate feels it.
The Child ſaith nothing but what it heard by the Fire-ſide.
A Gentleman, a Grey-hound, and a Salt-box, look for at the Fire-ſide.
The Son full and Tatter'd, the Daughter empty and Fine.
He who riſeth betimes hath ſomething in his Head.
Fine dreſſing is a foul Houſe ſwept before the doors.
Diſcontent is a Man's worſt Evil.
He who lives well ſees afar off.
Love is not to be found in the Market.
My Houſe, my Houſe, tho' thou art ſmall,
Thou art to me the Eſcurial.
He who ſeeks Trouble never miſſeth it.
Never was Strumpet fair in a Wiſe-man's eye.
He that hath little is the leſs dirty.
Good Counſel breaks no Man's head.
Fly the Pleaſure that will bite to morrow.

Woe

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Woe be to the Houſe where there is no Chiding.
The greateſt Step is that out of doors.
Poverty is the Mother of Health.
Wealth, like Rheum, falls on the weakeſt parts.
If all Fools wore white Caps, we ſhould look like a Flock of Geeſe.
Living well is the beſt Revenge we can take on our Enemies.
Fair words make me look to my Purſe.
The ſhorteſt Anſwer is doing the thing.
He who would have what he hath not, ſhould do what he doth not.
He who hath Horns in his Boſom, needs not put them upon his Head.
Good and Quickly ſeldom meet.
God is at the end when we think he is fartheſt off.
He who contemplates hath a Day without Night.
Time is the Rider that breaks Youth.
Better ſuffer a great Evil than do a little one.
Talk much, and err much.
The Perſuaſion of the Fortunate ſways the Doubtful.
True Praiſe takes Root, and ſpreads.
Happy is the Body which is bleſt with a Mind not needing.
Fooliſh Tongues talk by the dozen.
Shew a good Man his Errour, and he turns it into a Vertue; a bad Man doubles his Fault.
When either ſide grows warm in Arguing, the wiſeſt Man gives over firſt.
Wiſe-men with pity do behold
Fools worſhip Mules that carry Gold.
In the Husband Wiſdom, in the Wife Gentleneſs.
A Wiſe-man cares not much for what he cannot have.

Pardon

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Pardon others but not thy ſelf.
If a good Man thrives, all thrive with him.
Old Praiſe dies unleſs you feed it.
That which two will takes effect.
He only is bright who ſhines by himſelf.
Proſperity lets go the Bridle.
Take care to be what thou would'ſt ſeem.
Great Buſineſſes turn on a little Pin.
He that will not have Peace, God gives him War.
None is ſo Wiſe but the Fool overtakes him.
That is the beſt Gown that goes moſt up and down the Houſe.
Silks and Sattins put out the Fire in the Kitchen.
The firſt Diſh pleaſeth all.
God's Mill grinds ſlow, but ſure.
Neither praiſe nor diſpraiſe thy ſelf, thy Actions ſerve the turn.
He who fears Death lives not.
He who Preaches gives Alms.
He who pitieth another thinks on himſelf.
Night is the Mother of Counſels.
He who once hits will be ever Shooting.
He that cockers his Child provides for his Enemy.
The Faulty ſtands always on his Guard.
He that is thrown would ever wreſtle.
Good Swimmers are drown'd at laſt.
Courteſie on one ſide only laſts not long.
Wine-Counſels ſeldom proſper.
Set Good againſt Evil.
He goes not out of his way who goes to a good Inn.
It is an ill Air where we gain nothing.
Every one hath a Fool in his Sleeve.
Too much Taking-heed is ſometimes Loſs.
'Tis eaſier to build two Chimneys than to maintain one.

He

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He hath no Leiſure who uſeth it not.
The Wife is the Key of the Houſe.
The Life of Man is a Winter-way.
The leaſt Fooliſh is accounted Wiſe.
Life is half ſpent before we know what it is to live.
Wine is a Turn-coat; firſt a Friend, then an Enemy.
Wine ever pays for his Lodging.
Time undermines us all.
Converſation makes a Man what he is.
The Dainties of the Great are the Tears of the Poor.
The Great put the Little on the Hook.
Lawyers Houſes are built on the Heads of Fools.
Among Good-men two ſuffice.
The beſt Bred have the beſt Portion.
To live peaceably with all breeds good Blood.
He who hath the Charge of Souls tranſports them not in Bundles.
Pains to Get, Care to Keep, Fear to Loſe.
When a Lackey comes to Hell, the Devil locks the Gates.
He that tells his Wife News is but newly married.
He who will make a Door of Gold, muſt knock in a Nail every Day.
If the Brain ſows not Corn, it plants Thiſtles.
A Woman conceals what ſhe knows not.
Some Evils are cured by Contempt.
God deals his Wrath by weight, but without weight his Mercy.
Follow not Truth too near at the heels, leſt it daſh out your Teeth.

Say

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Say to Pleaſure, Gentle *Eve*, I will have none of your Apple.
Marry your Daughters betimes, leſt they marry themſelves.
Every Man's Cenſure is uſually firſt moulded in his own Nature.
Suſpicion is the Virtue of a Coward.
Stay a while, that we may make an end the ſooner.
Let us ride fair and ſoftly that we may get home the ſooner.
Debtors are Lyars.
Knowledge (or Cunning) is no Burthen.
Dearths foreſeen come not.
A Penny ſpared is twice got.
Penſion never enriched Young-man.
If things were to be done twice, all would be wiſe.
If the Mother had never been in the Oven, ſhe would not have look'd for her Daughter there.
The Body is ſooner well dreſſed than the Soul.
Every one is a Maſter, and a Servant.
No Profit to Honour, no Honour to Virtue or Religion.
Every Sin brings its Puniſhment along with it.
The Devil divides the World between Atheiſm and Superſtition.
Good Husbandry is good Divinity.
Be Reaſonable and you will be Happy.
It is better to pleaſe a Fool than to anger him.
A Fool, if he ſaith he will have a Crab, he will not have an Apple.
Take heed you find not what you do not ſeek.
The Highway is never about.
He lives long enough who hath lived well.
Metal is dangerous in a blind Horſe.
Winter never rots in the Sky.

God

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God help the Rich, the Poor can beg.
He that ſpeaks me fair, and loves me not,
I will ſpeak him fair, and truſt him not.
He who preaches War is the Devil's Chaplain.
The trueſt Wealth is Contentment with a little.
A Man's beſt Fortune, or his worſt, is a Wife.
Marry in Haſte, and Repent at Leiſure.
Sir *John Barly-Corn* is the ſtrongeſt Knight.
Like Blood, like Good, and like Age,
Make the happieſt Marriage.
Every Aſs thinks himſelf worthy to ſtand with the King's Horſes.
A good Beginning makes a good Ending.
One ounce of Diſcretion, or of Wiſdom, is worth two pound of Wit.
The Devil is good, or kind, when he is pleaſed.
A fair Face is half a Portion.
To forget a Wrong is the beſt Revenge.
Manners make the Man.
Man doth what he can, God doth what he pleaſes.
Gold goes in at any Gate except that of Heaven.
Knaves and Fools divide the World.
No great Loſs but may bring ſome little Profit.
When Poverty comes in at the Door, Love leaps out at the Window.
That Suit is beſt that beſt fits me.
If I had revenged every Wrong,
I had not worn my Skirts ſo long.
Self-love is a Mote in every Man's eye.
That which is well done is twice done.
Uſe ſoft Words and hard Arguments.
There is no Coward to an ill Conſcience.
He who makes other Men afraid of his Wit, had need be afraid of their Memories.
Riches are but the Baggage of Virtue.

He

Digitized by Google

He who defers his Charities till his Death, is rather liberal of another Man's than of his own.
A Wise-man hath more Ballast than Sail.
Great Men's Promises, Courtier's Oaths, and dead Men's Shooes, a Man may look for, but not trust to.
Be wise on this side Heaven.
The Devil tempts others, an Idle Man tempts the Devil.
Good Looks buy nothing in the Market.
He who will be his own Master often hath a Fool for his Scholar.
That Man is well bought who costs you but a Complement.
The greatest King must at last go to Bed with a Shovel or Spade.
He only truly lives who lives in Peace.
If Wise-men never erred, it would go hard with the Fool.
Great Virtue seldom descends.
One wife (in Marriage) and two happy.
Almsgiving never made any Man poor, nor Robbery rich, nor Prosperity wise.
A Fool and his Money are soon parted.
Fear of Hell is the true Valour of a Christian.
For Ill do Well, then fear not Hell.
The best thing in this World is to live above it.
Happy is he who knows his Follies in his Youth.
A thousand Pounds and a Bottle of Hay,
Will be all one at Doomsday.
One pair of Heels is sometimes worth two pair of Hands.
'Tis good sleeping in a whole Skin.
Enough is as good as a Feast.
A Fool's Bolt is soon shot.

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All is well that ends well.
Ever drink, ever dry.
He who hath an ill Name is half-hanged.
Harm watch, Harm catch.
A Friend's Frown is better than a Fool's Smile.
The eaſieſt Work and Way is, To Beware.
If the beſt Man's Faults were written in his Forehead, it would make him pull his Hat over his Eyes.
A Man may be Great by chance; but never Wiſe, or Good, without taking pains for it.
Succeſs makes a Fool ſeem wiſe.
All worldly Joys go leſs
To that one Joy of doing Kindneſſes.
What Fools ſay doth not much trouble Wiſe-men.
Money is a good Servant, but an ill Maſter.
Pleaſure gives Law to Fools, God to the Wiſe.
He lives indeed who lives not to himſelf alone.
Good to Begin well, better to End well.
There would be no ill Language if it were not ill taken.
Induſtry is Fortune's Right-hand, and Frugality is her Left.
We ſhall lie all alike in our Graves.
When Flatterers meet the Devil goes to Dinner.
'Tis a ſmall Family that hath neither a Thief nor an Harlot in it.
To Give and to Keep there is need of Wit.
A Man never ſurfeits of too much Honeſty.
Honour and Eaſe are ſeldom Bed-fellows.
Thoſe Husbands are in Heaven whoſe Wives do not chide.
He can want nothing who hath God for his Friend.
Young-men's Knocks Old-men feel.

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He who is Poor when he is Married, ſhall be Rich when he is Buried.
Of all tame Beaſts, I hate Sluts.
Giving much to the Poor doth increaſe a Man's Store.
That is my Good that doth me good.
An idle Brain is the Devil's Shop.
God ſend us ſomewhat of our own when Rich-men go to Dinner.
Let your Purſe ſtill be your Maſter.
Young-men think Old-men Fools; but Old-men know that Young-men are Fools.
Wit once bought is worth twice taught.
A wiſe Head makes a cloſe Mouth.
All fooliſh Fancies are bought much too dear.
Women's and Children's Wiſhes are the Aim and Happineſs of the more weak Men.
Ignorance is better than Pride with greater Knowledge.
The charitable Man gives out at the Door, and God puts in at the Window.
Every Man is a Fool where he hath not conſidered or thought.
He who angers others is not himſelf at eaſe.
He dies like a Beaſt who hath done no good while he lived.
Heaven is not to be had by Men's barely wiſhing for it.
Patch and long ſit, Build and ſoon flit.
One hour's Sleep before Midnight is worth two hours Sleep after it.
Wranglers never want Words.
War is Death's Feaſt.
Idle lazy Folks have moſt labour.
Knavery may ſerve a Turn, but Honeſty is beſt at the long-run.

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A quick Landlord makes a careful Tenant.
Look ever to the main Chance.
Will is the cauſe of Woe.
Welcome is the beſt chear.
I will keep no more Cats than what will catch Mice.
Reprove others, but correct thy ſelf.
Once a Knave and ever a Knave.
Planting of Trees is *England*'s old thrift.
It is more painful to do nothing than ſomething.
Any thing for a quiet Life.
'Tis great Folly to want when we have it, and when we have it not too.
Fly Pleaſure, and it will follow thee.
God's Providence is the ſureſt and beſt Inheritance.
That is not good Language which all underſtand not.
Much better loſe a Jeſt than a Friend.
Ill-will never ſaid well.
He that hath ſome Land muſt have ſome Labour.
Shew me a Lyar, and I will ſhew you a Thief.
We muſt wink at ſmall Faults.
Uſe Legs and have Legs.
Keep your Shop, and your Shop will keep you.
Every one ſhould ſweep before his own Door.
Much Coin uſually much Care.
Good Take-heed doth always ſpeed.
He who gets doth much, but he who keeps doth more.
A pound of Gold is better than an ounce of Honour.
We think Lawyers to be Wiſe-men, and they know us to be Fools.
Eaten Bread is ſoon forgotten.
When you ſee your Friend, truſt to your ſelf.

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Let my Friend tell my Tale.
Mention not a Rope in the Houſe of one whoſe Father was hanged.
Speak the Truth and ſhame the Devil.
God help the Fool, quoth *Pedly*. [*A Natural.*
Lend, and loſe my Money; ſo play Fools.
Early to go to Bed, and then early to riſe, makes Men more holy, more healthy, wealthy, and wiſe.
Anger dies ſoon with a wiſe and good Man.
He who will not be counſelled, cannot be helped.
God hath provided no Remedy for wilful Obſtinacy.
All Vice infatuates, and corrupts the Judgment.
He who converſes with no body, knows nothing.
There is no Fool to the old Fool.
A good Wife makes a good Husband.
'Tis much better to be thought a Fool, than to be a Knave.
One Fool makes many.
Penny, whence cameſt thou? Penny, whither goeſt thou? And, Penny, when wilt thou come again?
'Tis worſe to Be an ill Man than to be Thought to be one.
A Fool comes alway ſhort of his Reckoning.
A young Saint an old Saint; and a young Devil an old Devil.
Wit is Folly unleſs a Wiſe-man hath the keeping of it.
Knowledge of God and of Our-ſelves is the Mother of true Devotion, and the Perfection of Wiſdom.
Afflictions are ſent us from God for our Good.
Confeſſion of a Fault makes half amends.

Every

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Every Man can tame a Shrew but he who hath her.
'Tis better to die Poor than to live Poor,
Craft brings nothing home at the laſt.
Diſeaſes are the Intereſt of Pleaſures.
All covet, all loſe.
Plain-dealing is a Jewel; but he who uſeth it will die a Beggar.
Honour bought is Temporal Simony.
Live, and let Live, *i. e.* Be a kind Landlord.
Children are certain Cares, but very uncertain Comforts.
Giving begets Love, Lending uſually leſſens it.
He is the wiſe, who is the honeſt Man.
Take part with Reaſon againſt thy own Will or Humour.
Wit is a fine thing in a Wiſe-man's hand.
Speak not of my Debts except you mean to pay them.
Words inſtruct, but Examples perſuade effectually.
He who lives in hopes dies a Fool.
He who gives wiſely ſells to advantage.
Years know more than Books.
Live ſo as you do mean to die.
Go not to Hell for Company.
All earthly Joys are empty Bubbles, and do make Men Boys.
Better Unborn than Untaught.
If thou do Ill, the Joy fades, not the Pains: If Well, the Pains doth fade, the Joy remains.
Always refuſe the Advice which Paſſion gives.
Nor ſay nor do that thing which Anger prompts you to.
Bear and Forbear is ſhort and good Philoſophy.

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Set out wisely at first; Custom will make every Virtue more easie and pleasant to you than any Vice can be.

The best and noblest Conquest is that of a Man's own Reason over his Passions and Follies.

Religion hath true lasting Joys; weigh all, and so If any thing have more, or such, let Heaven go.

Whatever Good thou dost, give God the Praise; Who both the Power and Will first gave to thee.

Eastern PROVERBS.

The Door which is not open'd to him who begs an Alms, shall be open'd to the Physician. *Hebr.*

Never cast Dirt into a Fountain of which thou hast once drank.

It is not as thy Mother saith, but as thy Neighbours say.

If a Word be worth one Shekel, Silence is (sometimes) worth two.

To have Patience, and to Expect, is worth 400 Drachms.

Tythe and be Rich.

Spread the Table, and Contention will cease.

The Day is short, and our Work is great.

In *Golgotha* are Sculls of all sizes.

God and Men think him a Fool who brags of his own great Wisdom.

Defaming or Slandering others is the greatest of all Sins.

A Lye stands upon one Leg, Truth upon two.

Neither speak well nor ill of your self: If well, Men will not believe you; if ill, they will believe a great deal more than you say.

Let not your Tongue cut your Throat. *Arab.*

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He is miſerable once who feels it; but twice, who fears it before it comes.

The trueſt Wealth is that of the Underſtanding.

Silence is Wiſdom, and gets a Man Friends.

Speak well even to Bad-men.

He who repeats the Ill he hears of another, is the true Slanderer.

Knowledge is a ſecond Light, and hath bright Eyes.

Provide for thy Soul by doing good Works.

Conſider well, and oft, why thou cameſt into this World; and, how ſoon thou muſt go out of it.

A Lye, tho' it promiſe Good, will do thee Harm; and Truth will do thee Good at the laſt.

A Wiſe-man gets Learning from thoſe who have none themſelves.

A Man's Folly is his worſt Foe, and his Diſcretion his beſt Friend.

When a Wiſe-man errs, he errs with a Vengeance.

He who ſows Thorns will never reap Grapes.

The Wiſe-man knows the Fool, but the Fool doth not know the Wiſe-man.

The moſt high God ſees and hears; my Neighbour knows nothing, and yet is always finding fault. *Perſ.*

There is a Devil in every Berry of the Grapes. *Turk.*

God loves good Accounts.

'Tis better to ſit with a Wiſe-man in a Priſon, than with a Fool in Paradiſe. *Ruſſ.*

One Man may teach another to Speak; but none can teach another to hold his Peace. *Pol.*

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SCOTISH
PROVERBS.

THE Grace of God is geir enough.
Have God and have all.
Ane ill word begets another.
A dumb Man holds all.
A proud heart in a poor Breaſt has meikle dolour to dree.
A Fool when he hes ſpoken hes all done.
An ill-win Penny will caſt down a Pound.
Fool-haſte is no ſpeed.
A Gangan-foot is ay getting, and it were but a Thorn.
All Overs are ill, but Over the water.
As good hads the Stirrep, as he that loups up.
A Scottiſh-man is ay wiſe behind-hand.
Bonie Silver is ſoon ſpendit.
Better a little fire that warms, nor a meikel that burns.
Better Apple given nor eaten.
Better Bairns greit nor Bearded-men.
Bear Wealth, Poverty will bear it ſelf.
Better ſay Here it is, nor Here it was.
Biting and Scarting is Scots-folks woing.
Do the likelieſt, and God will do the beſt.
Fools are fain of flitting.

Eat

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Eat and drink meaſurely, and defie the Medicinners.
Falſhood made never a fair hinder-end.
Friendſhip ſtands not in one ſide.
Giff Gaff makes good Friends.
Good-will ſhoud be tane in part of Payment.
God never ſends the Mouth but the Meat with it.
He that crabs without cauſe, ſhould meaſe without mends.
Had-I-fiſh was never good with Garlick.
Help thy ſelf, and God will help thee.
He riſes over-early that is hangit ere Noon.
He is wiſe who can make a friend of a foe.
As the Carle riches, he wretches.
He is not the Fool that the Fool is, but he that with the Fool deals.
He that has twa huirds, is able to get a third.
He that evil does, never good weins.
Hoordom and Grace can never bide in one place.
He was ſcant of News that told his Father was hangit.
He ſits above that deals Aikers.
Hap and an Half-penny is world's geir enough.
He hes wit at will that with an angry heart can hold him ſtill.
It is a ſin to lie on the Devil.
Kings have long Ears.
Kindneſs lies not ay in ane ſide of the houſe.
Light Suppers make long Life.
Likely lies in the Mere, and Unlikely goes by it.
Money Purſes holds Friends together,
Meikle ſpoken, part mon ſpill.
Quhen I am dead make me a Caddel.
Ryme ſpares no Man.
Seldom lies the Devil dead by the Dike-ſide.

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Saw thin, and maw thin,
Twa Fools in ane houſe is over-many.
Twa Daughters and a Back-door are three ſtark Thieves.
They are good-willy of their Horſe that hes none.
There is meikle between word and deed.
Twa Wits is better nor ane.
Weil is that weil does.
Wit in a Poor-man's head, and Moſs in a Mountain, avails nothing.
Women and Bairns keep counſel of that they ken not.
Ye would do little for God, and the Devil were dead.
Words are but Wind, but Dunts are the Devil.
Wealth gars (*i. e.* makes) Wit waver.
Ye have a face to God, and another to the Devil.
The les play the better.
Love hes no lack.
There is Remead for all things but ſtark-dead.
Meikle hes wald ay have mair.
Many Irons in the fire part mon cool.
He that marries a Daw (*a Slut*) eats meikle dirt.
An ill Cook would have a good Cleaver.
Ane year a Nuriſh, ſeven years a Daw.
An half-penny Cat may look to the King.
A good Yeoman makes a good Woman.
He is good that failed never.
All houndles Man comes to the beſt hunting.
A Man is a Lion in his own Cauſe.
Better finger off nor ay working.
He is wiſe that when he is well can had him ſa.
He that is ill of his harbery, is good of his way-kenning.

It

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It is weil warit they have ſorrow, that buys it with their Silver.
It is good Baking beſides Meal.
Little wit makes meikle travel.
Neireſt the King neireſt the widdle.
Sike a Man as thou would be
Draw to thee ſike Company.
Ane word before is worth twa behind,
An ill Life, an ill End.
Anes wood never wiſe.
A Man hes no more Goods then he hes good of.
Auld Sin, new Shame.
Better ane wit bought nor twa for nought.
Do in the Hill as ye wald do in the Hall.
Knowledge is eith *(eaſily)* born about.
Liveleſs, faultleſs.
Proviſion in ſeaſon makes a rich houſe.
Need makes Virtue.
Rule Youth weil, and Eild *(Old-age)* will rule it ſelf.
There is na Medicine for fear.
The Devil is a buſie Biſhop in his awn Dioceſe.
Wark bears witneſs wha weil does.
Wood in wilderneſs, and Strength in a fool.
Weils him and woes him that hes a Biſhop in his Kin.
Ye ſhould be a King of your word.
A ſlothful Man is a Beggar's Brother.
A Vaunter and a Lyar is both one thing.
A greedy Man God hates.
A Friend's Dinner is ſoon dight.
All fails that fools think.
A dumb Man wan never Land.
An ill Servant will never be a good Maſter.
A good Dog never barket bout a bone.

All

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All things is good unſeyed.
Better ſit ſtill, nor riſe and get a fall.
Better leave nor want.
For a loſt thing care not.
For want of Wiſe-men Fools ſit on Binks.
Grace is beſt for the Man.
Fools are fain of right nought.
He that looks not ere he loup, will fall ere he wit of himſelf.
If thou do na ill, do na ill like.
There came never ill of good Adviſement.
Every Man wates beſt where his own Shooe binds him.
Na Man can play the fool ſo well as a Wiſe-man.
A Fool will not give an inch of his Will for a ſpan of his Thrift.
Do well and doubt na Man; do ill and doubt all Men.

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BRITISH or WELSH

PROVERBS.

WHO hath God hath all; who hath him not, hath leſs than nothing.
No Mirth good but with God.
Faults are thick where Love is thin.
A fair Promiſe makes a Fool merry.
Scatter with one hand, gather with two.
The Fool will laugh when he is a drowning.
Good is God, and long is Eternity.
Ill doth the Devil preſerve his Servants.
Bad is a bad Servant, but 'tis worſe being without him.
Every man's Neighbour is his Looking-glaſs.
Every Poor-man is counted a Fool.
He was ſlain that had Warning, not he that took it.
A Man's Wealth is his Enemy.
The nimbleſt Foot-man is a falſe Tale.
Too much Cunning undoes.
Good, tho' long ſtay'd for, is good.
Better one Braggadocio than two Fighters.
He that has ſtore of Bread may beg his Milk merrily.
The Kinſman's Ear will hear it.
The Wife and the Fool have their Fellows.

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No

No Power, no Reſpect.
He loſes many a good bit that ſtrives with his Betters.
The Barly-corn is the heart's Key.
Power weak'neth the wicked.
A ſober Man a ſoft Anſwer.
Bad words make a Woman worſe.
An horn heard ſoon, tho' hardly ſeen.
God arms the harmleſs.
Refuſe a Wife with one fault, and take one with two.
Dry over head happy.
Man's beſt Candle is his Underſtanding.
The beſt Surgeon is he of the Soul.
A falſe Report rides Poſt.
Deep lies the Heart's Language.
Wo to the Mule that ſees not her Maſter.
The worſt ſtore is a Maid unbeſtowed.
Better keep now, than ſeek anon.
Better Penny in Silver than any Brother.
Reſpect a Man he will do the more.
Better a Beaſt ſold than bought.
Better the harm I know, than that I know not.
Long a Widow weds with ſhame.
Man's Life is filed by his foe.
God ſtays long, but ſtrikes at laſt.
Misfortunes come by forties.
Single long, Shame at laſt.
Fools refuſe favours.
Arthur could not tame a Woman's Tongue.
What God made he never marrs.
No Ruler good ſave God.
A fortunate Boor needs but be born.
No Speech good but of God.
No Advice to a Father's.

No

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No foolery to falling out.
Vilifie not your Parish Priest.
No Wisdom to Silence.
No Riches to Sobriety.
No Negligence to the Magistrate's.
No Secrets but between two.
A Woman's strength is in her tongue.
If thou be a Stranger be merry, and give the first good-morrow.
All cry, Fye on the fool.
Little mischief too much.
The older the *Welshman* the more Mad-man.
The trap to the high-born Ambition.
A Bribe, I know, is a juggling Knave.
The hand that gives gathers.
The higher the Fool the greater the Fall.
He that shoots always right, forfeits his Arrow.
Counsel never out of date.
Have a Horse of thine own, and thou may'st borrow another.
Thy hand is never the worse for doing thy own Work.
Arthur himself had but his time.
Only the Rich fool is said to speak sense.
Wild and Stout never wants a staff.
Little between Right and Wrong.
The Lame returns sooner than his Servant.
Earth is the best shelter.
Truth is the best Buckler.
No weeping for shed Milk.
Lug and hale, it will not hold long.
What is not Wisdom is Danger.
A Work ill done must be twice done.
Wise words and great seldom agree.
If thou play the fool, stay for a fellow.

A Scho-

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A Scholar may be gulled thrice, a Soldier but once.
Bad to care no more than for to morrow.
The Devil is a moſt bad Maſter.
Do good, and then do it again.
Heaven is mine if God doth ſay *Amen.*
Well goes the Caſe where Wiſdom counſels.
Better God than Gold.
Each Bird loves to hear himſelf ſing.
A Fool will not be foiled.
A good friend never offends.
Too much is ſtark naught.
None patient but the wiſe.
Learn not, and know not.
No Folly to being in Love.
No Joy to Heaven's.
No Deceit to the World's.
In every fault there is folly.
Clear Conſcience a ſure Card.

FINIS.

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A

COLLECTION

OF

Select Epigrams

In which are

Many ORIGINALS never before printed,

By the

MOST EMINENT HANDS.

PUBLISHED

By Mr. HACKETT.

Printed for C. HITCH and L. HAWES, in *Pater-noſter-row*; and for W. and J. FLACKTON, in *Canterbury*.

MDCCLVII.

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TO

WILLIAM BAYLIES, Esq.;

OF EVESHAM,

THIS LITTLE COLLECTION

IS INSCRIBED

BY HIS OBLIGED FRIEND

AND

MOST HUMBLE SERVANT,

JOHN HACKETT.

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A COLLECTION OF EPIGRAMS.

EPIGRAM I.

The CASE-STATER.

STEBBING and *Warburton* conteſt,
Heroes of more than common Size;
This with a daring Genius bleſt,
In *that* the Strength of Judgment lies.
One ſkill'd a Fabrick ſoon to raiſe,
Ingenious Architect of Fame;
The other merits equal Praiſe
For quickly pulling down the ſame.
The Guardians of Religion's Laws
Sit tame Spectators of the Fight;
Edwards alone indignant draws
His Pen to ſtate the Matter right.
Thus in a Puppet Show I've ſeen
Two laurell'd Heroes act their Part;
When, lo! the Grandeur of the Scene
Punch interrupts, and lets a F—.

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II.

MY Polly's moſt divinely fair,
Soft, tender, lovely, ſweet and young;
How delicate her Shape and Air,
And what Inchantment arms her Tongue!
Her ſwimming Eye! her ſwelling Breaſt!
From her the Graces ne'er are ſunder'd;
This Charm too add, which crowns the reſt,
She can be conſtant — to a Hundred.

III.

THE Sounds from Cælia's Tongue which ſweetly flow,
Each other Virgin's brighteſt Eyes diſarm:
The Charms which o'er my ſilent Cælia glow,
Make others ſofteſt Words want Pow'r to charm.
Might I my Cælia's Lips alone enjoy,
And thou, next her the faireſt Virgin's Waiſt,
Pleaſures ſuperior ſhould my Soul employ,
Whilſt envying me thy Joys wou'd want a Taſte.

IV.

Mrs. ARDEN.

BEHOLD, and liſten while the Fair
Breaks in ſweet Sounds the willing Air,
And with her own Breath fans the Fire
Which her bright Eyes did firſt inſpire.
What Reaſon can that Love controul,
Which more than one Way courts the Soul?
So when a Flaſh of Lightning falls
On our Abodes, the Danger calls
For human Aid, which hopes the Flame
To conquer, tho' from Heav'n it came;
But if the Wind with that conſpire,
Men ſtrive not, but deplore the Fire.

EDM. WALLER.

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V.

A country Parſon's Anſwer to a young Lady who ſent him her Compliments on the Ten of Hearts.

YOUR Compliments, Lady, I pray you, forbear,
Our old Engliſh Service is much more ſincere;
You ſent me ten Hearts; the Tithe only is mine;
Give me but one Heart, you may burn t'other nine.

VI.

On a Lady at Church.

SO fair a Form with ſuch Devotion join'd!
A virgin Body, and a ſpotleſs Mind!
Pleas'd with her Pray'rs while Heav'n propitious ſees
The lovely Vot'reſs on her bended Knees,
Sure it muſt think ſome Angel loſt its Way,
And happ'ning on our wretched Earth to ſtray;
Tir'd with our Follies, fain would take its Flight,
And begs to be reſtor'd to thoſe bleſt Realms of Light.

JOHN HUGHES.

VII.

A matrimonial Caſe.

MY Lord and his Lady ſcold, wrangle and fight;
Yet are both of one Mind and are both in the right.
She calls him a Fool — He knows he's not wiſe;
He calls her a Whore, and ſhe can't ſay he lies.

VIII.

The Girdle.

THAT which her ſlender Waiſt confin'd,
Shall now my joyful Temples bind;
No Monarch but would give his Crown,
His Arms might do what this has done,

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It was my Heav'n's extremeſt Sphere,
The Pale which held my lovely Deer;
My Joy, my Grief, my Hope, my Love,
Did all within this Circle move.
A narrow Compaſs, and yet there
Dwelt all that's good and all that's fair;
Give me but what this Ribband bound,
Take all the reſt the Sun goes round.

EDM. WALLER.

IX.

Spoken extempore, *on the Author's being expelled the Company of ſome Ladies.*

THUS Adam lookt, when from the Garden driv'n,
And thus diſputed Orders ſent from Heav'n;
Like him I go, — tho' to depart I'm loth,
Like him I go, — for Angels drive us both.
Hard was his Fate, but mine ſtill more unkind,
His Eve went with him, but mine ſtays behind.

X.

QUOTH Cibber to Pope, Tho' in Verſe you foreclоſe,
I'll have the laſt Word, for, by G— I'll write Proſe;
Poor Colly, thy Reas'ning is none of the ſtrongeſt,
For know the laſt Word is the Word that laſts longeſt.

XI.

I Am unable, yonder Beggar cries,
To ſtand, or go; if he ſays true, he lies.

Dr. DONNE.

XII.

Written in a Gentleman's Coke upon Littleton.

O Thou, who labour'ſt in this rugged mine,
Mayſt thou to Gold th' unpoliſh'd ore refine!
May each dark Page unfold its haggard Brow!
Doubt not to reap, if thou canſt bear to plow.
To tempt thy Care, may each revolving night,
Purſes and maces ſwim before thy Sight!

From

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From hence, in Times to come, advent'rous Deed!
Mayſt thou eſſay, to look and ſpeak like *Mead*.
When the black Bag and Roſe no more ſhall ſhade
With martial Air the Honours of thy Head;
When the full Wig thy Viſage ſhall encloſe,
And only leave to View thy learned Noſe:
Safely mayſt thou defy Beaux, Wits, and Scoffers;
While Tenants, in Fee Simple, ſtuff thy Coffers.

Miſs COOPER, now Mrs. MADDEN.

XIII.

HAPPY the Youth who can but ſee
Thy Beauty's Form; yet happier he
Who hangs enamour'd o'er thy Song,
And drinks the Muſick of thy Tongue;
Almoſt a God is he, who ſips
The balmy Nectar of thy Lips:
But, oh! to whom you *all* reſign
Is all immortal, all divine.

XIV.

MOORE always ſmiles whenever he recites;
He ſmiles you think approving what he writes;
And yet in this no Vanity is ſhewn;
A modeſt Man may like what's not his own.

XV.

FRIEND in your *Epitaphs* I'm griev'd,
So very much is ſaid:
One half will never be believ'd,
The other never read.

XVI.

To Mr. Thomſon, *who had procured the* Author *a Benefit Night.*

REflecting on thy Worth methinks I find
Thy various Seaſons in their Author's Mind.

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Spring opes her Bloſſoms, various as thy Muſe,
And, like thy ſoft Compaſſion, ſheds her Dews.
Summer's hot Drought in thy Expreſſion glows,
And o'er each Page a *tawny ripeneſs* throws.
Autumn's rich Fruits th' inſtructed Reader gains,
Who taſtes the meaning Purpoſe of thy Strains.
Winter — But that no Semblance takes from thee;
That hoary Seaſon yields a Type of me.
Shatter'd by Time's bleak Storms I with'ring lay,
Leafleſs, and whit'ning in a cold decay!
Yet ſhall my propleſs Ivy, pale and bent,
Bleſs the ſhort Sunſhine which thy Pity lent.

JOHN DENNIS.

*** *Mr.* Pope *wrote an excellent* Prologue *on this Occaſion.*

XVII.

The Fan.

FLAVIA the leaſt and ſlighteſt Toy
Can with reſiſtleſs Art employ:
This Fan in meaner Hands would prove
An Engine of ſmall Force in Love;
Yet ſhe, with graceful Air and Mien,
Not to be told, or ſafely ſeen,
Directs its wanton Motions ſo,
That it wounds more than Cupid's Bow;
Gives Coolneſs to the matchleſs Dame,
To ev'ry other Breaſt a Flame.

FRANCIS ATTERBURY, B. of Rocheſter.

XVIII.

To the Author of an Epitaph on Dr. MEAD.

MEAD's not dead then, you ſay; only ſleeping a little;
Why, egad! Sir, you've hit it off there to a Tittle:
Yet, Friend, his awaking I very much doubt,
— *Pluto* knows who he's got, and will ne'er let him out.

J. HACKETT.

XIX. *To*

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XIX.

To Mr. POPE.

WHILE Malice, *Pope*, denies thy Page
Its own celeſtial Fire;
While Critics, and while Bards in Rage
Admiring, won't admire.
While wayward Pens thy Worth aſſail,
And envious Tongues decry;
Theſe Times tho' many a Friend bewail,
Theſe Times bewail not I.
But when the World's loud Praiſe is thine,
And Spleen no more ſhall blame;
When with thy Homer thou ſhalt ſhine
In one eſtabliſh'd Fame:
When none ſhall rail, and ev'ry Lay
Devote a Wreath to thee;
That Day, (for come it will) that Day
Shall I lament to ſee.

XX.

KIND *Kitty* kiſt her Huſband with theſe Words;
Mine own ſweet *Will*, how dearly I love thee!
If true, quoth *Will*, the World no ſuch affords;
And that 'tis true, I dare his Warrant be.
For ne'er heard I of Woman, good or ill,
But always dearly lov'd *her own ſweet Will.*

XXI. *

Logic.

IF Death muſt come as oft as Breath departs,
Then he muſt often die, who oft n f—;
And if to die be but to loſe one's Breath,
Then Death's a F—t, and ſo a F—t for Death.

T. BROWN.

* *This may be an indelicate Epigram, but it is a very good one.*

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XXII.

BRITISH *Oeconomy.*

IN merry old England it once was a Rule,
The King had his Poet, and alſo his Fool:
But now we're ſo frugal, I'd have you to know it,
Poor *Cibber* muſt ſerve both for Fool and for Poet.

XXIII.

Written in a Lady's Tables.

WITH what ſtrange Raptures would my Soul be bleſt,
Were but her Book an Emblem of her Breaſt!
As I from that all former Marks efface,
And uncontroul'd put new ones in their Place;
So might I chaſe all others from her Heart,
And my own Image in the Stead impart.
But, ah! how ſhort the Bliſs would prove, if he
Who ſeiz'd it next, might do the ſame by me.

W. WALSH.

XXIV.

TOM ever jovial, ever gay,
Of Appetite the Slave,
Still drinks, and whores his Life away,
And laughs to ſee me grave.
'Tis thus that we two diſagree,
So diff'rent is our Whim,
The Fellow fondly laughs at me,
And I could cry for him.

XXV.

DORINDA's ſparkling Wit and Eyes,
United, caſt too fierce a Light,
Which blazes high, but quickly dies,
Pains not the Heart, but hurts the Sight.

Love

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Love is a calmer, gentler Joy,
Smooth are his Looks, and ſoft his Pace;
Her *Cupid* is a blackguard Boy,
That runs his Link full in your Face. DORSET.

XXVI.

Written in the Year 1744.

LESS ſhall proud *Rome* her antient Trophies boaſt
The conquer'd Country, and the captive Hoſt;
Her dread Dominion *Aſia*, *Africk* knew;
But round the Globe her Eagles never flew.
Thro' ev'ry Clime is *Britain*'s Thunder hurl'd,
And *Anſon*'s Spoils are from a tribute World.

XXVII.

On the Conteſts between Cuzzoni *and* Fauſtina.

WHILE with the heighten'd Force of rival Sound
Each tuneful Stranger ſtruck the raviſh'd Ear,
Careleſs of Joy the adverſe Hearers frown'd,
And each in Rage extoll'd his fav'rite Fair.
Strange that from Harmony's all ſoothing Spell
Tumultuous Joys and fierceſt Diſcord came;
Strange that the Breaſts of Men with Ire ſhould ſwell
By Notes which liſtning Savages could tame.
JOHN WHALEY.

XXVIII.

I'VE loſt my Miſtreſs, Horſe, and Wife;
But when I think on human Life,
I'm glad it is no worſe:
My Wife was ugly and a Scold;
My *Cloe* was grown lean and old,
I'm ſorry for my Horſe. M. W.

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XXIX.

Found ſtuck on the Statue of the Moor, which ſupports the Sun Dial in Clements-Inn.

IN vain, poor ſable Son of Woe,
Thou ſeek'ſt the tender Tear;
From thee in vain with Pangs they flow,
For Mercy dwells not here.
From Cannibals thou fled'ſt in vain;
Lawyers leſs Quarter give;
The firſt won't eat you till you're ſlain,
The laſt will do't alive.

XXX.

INDEED, Mr. C—, it ſeems very odd,
Whilſt your Eyes view his Works, to deny there's a God;
And aſſert that our Actions he'll neither regard,
Nor puniſh our Vice, nor our Virtues reward.
What no Vengeance to come? Well if this prove but true,
How happy 'twill be for the Devil and you!

XXXI.

The Rarity.

I Know the Thing that's moſt uncommon;
Envy, be ſilent, and attend!
I know a reaſonable Woman,
Handſome and witty, yet a Friend.
Not warp'd by Paſſion, aw'd by Rumour,
Not grave thro' Pride, or gay thro' Folly,
An equal mixture of good Humour
And ſenſible ſoft Melancholy.
Has ſhe no Faults then, Malice ſays, Sir?
Yes, ſhe has one, I muſt aver;
When all the World conſpires to praiſe her,
The Woman's deaf and does not hear. A. Pope.

XXXII. When

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XXXII.

WHEN *Jack* was poor, the lad was frank and free;
Of late he's grown brim full of Pride and Pelf;
You wonder that he don't remember *me*;
Why ſo? You ſee he has forgot *himſelf*.

J. HACKETT.

XXXIII.

Characteriſticks.

SUBTIL, the *Pruſſian*; *Dutchmen*, wary:
Tenacious ſtill thy Queen, *Hungary*:
In *France*, a Man, in *Spain*, a Woman,
Ambition moves, and Zeal moſt *Roman*:
Sardinia's King, if he were able,
Would keep his Faith, and ſweep the Table.
Theſe Characters are plainly written:
But who ſhall e'er draw thine, *Great Britain!*
Bully'd by Foes, by Friends ſuſpected,
Thy Pay receiv'd, thy Work neglected;
No Quarrels, but thy own, forgiving,
While thine affects no Mortal living.

XXXIV.

MOORE, tho' he muſt abſtain from Meat,
Yet won't abſtain from Spite;
The Rogue has nothing left to eat,
Yet can't forbear to bite.

XXXV.

ANTIENT *Phyllis* has new Graces;
'Tis a ſtrange Thing, but a true one;
Shall I tell you how?
She herſelf makes her own Faces,
And each Morning wears a new one,
Where's the Wonder now?

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XXXVI.

CRY'D *Strephon* panting in *Cosmelia's* Arms,
I die, bright Nymph, I die amidst your Charms!
Alas! Chear up, poor Youth, said she,
Dissolv'd in am'rous Pain,
All Flesh must die, by Fate's Decree,
Ere it can rise again.

XXXVII.

TO *John* I ow'd great Obligation,
But *John* unhappily thought fit,
To publish it to all the Nation:
Sure *John* and I are more than quit.

M. PRIOR.

XXXVIII.

THAT all from *Adam* first begun,
Sure none (but *W*——*n*) doubts;
And that his Son, and his Son's Son
Were Plowmen, Clowns and Louts.
Here lies the only Diff'rence now;
Some went off late, some soon:
Your Sires i'th' *Morning* left the Plow,
And ours i'th' *Afternoon*.

M. PRIOR.

XXXIX.

SAYS * *Richard* to *Joe*, Thou'rt a very sad Dog,
And thou can'st write Verses no more than a Log.
Says *Joseph* to *Dick*, Prithee, ringrhime get hence,
Sure my Verse at least is as good as thy Sense.
Was e'er such a Contest recorded in Song?
The one's in the right, and the other's not wrong.

Mr. CONCANEN.

* *Savage* to *Mitchell*.

XL. *Clee*,

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XL.

CLOE, a Jilt when in her Prime,
The vaineſt, fickleſt Thing alive,
(Behold the ſtrange Effects of Time!)
Marries and doats at forty five.
Thus Weathercocks, which for a while
Have turn'd about with ev'ry Blaſt,
Grown old, and deſtitute of Oil,
Ruſt to a Point, and fix at laſt.

XLI.

On the Burſer of —— College in Oxford, *cutting down a fine Row of Trees.*

INDULGENT Nature to each Kind beſtows
A ſecret Inſtinct to diſcern its Foes:
The Gooſe, a ſilly Bird, avoids the Fox;
Lambs fly from Wolves, and Sailors ſteer from Rocks;
A Rogue the Gallows as his Fate foreſees,
And bears the like Antipathy to Trees.

XLII.

HOW ill the Motion with the Muſick ſuits!
So *Orpheus* play'd, and like them danc'd the Brutes.
Mr. BUDGELL.

XLIII.

WHEN *Myra* in her Sex's Garb we ſee,
The Queen of Beauty then ſhe ſeems to be;
Now, fair *Adonis*, in this male Diſguiſe,
Or *Cupid*, killing with his Mother's Eyes;
No Stile of Empire's chang'd by this Remove,
Who ſeem'd the Goddeſs, ſeems the God of Love.
Lord LANSDOWNE.

* Lady *Sandwich*.

The

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XLIV.

The Chain of Government: Or, a Panegyric on the Ladies.

WHEN *Beelzebub* firſt to make Miſchief began,
He the Woman attack'd, and ſhe gull'd the poor Man:
This *Moſes* aſſerts, and from hence would infer,
That Woman rules Man, and the Devil rules her.

J. HACKETT.

XLV.

YE little Wits that gleam'd a while,
While *Pope* vouchſaf'd a Ray;
Alas! depriv'd of his kind Smile,
How ſoon ye fade away!
To compaſs *Phœbus'* Car about,
Thus empty vapours riſe;
Each tends his Cloud to put him out,
That rear'd him to the Skies.
Alas! theſe Skies are not your Sphere;
There he ſhall ever burn;
Weep, weep, and fall: For Earth ye were,
And muſt to Earth return.

XLVI.

COME, *Peg*, be quick, and make the Bed;
Come, tuck the Feet; and place the Head;
I'll kiſs you, if you don't beſtir ye;
Quoth *Peg*, I can't abide to hurry.

The Hon. Mrs. MONK.

XLVII.

To a Lady.

SO bright is thy Beauty ſo charming thy Song,
As had drawn both the Beaſts and their *Orpheus* along;

But

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But ſo great is thy Av'rice, and ſuch is thy Pride,
That the Beaſts muſt have ſtarv'd, and the Poet have dy'd.

XLVIII.

WHEN Gammar *Gurton* firſt I knew,
Four Teeth in all ſhe reckon'd;
Comes a damn'd Cough, and whips out two,
And t'other two a ſecond.
Courage, old Dame, and do not fear
The Third, whene'er it comes:
Give me but t'other Jug of Beer,
And I'll enſure your Gums. T. Brown.

XLIX.

LIE *Philo*, untouch'd on my peaceable Shelf,
Nor take it amiſs that ſo little I heed thee;
I've no Envy to thee, and ſome Love to myſelf;
Then why ſhould I anſwer ſince firſt I muſt read thee?
Drunk with *Helicon*'s Waters, and double-brew'd Bub,
Be a Linguiſt, a Poet, a Critic, a Wag;
To the ſolid Delight of thy well-judging Club,
To the Damage alone of thy Bookſeller *Bragg*.
Purſue me with Satire, what Harm is there in't?
But from all ~~vice~~ ~~vice~~ Reflection forbear;
There can be no Danger from what you can print,
There may be a little from what you may ſwear.
M. Prior.

L.

Written in a Lady's Prayer-Book.

IN vain, *Clarinda*, Night and Day,
For Mercy to the Gods you pray;
What Arrogance on Heav'n to call
For that which you deny to all! Lord Lansdowne.

LI.

SO much, my *Pope*, thy Engliſh Iliad charms,
As Pity melts us, or as Paſſion warms,

That

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That After-ages ſhall with Wonder ſeek,
Who 'twas tranſlated *Homer* into Greek.

LII.

NOKES went, he thought, to *Stiles*'s Wife to Bed;
Nor knew his own was laid there in her Stead:
Civilians! is the Child he then begot,
To be allow'd legitimate, or not?

LIII.

THE golden Hair that *Galla* wears,
Is her's: who wou'd ha' thought it?
She ſwears, 'tis hers; and true ſhe ſwears,
For I know where ſhe bought it.

—— HARRINGTON, Knight.

LIV.

PRITHEE, is not Miſs *Cloe*'s a comical Caſe?
She lets out her Tail, and ſhe borrows her Face.

LV.

To Lady ISABELLA THYNNE, *cutting Trees in Paper.*

FAIR Hand, that can on Virgin Paper write,
Yet from the Stain of Ink preſerve it white,
Whoſe Travel o'er that ſilver Field does ſhow,
Like Tracks of Leverets in Morning Snow:
Love's Image thus in pureſt Minds is wrought,
Without a Spot or Blemiſh to the Thought.
Strange, that your Fingers ſhou'd the Pencil foil,
Without the Help of Colours, or of Oil!
For tho' a Painter Boughs and Leaves can make,
'Tis your's alone to make them bend and ſhake:
Whoſe Breath ſalutes your new-created Grove,
Like Southern Winds, and makes it gently move.
Orpheus cou'd make the Foreſt dance, but you
Can make the Motion, and the Foreſt too.

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A Poet, when he would describe his Mind,
Is, as in Language, so in Fame, confin'd:
Your Works are read wherever there are Men:
So far the Scissar goes beyond the Pen. EDM. WALLER.

LVI.

To a Painter.

HE who great *Jove*'s Artill'ry ap'd so well,
By real Thunder and true Lightning fell:
How then dar'st thou, with equal Danger try
To counterfeit the Lightning of her Eye?
Painter, desist, or soon th' Event will prove,
That Love's as jealous of his Arms as *Jove*.

LVII.

On Lord ——'s beautifying the back Front of his House.

By a Waterman.

ON silver *Thames* I've daily row'd,
Some twenty Years or thirty,
And still my Lord his Backside show'd,
Black, yellow, brown, and dirty.
But t'other Morn, surpriz'd I cry'd,
So white, so clean it made is,
This cannot be my Lord's Backside,
It surely is my Lady's.

LVIII.

The modern Lady.

By the Author of the *Spleen*, a Poem, in DRYDEN's Miscellanies.

COULD our first Father, at his toilsome Plough,
Thorns in his Way, and Labour in his Brow,
Cloath'd only in a rude unpolish'd Skin;
Could he a vain fantastick Girl have seen,

In

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In all her Airs, in all her antick Graces,
Her various Fashions, and more various Faces;
How had it pos'd that Skill which late assign'd
Just Appellations to each sev'ral Kind,
A right Idea of the Sight to frame,
To guess from what strange Element she came,
To hit the wav'ring Form, or give the Thing a Name!

LIX.

THY Nags, the leanest Things alive,
So very hard thou lov'st to drive,
I heard thy anxious Coachman say,
It cost thee more in Whips than Hay. M. PRIOR.

LX.

A Cure for Poetry.

SEVEN wealthy Towns contend for *Homer dead*,
Thro' which the *living Homer* begg'd his Bread.

LXI.

ARIADNE.

FAIR *Ariadne* drown'd in Tears,
Upbraids the faithless *Grecian* Chief,
Till *Bacchus*, jolly God, appears,
And calms her Woe, and lulls her Grief.
The Moral of this Tale implies,
When Woman yields her Virgin Store,
Away the fated Lover flies,
Since there he can obtain no more.
A while she tries each Female Snare,
And seems ev'n lost in Thinking;
But, tir'd at length, with fruitless Care,
Drowns all her Woes in Drinking.

LXII.

TO heal the Wound a Bee had made
Upon my *Kitty*'s Face,

Honey

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Honey upon her Cheek she laid,
And bid me kiss the Place.
Pleas'd I obey'd, and from the Wound
Imbib'd both Sweet and Smart;
The Honey on my Lips I found,
The Sting within my Heart.

LXIII.

On some Snow which melted in a Lady's Breast.

THE envious Snow comes down in Haste
To prove thy Breast less fair;
But grieves to see itself surpast,
And melts into a Tear.

LXIV.

On an Accident at the Representation of Mr. ADDISON's Cato.

WHILE maudlin *Whigs* deplore their *Cato*'s Fate,
Still with dry Eyes the *Tory Celia* sate;
But, tho' her Pride forbad her Eyes to flow,
The gushing Waters found a vent below.
Tho' secret, yet with copious Streams she mourns,
Like twenty River Gods with all their Urns.
Let others screw a hypocritick Face,
She shews her Grief in a sincerer Place!
Here Nature reigns, and Passion void of Art;
For that Road leads directly to the Heart.

N. Rowe.

LXV. *

The French *Poets.*

WHEN old *Elijah*, as the Scriptures say,
Triumphant mounted to the Realms of Day,
His Spirit doubled and his Cloak beside
He gave *Elisha*, by long Service try'd.

Tristan

* *From the* French *of Mr.* De Montmort, *who had the Thought given him by the Duke* De Montausier.

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Triſtan from hence would fain Example take
For honeſt *Quinault*, his Diſciple's Sake:
But this, alas! injurious Fate deny'd,
For *Triſtan* poorer than a Prophet dy'd.
To *Quinault* thus the Bard expiring ſpoke,
"My Wit I leave thee — But I have no Cloke."

LXVI.

ON Grace, Freewill, and Myſt'ries high,
Two Wits harangu'd the Table;
B—ly believes he knows not why,
N—ſh ſwears 'tis all a Fable.
Peace, Idiots, peace! and both agree,
N—ſh kiſs thy empty Brother;
Religion laughs at Foes like thee,
But dreads a Friend like t'other.

LXVII.

CLOE her Goſſips entertains
With Stories of her Childbed Pains;
And fiercely againſt *Hymen* rails;
But *Hymen's* not ſo much to blame;
She knows, unleſs her Mem'ry fails,
Ere wedded ſhe had much the ſame.

The Hon. Mrs. Mowt.

LXVIII.

In Anſwer to a Challenge.

'TIS not the Fear of Death, nor Smart,
Makes me averſe to fight;
But to preſerve a tender Heart,
Not mine; but *Cælia's* Right.
Then let your Fury be ſuppreſt,
Not me, but *Cælia* ſpare;
Your Sword is welcome to my Breaſt,
Whenever ſhe's not there.

F. G.

LXIX. Pox

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LXIX.

POX on't, quoth Time to * *Thomas Hearne*,
Whatever I forget, you learn.

* *The Antiquarian.*

LXX.

WHEN the Seals were deliver'd to *Macclesfield*'s Charge,
Each God, for approving, gave Reasons at large:
But *Apollo* excepted; and said so much Wit,
With such Eloquence join'd, for that Charge was unfit:
Lest the injur'd who at his Tribunal appear'd,
And put in their Complaints with Intent to be heard,
Shou'd feed on the Honey that dropt from his Tongue,
And charm'd by his speaking, forget their own Wrong.
Minerva then added; His Prudence is such,
As not to indulge his own Judgment too much;
And whoe'er he consults I clearly foresee,
Must be some who know less of the Matter than he;
Old Authors, for Instance; — Thus men shall bemoan,
That he such Opinions prefers to his own.
Jove heard; and thus calmly deliver'd his Thoughts,
No Man is more guilty of these and such Faults;
Yet still to this Man let the Office be given;
He shall shew them how Justice is practis'd in Heaven.

LXXI.

FALSE though she be to me and Love,
I'll ne'er pursue Revenge:
For still the Charmer I approve,
Tho' I deplore her Change.
In Hours of Bliss we oft have met;
They could not always last:
And though the present I regret,
I'm thankful for the past.

LXXII.

PALE Faces, stand by, and our bright ones adore;
We look like our Wine, and you worse than our Score;

Come,

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Come, let's light up our Pimples; all Art we outſhine,
When the jolly God paints, then each Stroke is divine;
Clean Glaſſes, our Pencils; old Claret, our Oil;
He that ſits for his Picture muſt ſit a good while.

LXXIII.

Dr. ALDRICK's *five Reaſons for Drinking.*

GOOD Wine; a Friend; or, being dry;
Or, leſt we ſhould be by and by;
Or, any other Reaſon why.

LXXIV.

Jealouſy.

HOW much are they deceiv'd who vainly ſtrive
By jealous Fears to keep our Flames alive!
Love's like a Torch, which if ſecur'd from Blaſts
Will faintlier burn; but then it longer laſts,
Expos'd to Storms of Jealouſy, and Doubt,
The Storm grows greater, but 'tis ſooner out.

W. WALSH.

LXXV.

AMORET.

COQUET and coy at once her Air,
Both ſtudy'd, tho' both ſeem neglected;
Careleſs ſhe is with artful Care,
Affecting to ſeem unaffected.
With Skill her Eyes dart ev'ry Glance,
Yet change ſo ſoon you'd ne'er ſuſpect 'em;
For ſhe'd perſuade they wound by Chance,
Tho' certain Aim and Art direct them.
She likes herſelf, yet others hates
For that which in herſelf ſhe prizes;
And, while ſhe laughs at them, forgets
She is the Thing that ſhe deſpiſes.

W. CONGREVE.

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LXXVI.

The Execration.

WELL then! ſince deaf to all I've ſaid,
You're coy as at the firſt,
Die with the Odium of a Maid;
Can you be more accurſt?

LXXVII.

THE bright, bewitching *Fanny*'s Eyes
A thouſand Hearts have won,
Whilſt ſhe regardleſs of the Prize,
Securely keeps her own.
Ah! what a dreadful Girl are you,
Who if you e'er deſign
To make one happy, muſt undo
999!

LXXVIII.

The prudent Maid.

HELP me, Nature; help me, Art;
Why ſhould I deny my Heart:
If a Lover will purſue,
Like the wiſeſt let me do;
I will fit him if he's true;
If he's falſe, I'll fit him too.

LXXIX.

THYRSIS, a Youth of the inſpired Train
Fair *Sachariſſa* lov'd, but lov'd in vain;
Like *Phœbus* ſung the no leſs am'rous Boy
Like *Daphne* ſhe, as lovely and as coy.
With Numbers he the flying Nymph purſues,
With Numbers ſuch as *Phœbus*' ſelf might uſe;
All but the Nymph who ſhou'd redreſs his Wrong,
Attend his Paſſion and approve his Song:
Like *Phœbus* thus acquiring unſought Praiſe,
He catch'd at Love and fill'd his Arms with Bays.

EDM. WALLER.

LXXX. You'd

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LXXX.

YOU'D fain have a Subject ne'er touch'd on before;
Why I recollect *one*, simply one and no more;
'Twill require a masterly Hand too, Friend *Derrick*,
Suppose now you wrote us your own Panegyrick.

J. HACKETT.

LXXXI.

ON his Death-bed poor *Simon* lies,
His Spouse is in Despair;
With frequent Sobs, and mutual Cries,
They both express their Care.
A diff'rent Cause, says *Parson Sly*,
The same Effect may give;
Poor *Simon* fears that he shall die,
His Wife — that he may live. M. PRIOR.

LXXXII.

Written on the Bed-chamber Door of Charles II.

HERE lies the Mutton eating King,
Whose Word no Man relies on;
He never says a foolish Thing,
Nor ever does a wise one. Earl of ROCHESTER.

LXXXIII.

WHEN *Thomas* calls his Wife *his Half*,
I like the Fellow's Whim;
For why? She horns him; so the Jilt
Belongs but half to him.

LXXXIV.

The Feather.

IN *Florimel*'s Arms as if quite out of Breath,
I'll kiss thee, my Charmer, I'll kiss thee to Death,
Cry'd *Strephon* in Raptures: — but soon on her Breast,
He sunk down his Head and compos'd him to Rest.

Not

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Not long had they lain thus unactive together,
Ere the Wanton pluck'd forth from the Pillow a Feather,
And graſping him hard, till he open'd his Eyes,
In a Tone of Deriſion the witty one cries, —
To prevent being kill'd in the Manner you ſaid,
I'm reſolv'd with this Feather to chop off your Head.

LXXXV.

The New Stile.

THAT Ruins, quoth *Roger*, as I ha'e been told,
Be near, if not quite, Sir, three hundred Years old;
And I heard my Lord t'other Day ſay to *John Pratt*,
He'd ſoon build one two hundred Years older than that.

J. HACKETT.

LXXXVI.

HOW long will I love you, if you grant me the Favour?
Prithee, tie me not up to ſuch rigid Behaviour:
I'll love thee as long and as well as I can;
I expect thee a Woman: wou'dſtn't have me a Man.

LXXXVII.

CUPID, inſtruct an am'rous Swain
Some Way to tell the Nymph his Pain,
To common Youths unknown:
To talk of Sighs, of Flames, and Darts,
Of bleeding Wounds, and burning Hearts,
Are Methods vulgar grown.
What needſt thou tell? (the God reply'd)
That Love, which thou canſt never hide,
The Nymph will quickly find:
When *Phœbus* does his Beams diſplay,
To tell Men gravely that 'tis Day,
Is to ſuppoſe them blind.

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LXXXVIII.

THAT little Patch upon your Face
Wou'd ſeem a Foil on one leſs fair;
On you it hides a killing Grace;
And you in Pity plac'd it there.

LXXXIX.

I Know her falſe, I know her baſe;
I know that Gold alone can move her;
I know ſhe jilts me to my Face;
And yet, good Gods! I know I love her.
I ſee too plain, and yet am blind;
Wou'd think her true, while ſhe forſooth,
To me and to my Rival kind;
Courts him, courts me, and jilts us both.

XC.

SINCE all that's fair in Womankind
You boaſt you can diſcover,
Search with a Freedom unconfin'd,
Their Stock of Charms all over.
And when the mighty Pains you've took,
And ſaid whate'er you can ſay,
You'll own the faireſt in her Smock,
Was fairer in your Fancy.

XCI.

To a Lady who accuſed the Author of being too ſenſual in his Love.

THINK not, my Fair, 'tis Sin or Shame,
To bleſs the Man who ſo adores;
Nor give ſo hard, unjuſt a Name
To all thoſe Favours he implores.
Beauty is Heav'n's moſt bounteous Gift eſteem'd,
Becauſe by Love Men are from Vice redeem'd.
Yet wiſh not vainly for a Love
From all the Force of Nature clear;
That is reſerv'd for thoſe above,
And 'tis a Fault to claim it here.

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For ſenſual Joys you ſcorn that we ſhould love you,
And Love without 'em is as much above you.

JOHN Duke of BUCKINGHAM.

XCII.

WHEN *Loveleſs* marry'd Lady *Jenny*,
Whoſe Beauty was the ready Penny,
Says he, I took her like old Plate,
Not for the Faſhion but the Weight.

XCIII.

AS Afternoon one Summer's Day,
Venus ſtood bathing in a River;
Cupid a ſhooting went that Way,
New ſtrung his Bow, new fill'd his Quiver.
With Skill he choſe his ſharpeſt Dart;
With all his Might his Bow he drew:
Swift to his beauteous Parent's Heart
The too well guided *Arrow* flew.
I faint! I die! the Goddeſs cry'd:
Oh cruel! couldſt thou find none other
To wreak thy Spleen on? Parricide!
Like *Nero*, thou haſt ſlain thy Mother.
Poor *Cupid*, ſobbing, ſcarce cou'd ſpeak;
Indeed, Mama, I did not know ye:
Alas! how eaſy my Miſtake!
I took you for your Likeneſs *Chloe*. M. PRIOR.

* XCIV.

VENUS, take my votive Glaſs:
Since I am not what I was,
What from this Day I ſhall be,
Venus, let me never ſee! By the ſame.

* *From the* Greek.

XCV.

BELINDA has ſuch Store of Charms,
'Tis Heav'n to lie within her Arms;
And ſhe's ſo charitably given,
She wiſhes all Mankind in Heaven.

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XCVI.

AS Fidlers and Archers, who cunningly know
The Way to procure themſelves Merit,
Will always provide them two Strings to their Bow,
And manage their Buſ'neſs with Spirit.
So likewiſe the provident Maiden ſhou'd do,
Who wou'd make the beſt Uſe of her Beauty:
If her Mark ſhe wou'd hit, or her Leſſon play through,
Two Lovers muſt ſtill be on Duty.
Thus arm'd againſt Chance, and ſecure of Supply,
Thus far our Revenge we may carry:
One Spark, for our Sport, we may jilt and ſet by;
And t'other poor Soul we may marry.

XCVII.

IF *Lucy* but wear it a Feather's a Charm;
Ah! who can be ſafe when a Feather can harm?
Fly, Youth, from this Beauty, whoever thou art;
And warn'd by the Feather, beware of the Dart.

XCVIII.

YOU ſay your Wife has horn'd you. So.
It can't be undone now, you know.
Come, come, here let the Matter end;
Conſider, *Dick*, 'twas with a Friend. J. HACKETT.

XCIX.

PIOUS *Zelinda* goes to Pray'rs,
If I but aſk the Favour;
And yet the tender Fool's in Tears,
When ſhe believes I'll leave her.
Wou'd I were free from this Reſtraint;
Or elſe had Hopes to win her;
Wou'd ſhe cou'd make of me a Saint;
Or I of her a Sinner.

W. CONGREVE.

C. *Written*

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C.

Written on a Glaſs, by a Gentleman who borrowed the Earl of Cheſterfield's *Diamond Pencil.*

ACCEPT a Miracle, inſtead of Wit;
See two dull Lines by *Stanhope*'s Pencil writ.

CI.

On a dumb Boy, but very ingenious.

HAPPY Boy, no more complain;
Nor think thy Loſs of Speech a Pain:
Nature has us'd thee, like good Liquor,
And cork'd thee but to make thee quicker.

CII.

TO *Roſalinda*'s Eyes who not ſubmit,
Fall the proud Victims of her conq'ring Wit;
And all whoſe Dullneſs dares her Wit deſpiſe,
Bow to the piercing Influence of her Eyes:
Thou then, who wiſhèſt not her Slave to be,
Become but deaf and blind, and thou art free.

CIII.

WE Men have many Faults;
Poor Women have but two:
There's Nothing good they ſay,
There's Nothing good they do.

CIV.

BANISH, my *Lydia*, theſe ſad Thoughts;
Why ſit'ſt thou muſing ſo?
To hear the ugly rail at Faults,
They wou'd but cannot do?
For, let the Guilt be what it will,
So ſmall Account they bear,
That none yet thought it worth their while,
On ſuch to be ſevere.

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With far more Reaſon may you pine
That you are made ſo fair;
For had you but leſs glorious been,
You of no Faults wou'd hear.
So the great Light that ſhines from far,
Has had its Spots ſet down;
While many a little uſeleſs Star
Has not been tax'd with one.

CV.

On Lady MANCHESTER.

WHILST haughty *Gallia*'s Dames, that ſpread
O'er their pale Cheeks an artful Red,
Beheld this beauteous Stranger there,
In native Charms divinely fair,
Confuſion in their Looks they ſhow'd,
And with unuſual Bluſhes glow'd.

Jo. ADDISON.

CVI.

CYNDERAXA.

CYNDERAXA, kind and good,
Has all my Heart and Stomach too;
She makes me love, not loath, my Food,
As other peeviſh Wenches do.
When *Venus* leaves her *Vulcan*'s Cell,
Which all, but I, a Coal-hole call;
Fly, fly, ye that above Stairs dwell,
Her Face is waſh'd: ye vaniſh all.
And as ſhe's fair, ſhe can impart
That Beauty to make all Things fine;
Brightens the Floor with wond'rous Art,
And at her Touch the Diſhes ſhine.

Written

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CVII.

Written under the Picture of Actæon *turned into a Stag, which a Lady ſhewed the Author on his coming into her Apartment before ſhe was quite dreſt.*

HE ſaw a Goddeſs naked: charming Sight!
All her Maids too, — for ſhe did not alone lie:
She turn'd him to a Brute, — not (take me right)
Only for *peeping*, --- but --- for *peeping only*.

J. HACKETT.

CVIII.

In CHAUCER's *Style.*

FAIR *Suſan* did her Wifehede well menteine,
Algates aſſaulted ſore by Letchers tweine.
Now an I rede aright that auncient Songe
Olde were the Paramours, the Dame was yonge.
Had thilke ſame Tale in other Guiſe been tolde,
Had they been yong, (pardie!) and ſhe been olde;
That, by Saint *Kit*, had wrought much ſorer Tryal;
Full merveillous, I wot, were ſich Denial.

M. PRIOR.

CIX.

The humble Fair,

AH! lovely Nymph, the World's on Fire:
Veil, veil thoſe cruel Eyes.
"The World may then in Flames expire,
"And boaſt that ſo it dies."
But when all Mortals are deſtroy'd,
Who then ſhall ſing your Praiſe?
"Thoſe who are fit to be employ'd,
"The Gods ſhall Altars raiſe."

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CX.

A Bargain.

BETT, if kind Heav'n wou'd grant to me
A Leaſh of Beauties ſuch as thee,
I'd give the Devil at one Word
Two, that he'd take away the third.

CXI.

WHAT a frail Thing is Beauty, ſays Baron *LeCras*,
Perceiving his Miſtreſs had one Eye of Glaſs,
And ſcarcely had he ſpoke it,
When ſhe more confus'd, as more angry ſhe grew,
By a negligent Rage prov'd the Maxim too true,
She dropt the Eye and broke it.

M. PRIOR.

CXII.

Written in the Nouveaux Intereſts des Princes de l' Europe.

BLEST be the Princes who have fought,
For pompous Names, or wide Dominions,
Since by their Error we are taught
That Happineſs is but Opinion. M. PRIOR.

CXIII.

Suicide.

WHEN all the Blandiſhments of Life are gone,
The Coward ſneaks to *Death*, the Brave live on.

Dr. SEWEL.

CXIV.

ARGYLE, his Praiſe when *Southerne* wrote,
Firſt ſtruck out this, and then that Thought,
Said this was Flatt'ry, that a Fault;
How ſhall the Bard contrive?
My Lord, conſider what you do,
If this Elogium ſuits not you,
'Twill ſuit no Man alive.

To

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CXV.

To a Seamſtreſs.

OH! what Boſom but muſt yield,
When like *Pallas* you advance,
With a Thimble for your Shield,
And a Needle for your Lance?
Faireſt of the ſtitching Train,
Eaſe my Paſſion by your Art;
And, in Pity to my Pain,
Mend the Hole that's in my Heart.

CXVI.

YOUNG *Courtly* takes me for a Dunce;
For all Night long I ſpoke not once;
On better Grounds I think him ſuch:
He ſpoke but once, yet once too much. J. BANKS.

CXVII.

MUSE, 'tis enough: at length thy Labour ends,
And thou ſhalt live— for *Buckingham* commends.
Let Crowds of Critics now my Verſe aſſail,
Let *Dennis* write, and nameleſs Numbers rail;
This more than pays whole Years of thankleſs Pain,
Time, Health, and Fortune are not loſt in vain.
Sheffield approves, conſenting *Phœbus* bends,
And I and Malice from this Hour are Friends.
A. POPE

CXVIII.

On a bad Picture of Prometheus.

HOW wretched does *Prometheus'* State appear,
Whilſt he his ſecond Mis'ry ſuffers here!
Draw him no more, leſt tortur'd as he ſtands,
He blame great *Jove*'s leſs than the *Painter*'s Hands.
It wou'd the Vulturs Cruelty outgo,
If once again his Liver thus ſhou'd grow.
Pity him, *Jove*, and his bold Theft allow,
The Flames he once ſtole from thee, grant him now.
A. COWLEY

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CXIX.

THE *Jews* (as we in ſacred Writ are told)
To buy a *God* gave *Aaron* all their *Gold*.
But Chriſtians now (Times are ſo monſtrous odd)
To heap up *Gold* will even ſell their *God*.

CXX.

YOUR formal Apes endeavour all they can,
With their grave Whims to be as wiſe as Man.
Pariſian Fops the like affected ſeem,
To have a Face, and Air, and Tail like them:
From which our Taſte thus only diſagrees,
Theſe mimick Apes, and we but mimick theſe.

CXXI.

CORNUS proclaims aloud his Wife's a Whore;
Alas! good *Cornus!* what can we do more?
Wert thou no Cuckold we cou'd make thee one,
But being ſo we cannot make thee none.

W. WALSH.

CXXII.

ONCE on a Time I fair *Doriada* kiſt,
Whoſe Noſe was too diſtinguiſh'd to be miſt.
My Dear, ſays I, I fain would kiſs you cloſer,
But tho' your Lips ſay aye --- your Noſe ſays --- no, Sir.
The Girl was equally to Fun inclin'd,
And plac'd her lovely lilly Hand --- behind.
Here, Sir, ſaid ſhe, may you ſecurely kiſs,
Where there's no Noſe to interrupt your Bliſs.

CXXIII.

AROUND your Couch while ſighing Lovers view
Wit, Beauty, Goodneſs, ſuff'ring all in you;
So mournful is the Scene, 'tis hard to tell
Which Face betrays the ſick, or who is well.
They feel not their own Pains, while yours they ſhare,
Worſe tortur'd now than lately by Deſpair.
Grant, Heav'n, they cry, this Moment our Deſire,
To ſee her well tho' we the next expire.

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CXXIV.

MISTAKEN Nature here has join'd
A beauteous Face, and ugly Mind;
In vain the faultleſs Features ſtrike,
When Soul and Body are unlike:
Pity that ſnowy Breaſt ſhould hide
Deceit, and Avarice, and Pride.
So in rich Jarrs from *China* brought,
With glowing Colours gayly wrought,
Oftimes the ſubtle Spider dwells,
With ſecret Venom bloated ſwells,
Weaves all his fatal Nets within,
As unſuſpected, as unſeen.

CXXV.

To a Lady married to a very old Man.

SINCE thou wouldſt needs, bewitch'd with ſome ill Charms,
Be bury'd in thoſe monumental Arms:
All we can wiſh, is, may the Earth lie light
Upon thy tender Limbs, and ſo good Night.

EDM. WALLER.

CXXVI.

By the ſame.

WERE Men ſo dull they cou'd not ſee
That *Lyce* painted; ſhould they flee
Like ſimple Birds into a Net,
So groſsly woven and ill-ſet;
Her own Teeth wou'd undo the Knot,
And let all go that ſhe had got.
Theſe Teeth my *Lyce* muſt not ſhow,
If ſhe wou'd bite: her Lovers, though
Like Birds, they ſtoop at ſeeming Grapes,
Are diſabus'd when firſt ſhe gapes:
The rotten Bones diſcover'd there,
Shew 'tis a painted Sepulchre.

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CXXVII.

WHAT Legions of Fables and whimſical Tales,
Paſs current for Goſpel, where Prieſtcraft prevails?
Our Anceſtors thus were moſt ſtrangely deceiv'd;
What Stories and Nonſenſe for Truth they believ'd?
But we their wiſe Sons, who theſe Fables reject,
Even Truth now a-days are too apt to ſuſpect:
From believing too much the right Faith we let fall,
So now we believe, faith! nothing at all.

CXXVIII.

In Imitation of WALLER.

To a Lady ſinging to her Lute.

FAIR Charmer, ceaſe, nor make your Voice's Prize
A Heart reſign'd the Conqueſt of your Eyes:
Well might, alas! that threaten'd Veſſel fail,
Which Winds and Lightning both at once aſſail.
We were too bleſt with theſe inchanting Lays,
Which muſt be heav'nly when an Angel plays.
But killing Charms your Lover's Death contrive,
Leſt heav'nly Muſick ſhou'd be heard alive.
Orpheus cou'd charm the Trees, but thus a Tree,
Taught by your Hand can charm no leſs than he:
A Poet made the ſilent Wood purſue,
This vocal Wood had drawn the Poet too. A. POPE.

CXXIX.

On the QUEEN's *Grotto at* Richmond.

LEWIS the living Genius fed,
And rais'd the ſcientific Head;
Our Queen, more frugal of her Meat,
Raiſes thoſe Heads which cannot eat.

CXXX. *To*

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CXXX.

To Mr. POPE.

DEPEND not upon Verſe for Fame,
Tho' none can equal thine;
Our Language never reſts the ſame,
'Twill riſe, or 'twill decline.
Thy Wreaths, in Courſe of fleeting Hours,
Too ſoon will be decay'd:
But Story laſts, tho' modern Flow'rs
Of Poetry muſt fade.
A ſurer Way then wouldſt thou find,
Thy Glory to prolong,
Whilſt there remains amongſt Mankind
The Senſe of Right and Wrong?
Thy Fame with Nature's ſelf ſhall end,
Let future Times but know,
That *Atterbury* was thy Friend,
And *Bently* was thy Foe.

CXXXI.

POSSESS'D of one great Hall for State,
Without one Room to ſleep or eat:
How well you build, let Flatt'ry tell,
And all Mankind how ill you dwell.

Lord HERVEY.

CXXXII.

DAN's evil Genius in a Trice,
Had ſtript him of his Coin at Dice;
Cloe obſerving this Diſgrace,
On *Pam* cut out his rueful Face:
By G—, ſays *Dan*, 'tis very hard,
Cut out at Dice, cut out at Card.

G. R—D.

CXXXIII. *Written*

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CXXXIII.

Written in a Window of the Tower, over the Name of R. WALPOLE, *confined in the ſame Room,* An. Dom. 1712.

GOOD unexpected, evil unforeſeen,
Appears by Turns, as Fortune ſhifts the Scene:
Some rais'd aloft come tumbling down amain;
And fall ſo hard, they bound and riſe again.

LANSDOWNE, *Sept.* 24, 1716.

CXXXIV.

To the Author of the Epigram on the new Iriſh *Halfpence.*

WHILE you behold th' imperfect Coin,
Receiv'd without the Grace of God,
All honeſt Men with you muſt join,
And even *Britons* think it odd.
The *Grace of God* was well left out,
And I applaud the Politician;
For when an Evil's done, no Doubt,
'Tis not by *God's Grace*, but Permiſſion.

CXXXV.

A Famous Critic, call'd The Man of Taſte,
On a fine Painting late this Judgment paſt:
Nor good, nor bad, it gives nor Pain, nor Pleaſure;
I fear his Judgment wanted Weight or Meaſure.
Pictures and Poems, if Regard be had
To *Horace*, ſtill are *very* good, or bad.
Be this as 'twill, it caus'd no little Wonder:
Painter or Critic here had made a Blunder.
The Dame ſo fair, the Chief who rough and ſtern is,
For *Judith* were deſign'd and *Holofernes*.
The Critic, Spite of Scripture, fain wou'd have it,
Painted for *Abigail* and ſmooth young *David*.
To pleaſe them both, I'll own each underſtood
His Art: and then the Piece is bad and good. 'Tis

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'Tis a fine *Judith*, as the Painter wrought it;
And a damn'd *Abigail* as the Critic thought it.

CXXXVI.

I Love thee, *Lucy*, yet I hate thee too.
Ask you, how that can be?
Why, faith, it puzzles even me;
And yet, begad, 'tis true.

CXXXVII.

The Manchester *Millers.*

BONE and *Skin*, two Millers thin,
Would ſtarve us all, or near it,
But be it known to *Skin* and *Bone*
That *Fleſh* and *Blood* can't bear it.

CXXXVIII.

Written on the 10*th of* June.

FAIR Roſe! to thee all other Flow'rs muſt yield,
That paint the Garden, or adorn the Field;
Whether with ruddy Blaze you give Delight,
Or elſe diffus'd in milder Beams of White,
Or particolour'd Dreſs, you charm the Sight!
How beautiful in all you ſtill appear!
Pride of the Summer! Glory of the Year!
Can you, ſweet Flow'r, a baleful Influence ſhed?
And Rage, and Diſcord thro' the Nation ſpread?
No, ſure! from *you* our Miſchief never flows,
Not from the *red*, or *white*, but the *black* Roſe.

CXXXIX.

NONE without Hope e'er lov'd the brighteſt Fair,
But Love can hope where Reaſon wou'd deſpair.

Sir G. LYTTELTON.

CXL. *Imi-*

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CXL.

Imitation of the Earl of DORSET.

PHRYNE had Talents for Mankind,
Open she was and unconfin'd,
Like some free Port of Trade:
Merchants unloaded here their Freight,
And Agents from each foreign State,
Here first their Entry made.
Her Learning and good Nature such,
Whether th' *Italian*, or the *Dutch*,
Spaniards or *French* came to her:
To all obliging she'd appear:
'Twas *Si, Signior*, 'twas *Yaw, Mynheer*,
'Twas *S' il vous plaist, Monsieur.*
Obscure by Birth, renown'd by Crimes,
Still changing Names, Religions, Climes,
At length she turns a Bride:
In Di'monds, Pearls, and rich Brocades,
She shines the first of batter'd Jades,
And flutters in her Pride.
So have I known those Insects fair
(Which curious *Germans* hold so rare)
Still vary Shapes and dies;
Still gain new Titles with new Forms;
First filthy Grubs, next wriggling Worms,
Then painted Butterflies. A. POPE.

CXLI.

A Cure for Love:

THE one End of a Rope fasten over a Beam,
And make a slip Noose at the other Extream;
Then just underneath let a Cricket be set,
On which let the Lover most manfully get;
Then over his Head let the Snecket be got,
And under one Ear be well settled the Knot:
The Cricket kickt down, let him take a fair Swing,
And leave all the rest of the Work to the String.

CXLII. Quoth

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CXLII.

QUOTH *Dick* to *Jack*, with Phiz full meek and mild;
" Dear Friend, *'tween you and I*, my Wife's with
" Child;"
Quoth *Jack* to *Dick*, " Dear Friend, that's not so clear;
" I'm sure I have not lain with her this Year."

J. HACKETT.

CXLIII.

SAYS *Chloe* to *Damon*, 'tis strange that you Men
Make use of such palpable Lying,
In saying we're Goddesses, Angels divine,
And that for our Smiles you are dying.
Consider, my *Damon*, how great is the Crime,
And the Punishment threaten'd to Lyars;
Then prithee contrive some more innocent Way,
To discover your amorous Fires.
Young *Damon* replies, my dear *Chloe*, reflect,
Don't it argue my Love more sincere?
Since Fondness for you makes me risque being damn'd
Just only to tickle your Ear.

CXLIV.

TRUE Wit is like the brilliant Stone
Dug from the *Indian* Mine;
Which boasts two diff'rent Pow'rs in one,
To cut as well as shine.
Genius, like that, if polish'd right,
With the same Gifts abounds;
Appears at once both keen and bright,
And sparkles, while it wounds.

CXLV.

THERE's an Engine in Opticks enlarges each Letter,
And clapp'd on her Nose makes my Grannum see better.
Pretty *Poll*, in the Center of each glassy Eye,
To puzzle a Parson had painted a Fly. Well:

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Well: *Sunday* is come, and the Frolick paſt on;
All hurry to Church: now the Pſalms are half done:
The Doctor aſcends, pronounces the Text;
Three Heads are to come, and the Inference next.
With Rage and with Paſſion the little Fly fill'd him,
And fierce as *Domitian*, he thought to have kill'd him:
But in vain you are cruel, for tho' but a Fly,
What was made by her Hand, was ne'er deſtin'd to die.

CXLVI.

Occaſioned by Dean SWIFT's *Complaint of being deaf and giddy.*

SO fine an Ear! ſo clear a Sight!
A Taſte, each Touch ſo exquiſite!
No Mortal has ſo few Pretences
Thus to bewail a Lack of Senſes.
O *Swift!* leave *Colley* thy Remains
Of Senſe, this Pittance of thy Brains.
Thy very Dotage, thy Decays
Of Wit, would make a modern *Bays*:
And thus (for once) the Laureat prays:
Grant me when giddy *Swift* is dead,
Grant me, ye Gods, his *Turn of Head*.

CXLVII.

SAID *Celia* to a rev'rend Dean,
What Reaſon can be given,
Since Marriage is a holy Thing,
That they have none in Heav'n.
They have, ſays he, no Women there:
She quick returns the Jeſt;
Women there are, but I'm afraid
In Heav'n they have no Prieſt.

CXLVIII.

Health.

THO' Life itſelf's not worth a Thought,
Yet while I live cou'd Health be bought,
Whate'er brib'd Senators receive,
Or back again in Taxes give;

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What-

Whatever Fraud, or Force obtains,
What *Pruſſia* from *Sileſia* gains,
Or *Hanover* from *England* drains:
Whate'er the *Auſtrian* Wars have coſt,
Or *Hung'ry's* Queen diſburſt, or loſt;
What *France* has paid to ſhake her Crown,
Or we like Fools to keep it on:
All that the *Indies* have ſupply'd
To beggar'd *Spain*, to feed the Pride
Of that *Italian* Fury-Dame,
Who keeps all *Europe* in a Flame,
For her two Brats, thoſe princely Things,
Whom God made Fools, and ſhe'd make Kings:
In ſhort, to ſum up all, whate'er
Or Pride, or Av'rice makes it care,
Did I poſſeſs it, I'd reſign
To make this richer Treaſure mine. Lord HERVEY.

CXLIX.

On ſeeing Haughan Abbey, *a fine old Ruin near* Shrewſbury, *whitewaſhed.*

HOW awful once thy antient Face,
How ſpoilt by vain renewing,
Of old thy Gravity was Grace,
Now Spruceneſs thy undoing.
Thou who waſt once a rev'rend Sage,
Alike in Fact and Show,
Art now ridiculous in Age,
And lookſt a batter'd Beau. G. P.

CL.

Plain Truth.

TRUE, I confeſt it Yeſter' Morn;
I've been in Love this Week or two;
Yet, cruel Maid! forbear your Scorn;
For take my Word, — 'tis not with you.

J. BANCKS.

CLI. *By*

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CLI.

By the ſame.

WHEN is it beſt, ſaid *John* to *Joan*,
At Night, at Morning, or at Noon?
Why, Faith! quoth *Joan*, to tell thee right,
I like it — *Morning*, *Noon*, and *Night*.

CLII.

On hearing that Captain How *had taken three* French *Men of War.*

Extempore.

AHA! (cry'd Monſieur, when he got the firſt Blow)
Sacre Bleu! *How is tis?* Eh! pardie! *tis is* How.

Jo. HACKETT.

CLIII.

SAY whence this ſudden Chill, my Fair,
When Thunder rattles thro' the Air?
Why quits your Blood each diſtant Part,
And haſts to guard the lab'ring Heart?
Why all this ſhiv'ring, panting, crying,
This ſomething little leſs than dying?
If Wretches ſtain'd with deadly Sin;
Quake at the Worm that gnaws within;
If ſavage Tyrants trembling fly,
And think the Fate, they merit, nigh:
If treach'rous Stateſmen that have ſold
Their Country and their God for Gold,
Are by this ſolemn Sound diſmay'd,
And dread his Wrath they've diſobey'd:
Yet why does my *Lucinda* fear,
What only ſhou'd the wicked ſcare?
The Flaſh that ſtrikes the Villain dead,
Is taught to ſpare the guiltleſs Head;
Or ſhou'd by this the virtuous die,
'Twere but on Lightning's Wings to fly,
And gain, with greater Speed, the Sky.

CLIV. Again

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CLIV.

AGAINST a Gate, *Dick* had a Damſel got,
By Chance the Owner over-heard his Plot:
And cry'd, What mean you there, Sir, with your Mate?
Quoth *Dick*, I only mean to *propagate*.

CLV.

On the Author's Grotto at Twickenham.

THOU who ſhalt ſtop where *Thames'* tranſlucent Wave
Shines a broad Mirrour thro' the ſhadowy Cave;
Where lingring Drops from min'ral Roofs diſtill,
And pointed Cryſtals break the ſparkling Rill,
Unpoliſh'd Gems no Ray on Pride beſtow,
And latent Metals innocently glow:
Approach. Great Nature ſtudiouſly behold!
And eye the Mine without a Wiſh for Gold.
Approach: but awful: lo! th' *Ægerian* Grott,
Where, nobly penſive, *St. John* ſate and thought;
Where *Britiſh* Sighs from dying *Wyndham* ſtole,
And the bright Flame was ſhot thro' *Marchmont's* Soul:
Let ſuch, ſuch only tread this ſacred Floor,
Who dare to love their Country, and be poor.

A. POPE.

CLVI.

The Difference between the Ancients and Moderns.

SOME for the Ancients zealouſly declare,
Others our modern Wits are Fools, aver:
A third affirms, that they are much the ſame,
And differ only as to Time and Name:
Yet ſure one more Diſtinction may be told,
Thoſe once were new, but theſe will ne'er be old.

CLVII. Tell

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CLVII.

TELL me not *Celia* once did bleſs
Another Mortal's Arms;
That cannot make my Paſſion leſs,
Nor mitigate her Charms.
Shall I refuſe to quench my Thirſt,
Depending Life to ſave,
Becauſe ſome droughty Shepherd firſt
Has kiſs'd the ſmiling Wave.
No, no: methinks 'tis truly great,
And ſuits a noble Blood,
To have in Love, as well as State,
A Taſter to our Food.

CLVIII.

Pinn'd to a Friend's Curtain on his Wedding-Night.

MAY Concord ever here remain,
Where gentleſt Love and Beauty reign.
When *ſhe* grows old, may ſhe not ſhow it;
When *he*'s in Years, may *ſhe* not know it.
And ſo, good Night. ———

GOD ſave the Poet.
J. HACKETT.

CLIX.

SCARCE had five Months expir'd ſince *John* did wed,
When *Kate*, his fruitful Wife, was brought to Bed;
How now? (quoth *John*) this is too ſoon, my *Kate?*
No, *John* (quoth ſhe) you marry'd me too late.

CLX.

On an Officer's making his Eſcape from a Highwayman, who was afterwards ſhot by a Phyſician.

WHO wonders that the Captain run,
From the Rogue, who'd fain have ſtopt him?

Or

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Or that the Doctor's dismal Gun
Coming soon after dropt him:
Commend the latter if you will,
But pray the former spare,
Since Soldiers now ar'n't us'd to kill,
And the Physicians are.

CLXI.

AS good Mr. *Crape* with my Lord was at Dinner,
(For *Crape* may be frequently found with a Sinner:)
Adzooks, Parson, said he, I've a Thought; by my Life,
I'll break off with my Girl, if you'll take her to Wife.
For tho' I've a little made use of my *Nancy*,
She'll turn when she marries a Parson, I fancy.
She may turn, please your Honour, the Parson reply'd,
But I'll never turn to your Girl as a Bride.
For what with your Lordship at Night and at Morning,
She's been so much us'd, that she'll not be worth turning.

CLXII.

To Mr. POPE, *on his Epitaph on Mr.* GAY.

ENTOMB'D with Kings tho' *Gay's* cold Ashes lye,
A nobler Monument thy Strains supply.
Thy matchless Muse, still faithful to thy Friend,
By Courts unaw'd, his Virtues dares commend.
Lamented *Gay!* forget thy Treatment past,
Look down, and see thy Merit crown'd at last.
A Destiny more glorious who can hope?
In Life belov'd, in Death bemoan'd, by *Pope*.

Lord ORRERY.

CLXIII.

THUS with kind Words, Sir *Edward* cheer'd his Friend,
Dear *Dick!* thou on my Friendship may'st depend.
I know thy Fortune is but very scant,
But be assur'd, I'll ne'er see *Dick* in Want.
Dick's soon confin'd.—His Friend no Doubt wou'd free him:
He kept his Word. In Want he ne'er wou'd *see* him.

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CLXIV. To-

CLXIV.

To a Gentleman who had bound up some Pieces of SWIFT *and* POPE, *with one of* CIBBER's *Plays.*

SAY, Wretch, what Enmity, or Rage
Could thus provoke thee to profane
The pure inimitable Page
Of *Pope*, and our unrivall'd Dean.
Not *Phalaris* with tyrant Heart,
Cou'd half thy savage Glory claim:
He, only rack'd the mortal Part,
But thou attemp'ft to murder Fame.
Thy *Cibber*'s Labours thus to save,
Extremely elegant and nice is;
Like wise *Ægyptians*, from the Grave
Preserving Carcasses with Spices.
In this Position, be assur'd
He's more conspicuously undone;
For *Mercury*'s but more obscur'd,
By being plac'd too near the Sun.

CLXV.

TOWN Wenches, says *Trueman*, I've often been told,
Are venomous Things, like the Serpent of old.
Ay, says *Rakewell*, the Serpent all o'er them prevails,
His Deceit in their Heart, and his Sting in their Tails.

H.

CLXVI.

The happy Pair.

WHO says, my Lord and Lady disagree?
A Pair more like in all Things cannot be.
My Lord indeed will damn the Marriage Chain;
My Lady wishes it were loos'd again.
Ever with Rakes, my Lord is ne'er at home;
Ever engag'd my Lady likes his Room;
He swears his Boy is not his real Son;
My Lady thinks it is not all his own. He'll

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He'll have a ſep'rate Bed, 'tis her Deſire,
Sheets warm'd, Bed made, the ſmiling Pair retire;
The Cauſe tho' hidden yet the ſame their Want,
He ſends for Miſs, and ſhe for her Gallant.
If Union then makes bleſt the marriage Life,
The ſame the Huſband, and the ſame the Wife;
If in two Breaſts one Mind gives Joy ſincere,
What two more happy than this courtly Pair?

CLXVII.

From a modern Latin *Epigram.*

IF *Tarquin*'s Guilt, *Lucretia*, pleas'd thy Soul,
How could thy Blood waſh out a Stain ſo foul?
But, if by downright Force the Joy he had,
To die — on his Account, muſt prove you mad;
Then be thy Death no more the Matron's Pride;
You liv'd a Strumpet, or a Fool you dy'd.

CLXVIII.

COSMELIA's Charms inſpire my Lays,
Who fair in Nature's Scorn,
Blooms in the Winter of her Days,
Like *Glaſtonbury* Thorn.
Coſmelia, cruel at fourſcore,
Like Bards in modern plays,
Four Acts of Life paſs'd guiltleſs o'er,
And in the fifth ſhe ſlays.
If e'er impatient of the Bliſs
Into her Arms you fall,
The plaiſter'd Nymph returns the Kiſs,
Like *Thiſbe* thro' a Wall. JAMES MOORE SMITH.

CLXIX.

Imitation of CIBBER's *Stile and Manner.*

IF when at all, ſuppoſe I ſhou'd be ſo,
Without regarding either to or for;
Some, not in vain, together, blindly go,
Them, only them, however, I abhor.

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Not that becauſe, which ſome I know will ſay,
Indubitable Reaſons may be giv'n;
Yea, if bright *Phœbus* gilds the golden Day,
Our Thoughts aſcend inſenſibly to Heav'n!
If ought there be, who own, that is, if there
Be any, who will not this Truth deny,
None for *Parnaſſus'* Hill e'er bid ſo fair,
Or eaſier climb'd the ſteep Aſcent than I.

CLXX.

By a Gentleman in America.

WHEN *Pharaoh*'s Sins provok'd th' Almighty's Hand,
To pour his Wrath upon the guilty Land:
A tenfold Plague the Great Avenger ſhed;
The King offended and the Nation bled.
Hadſt thou, unaided, *Feria*, but been ſeat,
Vial elect for *Pharaoh*'s Puniſhment,
Thro' what a various Curſe the Wretch had run!
He more than Heav'n's ten Plagues had felt in one.

CLXXI.

By the ſame.

AS Sir *Toby* reel'd home, with his Skin full of Wine,
To his Houſe in the Square from his Friends at the Vine;
He ſnuff'd the freſh Air, and his Noddle turn'd round;
And he ſtagger'd, but gain'd not an Inch of his Ground.
Get home! quoth the Knight, why this never can do,
If, for one Step gain'd forward, I backward reel two!
I'll return to the *Vine*. — So as one may ſuppoſe,
Sir *Toby* intended to follow his Noſe.
But this retrograde Knight never alter'd his Pace,
And gaining ground backwards, found out the right Place:
The Sot's Mathematics at length did prevail,
And Sir *Toby* ſteer'd home by the Help of his Tail.

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CLXXII. Su-

CLXXII.

SUSANNA *and* LUCRETIA.

SUSANNA take *Lucretia*'s boaſted Place,
Superior Virtue claims ſuperior Pow'r;
The *Roman* cou'd not live with her Diſgrace,
The *Hebrew* greatly choſe to die before.
Yet to reward *Lucretia*'s firm Deſign,
Her bleeding Boſom ſet her Country free;
While Heav'n in juſter Recompence for thine,
Reſtor'd both Life and Fame entire to thee.

CLXXIII.

THE Temple's Veil is rent, the Day is gone;
A ſudden gen'ral Darkneſs hides the Sun:
Why Nature thus ſhou'd deviate from her Laws,
Philoſophers amaz'd explore the Cauſe.
Give o'er, weak Men; in vain your Skill ye try;
Nature muſt needs be ſick, when God can die.

CLXXIV.

I Heard laſt Week, Friend *Edward*, thou waſt dead.
I'm very glad to hear it too, cries *Ned*.

CLXXV.

NOT pleas'd with reaſonable mortal Bliſs,
The Dame wou'd prove how Gods conſeſt can kiſs;
'Midſt rattling Thunders, and pervading Fires,
Each Senſe o'er-pow'r'd the feeble Fair expires.
But had *Selinda* met the Thund'rer's Arms
With all her Force of Tongue, and Blaze of Charms,
So bright a Beauty, and ſo fierce a Sound,
Had daſh'd his Light'ning and his Thunders drown'd.

G. W.

CLXXVI.

A *Yorkſhire* Man! — and Oſtler ſtill!
Ere this you might have been,
Had you employ'd your native Skill,
Landlord, and kept the Inn.
Ah! Sir, quoth *John*, here 'twill ne'er do:
For, damn it! Meyſter's *Yerkſhire* too.

CLXXVII.

SUE thus had complain'd to young *Thomas* before,
I kick my own Ancles, and oft make 'em ſore!
When *Tom* took Occaſion one Day to intrude
So far, that in earneſt ſhe told him, 'twas rude;
Prithee, huſh, cry'd the Rogue; *Sukey*, be not faint-hearted:
All Things that are quarrelſome, Child, ſhou'd be parted.

J. BANKS.

CLXXVIII.

PERRAULT in *France*, like *Engliſh Ralph*, had long
Peſter'd the Town with unſucceſsful Song.
His Works deſpis'd no Patron wou'd protect;
And ſo, like *Ralph*, he turn'd an Architect.
But this the Diff'rence; one, a Man of Senſe,
Gave up the Art to which he'd no Pretence;
And finding what his Genius beſt became,
To that he ſtuck, and gain'd a laſting Fame:
Whilſt t'other, with his Head ſo foul and muddy,
Two noble Arts at once wou'd make his Study:
And, vainly thinking he excels in either,
Shews plainly to the World that he knows neither.

CLXXIX.

FRIEND *Iſaac*, 'tis ſtrange you that live ſo near *Bray*,
Shou'd not ſet up the Sign of the *Vicar*;
Tho' it may be an odd one, you cannot but ſay,
It muſt needs be a Sign of good Liquor.

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ANSWER.

ANSWER.

Indeed, Maſter *Poet*, your Reaſon's but poor,
For the Vicar would think it a Sin,
To ſtay, like a Booby, and lounge at the Door;
'Twere a Sign 'twas bad Liquor therein.

CLXXX.

On three beautiful Highland *Ladies.*

FROM *Scotiſh* Mountains hid in Clouds,
What heav'nly Forms deſcend!
No more, ye Maids of *Engliſh* Earth,
To Beauty's Crown pretend.
Forbear to boaſt your roſy Bloom,
A tranſitory Die:
Faint, near theſe Denizens of Air,
And Inmates of the Sky.
Nor ſtrange, their Beauty earlier dawns,
Far later knows Decay;
Who, when from Heav'n their Siſters fell,
Dropt only half the Way.

CLXXXI.

IN antient Times, when Honour bore the Bell,
And People bluſh'd not at their doing well:
Where cruſh'd, beneath triumphant Envy's Weight,
The Hand of Valour wore the Chain of State;
There did the daring Muſe devote her Rhymes,
And grateful Verſe condemn'd ungrateful Crimes.
But, in our more improv'd and bart'ring Days,
There's a Price current ſtamp'd on Poet's Praiſe.
The Workman ſtrikes but as his Labour's paid,
And Heroes riſe and fall, like Stocks in Trade.

CLXXXII.

The Huſband's Choice.

DICK's Wife was ſick, and pos'd the Doctors' Skill,
Who differ'd how to cure th' invet'rate Ill.

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Purging the one preſcrib'd: No, quoth the other,
That will do neither Good nor Harm, dear Brother;
Bleeding's the only Thing. — 'Twas quick reply'd,
That's certain Death. — But ſince we differ wide,
'Tis fit the Huſband chuſe by whom t' abide.
Iſe no great Skill, cries *Richard*, by the Rood!
But Iſe think *Bleeding*'s like to do moſt Good.

CLXXXIII.

By a Porter; on the Gin-Act. To a great Man.

WHY will you make us coolly think?
If you would govern, we muſt drink.

CLXXXIV.

*Miſs —— to Dr. * * * *, who courted her.*

WHEN *Daphne* o'er the Meadows fled,
To ſave her untouch'd Maidenhead,
And ſhun *Apollo*'s Suit:
The haughty Virgin did not fear
His certain Darts, nor ſcorn to hear
The Muſic of his Lute.
No. Something elſe muſt needs create
The Cauſe of ſuch a cruel Hate:
And this was her Condition;
She lik'd the God, as he was fair,
And of a bright immortal Air;
But hated the Phyſician.

* CLXXXV.

I Saw my *Chloris* that cœleſtial Wench,
Smoaking her Pipe upon an Ale-houſe Bench;
I preſs'd her to my Breaſt, ſhe belch'd and fatted;
I bade her kiſs my —ſe, and ſo we parted.

* *Some extraordinary nice Perſon may perhaps take Offence at this Epigram; which I muſt own pleaſes me much. In my next Edition* (favente populo) *I will expunge it, on Condition the Perſon ſo finding Fault will ſend me a better to inſert in the Room of it.* ——

CLXXXVI. *Seeing*

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CLXXXVI.

Seeing a Woman beat her Husband.

THE Rib, which *Adam* loft to form his Bride,
Sticks clofer now than ever to his Side.
In vain the facred Writ bade Woman bow,
Alas! his *Rib* is his *Rib-reafter* now.

CLXXXVII.

The D——fs of Richmond.

WHAT do Scholars, and Bards, and Aftronomers wife,
Mean by ftuffing our Heads with fuch Nonfenfe and Lies;
By telling us *Venus* muft always appear
In a Car, or a Shell, or a twinkling Star;
Drawn by Sparrows, or Swans, or Dolphins, or Doves,
Attended in Form by the Graces and Loves:
That Ambrofia, or Nectar is all fhe will tafte,
And her Paffport to Hearts is a Belt round her Waift?
Without all this Buftle I faw the bright Dame,
To Supper laft Night to P——y's fhe came
In a good warm Sedan; no fine open Car;
Two Chairmen her Doves, and a Flambeau her Star:
No Nectar fhe drank, no Ambrofia fhe eat;
Her Cup was plain Claret, a Chicken her Meat:
Nor wanted a Ceftus her Bofom to grace,
For *Richmond* that Ev'ning had lent her her Face. C.

CLXXXVIII.

GILES JOLT.

GILES Jolt as fleeping in his Cart he lay,
Some waggifh Pilf'rers ftole his Team away:
Giles wakes, and cries—What's here? Odfdickins! what!
Why how now? Am I *Giles*, or am I not?
If he, I've loft fix Geldings to my Smart;
If not — odfbuddikens I've found a Cart.

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CLXXXIX.

To AARON HILL, *Esquire.*

WHEN noble Thoughts with Language pure unite,
To give to kindred Excellence its Right,
Tho' unincumber'd with the Clogs of Rhime,
Where tinkling Sounds for Want of meaning chime,
Which like the Rock, in *Shannon*'s midway Courſe,
Divide the Senſe, and interrupt its Force:
Well may we judge ſo ſtrong and clear a Rill,
Flows higher from the Muſes' ſacred *Hill.*

S. RICHARDSON.

CXC.

To ZOILUS.

WITH Induſtry I ſpread your Praiſe,
With equal, you my Cenſure blaze;
But, faith! 'tis all in vain we do,
The World nor credits me nor you. JOSIAH RELPH.

CXCI.

AS married *Nell* was blythe with *James*,
In bolted *Nan*, and call'd her Names,
And ſwore — her Cuckold well ſhou'd cuff her.
James begg'd ſhe'd neither ſcold nor tell,
And tipt a Crown. Away! ſaid *Nell*,
For the ſame Price ſee what I ſuffer!
Nay, nay, quoth *Nan*, I'll not exact upon ye;
I'll do — as much as you may do for Money!
James, if he will, that Penance may direct me;
I ſcorn, God knows, a Neighbour ſhou'd ſuſpect me.

J. BANCKS.

CXCII. *Mr.*

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CXCII.

Mr. Carthy's *Apology for knocking a Printer's Teeth out.*

I Muſt confeſs that I was ſomewhat warm :
I broke his Teeth. But where's the mighty Harm ?
My Works, he ſaid, wou'd not afford him Meat;
And Teeth are uſeleſs, when there's Nought to eat.

T. SHERIDAN.

CXCIII.

ULYSSES's *Dog.*

WHEN wiſe *Ulyſſes* from his native Coaſt
Long kept by Wars, and long by Tempeſts, toſt,
Arriv'd at laſt, poor, old, diſguis'd, alone,
To all his Friends, and ev'n his Queen unknown :
Chang'd as he was, with Age, and Toils and Cares,
Furrow'd his rev'rend Face, and white his Hairs,
In his own Palace forc'd to aſk his Bread,
Scorn'd by thoſe Slaves his former Bounty fed,
Forgot of all his own domeſtic Crew ;
The faithful Dog alone his Maſter knew !
Unfed, unhous'd, neglected, on the Clay,
Like an old Servant now caſhier'd, he lay ;
And tho' e'en then expiring on the Plain,
Touch'd with Reſentment of ungrateful Man,
And longing to behold his antient Lord again.
Him when he ſaw — he roſe, and crawl'd to meet,
'Twas all he cou'd, and fawn'd and kiſt his Feet,
Seiz'd with dumb Joy : then falling by his Side,
Own'd his returning Lord, look'd up, and dy'd.

A. POPE.

CXCIV.

GREAT Wits do not live many Days :
So the old *Engliſh* Proverb ſays.
Vain then each ſoaring Bard's Endeavour ;
But thou, O Laureat ! live for ever.

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CXCV.

PHILIP of *Macedon*, for Fear,
That Grandeur shou'd his Mind trepan,
Each Morn was larum'd in the Ear,
Remember, Sir, you're but a *Man*.
Wou'd *Sam* of *Lynn* thus cure his Pride,
His Mama's Maid he might employ,
Each Morn to say at his Bed-side,
Remember, Sir, you're but a *Boy*.

CXCVI.

LORD *Feeble*, long the Butt of witty Scorn,
The dire Disgrace of Impotence had born;
At length his Consort's Waist began to swell,
Eager he flies the joyful News to tell;
Ye sland'rous Knaves, he cries, now ply your Jeers,
Or own your Satire impotent appears:
My Wife's with Child, ye Rogues, come own you're routed;
Why, answers one, — Who e'er your Lady doubted.

CXCVII.

POPE has true Genius, all his Work's declare;
Yet he's a wretched Poet — Witlings swear.
No Wonder — their Antipathy to Sense
Is but Self-love, and giv'n for Self-defence.
Fools love by Instinct, Blockheads herd together,
And Owls are pleas'd with all of their own Feather:
As *India*'s Sons in swarthy Forms delight,
And when they paint the Devil, paint him white:
Thrice happy *Pope!* since all assert thy Cause,
By Satire these, the rest by just Applause. S.

CXCVIII.

WHILE Bunters attending the Archbishop's Door,
Accosted each other with Cheat, Bitch, and Whore,

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I noted the Drabs, and conſid'ring the Place,
Concluded 'twas plain that they wanted *His Grace.*
Dean SWIFT.

CXCIX.

THIS World is a Priſon in ev'ry Reſpect,
Whoſe Walls are the Heav'ns in common:
The Gaoler is Sin, and the Priſoners Men,
And the Fetters are nothing but Women.

CC.

WHAT tho' the Dean hears not the Knell
Of the next Church's paſſing Bell;
What tho' the Thunder from a Cloud,
Or that from female Tongue more loud,
Alarm not: at the Drapier's Ear
Chink but *Wood's Halfpence*, and he'll hear.

CCI.

JOAN vows, (to hearten tim'rous Youth)
She ne'er ſaw Ghoſt, or Thing uncivil,
Worſe than herſelf — tho' once in Truth,
Joan does believe ſhe ſaw the Devil.

CCII.

On Dean SWIFT's *'endowing an Hoſpital for Lunatics.*

GREAT Wits to Madneſs always were ally'd:
This makes the Dean for Kindred thus provide.

CCIII.

SHE'D fain have *George* — and no one blame her can:
George won't have her, — and who can blame the Man?

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CCIV.

YOUR *Poll*, Sir Knight, with deep Concern you own,
To Mother Church is ſuch a Bigot grown,
That ſhe her Father viſits, tho' forbidden;
Ah! friend, I ſhrewdly fear thy Wife's *prieſt-ridden*.

CCV.

On the Foundation Stone of Houghton Hall *in* Norfolk.

THAT *Robert Walpole*, whom Poſterity
In lateſt Times ſhall mention with a Sigh,
Hath plac'd me the Foundation of a Pile,
To riſe ſtupendous in his native Soil.
Grant, Heav'n! he full of Days, and free from Guilt,
May long enjoy his *Hogen Houſe* when built.
May many a Peer ſucceed, and no Pretender
Force his Great-Grandſon's Grandſon to ſurrender.

CCVI.

SCOTLAND, thy Weather's like a modiſh Wife!
Thy Wind's and Rains, for ever are at Strife:
So, Termagant a while her Thunder tries,
And when ſhe can no longer ſcold — ſhe cries.

A. HILL.

CCVII.

AS *Jack* eat rotten Cheeſe, and cramm'd away,
Quoth he, like *Sampſon*, I my thouſands ſlay.
I vow, ſays *Roger*, ſo you do,
And with the ſelf-ſame Weapon too.

CCVIII.

MARRY late, my dear Friend: --- you may aſk me, what then?
Kill your Wife by a Quack, and ne'er marry again.

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CCIX.

On Mr. POPE's *Tranſlation of* Homer.

HAD *Pope* and *Homer* Countries chang'd, and Date,
So *Pope* had writ; ſo *Homer* wou'd tranſlate.

B. L.

CCX.

HONEST *Harry*'s alive! how d'ye know it? ſays *Ned*;
O! I'm perfectly ſure, for *Dick* ſaid he was dead.

CCXI.

WHILE *Corydon* with awkward Grace,
And downcaſt Modeſty of Face,
Accoſts the pert *Lycoris*;
She, who before was never coy,
With Pride inſults the baſhful Boy,
Nor heeds his loveſick Stories.
In vain his Friends oppoſe his Flame,
And tell him his diſdainful Dame
Is but a very Woman.
He ſwears ſhe is a Goddeſs bright;
And ſhe, to fit her Lover right,
Imagines he is no Man.

CCXII.

To a young Lady embroidering.

ARACHNE once, ill-fated Maid,
Daring *Minerva* to engage,
Her Form was chang'd, her Beauty fled,
She fell a Victim to her Rage.
Oh then! beware *Arachne*'s Fate,
Be prudent, fair one, and ſubmit,
For you'll more juſtly feel her Hate,
Who rival both her Art and Wit.

DAVID GARRICK.

CCXIII. *To*

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CCXIII.

To a Miſer.

WE by Religion, learn to know,
That Vanity's a Fault,
And ſhou'd avoid all public Show,
Of fondly boaſting ought.
Thou then art, ſure, 'bove others bleſt,
And haſt more Merit, too;
Whoſe Worth lay ſilent in thy Breaſt,
Where none its Value knew;
Till ſeiz'd, by Death, and laid to reſt,
Abroad thy Bounties flew. AARON HILL.

CCXIV.

AS Lamps burn ſilent with unconſcious Light,
So modeſt Eaſe in Beauty ſhines moſt bright:
Unaiming Charms, with Edge reſiſtleſs fall,
And ſhe, who means no Miſchief does it all.
By the ſame.

CCXV.

SUCH is th' attractive *Clio*'s magic Skill,
That once to ſee her, is to ſee her ſtill:
Such her ſoft Sounds, that their delightful Strain
Murmurs for ever in the ecchoing Brain!
Such her ſweet Looks, that from her piercing Eye,
Th' immortal Glance once ſhot, can never die.
Proud, the pleas'd Mem'ry ſtrong Impreſſion takes,
And, but in Death's dark Shade its Hold forſakes.
By the ſame.

CCXVI.

TAXES ran high: the *Britons* loud complain'd:
'Twas mov'd, that Luxury ſhou'd be reſtrain'd:
To lace our Coats was deem'd a mortal Sin;
We wear all Gold without, but none within:
The Lace you may allow us, (quoth Sir *John**)
We ſoon ſhall have no Coats to put it on.

* Sir *John Hind Cotton*.

CCXVII. *On*

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CCXVII.

On a Lady's ſhooting at a Deer.

SHE ſtrung the Bow, and to the Head
The little Arrow drew;
But yet howe'er thoſe Arrows fled,
No Bloodſhed did enſue.
Were my *Aurelia*'s angry Hand
Unerring as her Eyes,
How wou'd the fatal Shaft command
What now ſecurely flies?
Cou'd but the Nymph o'er Man and Beaſt
With equal Force preſide,
She'd lay the whole Creation waſte,
In Wantonneſs and Pride.
But Nature, providently wiſe,
Stopt ſhort as ſhe began;
And bid her, having arm'd her Eyes,
Content herſelf with Man.

CCXVIII.

To Mr. PITT *upon his Verſes on Nonſenſe.*

ON Nonſenſe ſo much Senſe beſtow'd,
The Subject overlaid:
The Sun thus falls upon a Cloud
And brightens up a Shade. M. ✱ ✱ ✱

CCXIX.

Marriage the End of Life.

TOM prais'd his Friend, who chang'd his State,
For binding faſt himſelf and *Kate*,
In Union ſo divine;
Wedlock's the *End of Life*, he cry'd,
Too true, alas! ſaid *Jack*, and ſigh'd,
'Twill be the End of mine. W.

CCXX. If,

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CCXX.

IF, ſave whoſe Charms with equal Splendor ſhine,
None ever thine muſt be: none ever muſt be thine.

CCXXI.

MY Miſtreſs I've loſt it is true;
But one Comfort attends the Diſaſter;
That had ſhe my Miſtreſs remain'd,
I cou'd not have call'd myſelf Maſter.

CCXXII.

On the Authors, in a certain ſilly Diſpute.

THE original Author, I wot,
Is a very vile Blockhead, God mend him!
To attack him a viler he's got,
And a viler than that to defend him.

CCXXIII.

NORWICH.

WHEN Heav'n provok'd by evil Deeds,
Turn'd *Eden* to a Scene of Weeds,
To puniſh *Adam*'s Guilt;
One Place which yet uncurs'd remain'd,
The Face of Paradiſe retain'd,
And there was *Norwich* built.
But Heav'n afraid the old Deceiver,
Satan, ſhou'd once again endeavour
By Artifice t' undo Man:
Out of its gracious Care, from hence
It rooted up the Tree of Senſe,
Nor left one tempting Woman.

The Editor does not know the Author of this Epigram, nor its Date, but to be ſure it muſt have been written many Years ago.

CCXXIV. Sir

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CCXXIV.

SIR *Charles* embroider'd ſneers my threadbare Veſt:
Sir *Charles!* 'tis paid for. Now where lies your
Jeſt?

CCXXV.

A Marriage Certificate.

UNDER this Hedge in ſtormy Weather,
I join'd this Whore and Rogue together:
And none but him who made the Thunder,
Can put this Whore and Rogue aſunder.

Dean SWIFT.

CCXXVI.

The K. of Pruſſia

KING, Warrior, Philoſopher, Author, Muſician,
Free Maſon, Œconomiſt, Bard, Politician;
If a Chriſtian, how happy would *Europe* have been!
If he'd been but a Man, how tranſported his Queen!

CCXXVII. Voltaire

The Union.

WHEN was there Contract better driv'n by Fate?
Or celebrated with more Truth of State?
The World the Temple was, the Prieſt a King,
The ſpouſed Pair two Realms, the Sea the Ring.

BEN JOHNSON.

CCXXVIII.

On a quondam Author in the Craftſman.

C—*KE* toils with Malice from a wretched Head,
To animate a Paper long ſince dead.
So ſilly Imps we're told their Pranks exhibit,
In ſome dead Body borrow'd from a Gibbet.

CCXXIX. Says

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CCXXIX.

SAYS the Captain still gay, tho' his Tryal was near,
To the Cook, a poor Culprit, " Chear up, never fear."
Says the Cook, " Like you, Captain, I'd put on gay
" Looks,
" If the Judge and the Jury to try me were Cooks."

CCXXX.

MILTON.

THREE Poets in three distant Ages born,
Greece, *Italy*, and *England* did adorn;
The first in Loftiness of Thought surpast;
The next in Majesty, in both the last.
The Force of Nature cou'd no farther go;
To make a third, she join'd the other two.

J. DRYDEN.

CCXXXI.

THAT Ignorance makes devout, if right the Notion,
Troth, *Rufus*, thou'rt a Man of great Devotion.

CCXXXII.

TOO curious, foolish Moth, forbear,
Approach not this alluring Light;
Back to thy dark Abode repair,
And ever be content with Night.
More of this worldly State of Things
Was ne'er design'd for thee to know:
That which to find thou ply'st thy Wings
Will prove a *Phaetontick* Woe.
Proud Man, like thee, ne'er satisfy'd
With Science his allotted Share,
Makes each false glimmering Ray his Guide,
And erring meets Destruction there.

Mr. K. of Farnham.

CCXXXIII. When

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CCXXXIII.

WHEN *Phœbus* was am'rous and long'd to be rude,
Miſs *Daphne* cry'd, Piſh! and ran ſwift to the Wood;
And rather than do ſuch a naughty Affair,
She became a fine Laurel to deck the God's Hair.
The Nymph was, no Doubt, of a cold Conſtitution,
For ſure to turn Tree was an odd Reſolution:
Yet in this ſhe behav'd like a true modern Spouſe,
For ſhe fled from his Arms to diſtinguiſh his Brows.

C. SMART.

CCXXXIV.

SIR, you are prudent, good, and wiſe:
I own, I thank you from my Heart,
And much approve what you adviſe;
But let me think — before I ſtart.
For Folks well able to diſcern,
Who know what 'tis to take a Wife,
Say, 'tis a Caſe of ſuch Concern,
A Man ſhou'd think on't — all his Life.

J. BANCKS.

CCXXXV.

AS to *Apelles Ammon*'s Son
Would only deign to ſit,
So to thy Pencil, *K—t*, alone
Shall *Brunſwick*'s Form ſubmit.
Equal your envy'd Honours, ſave
This Diff'rence ſtill we ſee:
One would no other *Painter* have,
No other would have *thee*.

CCXXXVI.

To a Lady.

'TIS the *Arabian* Bird alone
Lives chaſte, becauſe there is but one:
But had kind Nature made them too,
They wou'd like Doves and Sparrows do.

Earl of ROCHESTER.

CCXXXVII. 'Tis

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CCXXXVII.

'TIS from high Life high Characters are drawn;
A Saint in Crape is twice a Saint in Lawn;
A Judge is juſt; a Chanc'lor juſter ſtill;
A Gownman learn'd; a Biſhop, what you will;
Wiſe, if a Miniſter; but, if a King,
More wiſe, more learn'd, more juſt, more ev'ry thing.
Court Virtues bear, like Gems the higheſt Rate,
Born where Heav'n's Influence ſcarce can penetrate.
A. POPE, 1ſt Mor. Epiſt.

CCXXXVIII.

"I Give and I deviſe (old *Euclis* ſaid,
And ſigh'd) "My Lands and Tenements to *Ned*."
Your Money, Sir? "My Money, Sir? What all?
"Why, if I muſt (then wept) I give it *Paul*."
The Manor, Sir? "The Manor! hold, (he cry'd)
"Not that, --- I cannot part with that"--- and dy'd.
In the ſame Epiſtle.

CCXXXIX.

Human Life.

WHAT trifling Toil do we poor Mortals keep?
Wake, eat, and drink, evacuate and ſleep.
M. PRIOR.

CCXL.

FRANK, who will any Friend ſupply,
Lent me ten Guineas. --- Come, ſaid I,
Give me a Pen, it is but fair,
You take my Note: --- quoth he, Hold there;
Jack! to the Caſh I've bid Adieu;
No Need to waſte my Paper too. J. HACKETT.

CCXLI. *On*

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CCXLI.

On the Ducheſs of Marlbourough's *Offer of* 500 l. *for the beſt Poem on the Duke's Actions.*

FIVE hundred Pounds! too ſmall a Boon
To put the Poet's Muſe in Tune,
That Nothing might eſcape her;
Shou'd ſhe attempt th' heroic Story
Of the illuſtrious *Churchill*'s Glory,
It ſcarce wou'd buy the Payer.

CCXLII.

To Mr. WALLER,

WHEN into *Libya* the young *Grecian* came,
To talk with *Ammon* and conſult for Fame;
When from the ſacred Tripod where he ſtood,
The Prieſt inſpir'd ſaluted him a God;
Scarce ſuch a Joy the haughty Conqu'ror knew,
Thus own'd by Heav'n, as I, thus prais'd by you.
Whoe'er their Names can in thy Numbers ſhow,
Have more than Empire, and immortal grow;
Ages to come ſhall ſcorn the Pow'rs of old,
When in thy Verſe of greater Gods they're told;
Our beauteous Queen, and Royal *James*'s Name,
For *Jove* and *Juno* ſhall be plac'd by Fame;
Thy *Charles* for *Neptune* ſhall the Seas command,
And *Sacharissa* ſhall for *Venus* ſtand:
Greece ſhall no longer boaſt, nor antient *Rome*,
But think from *Britain* all the Gods did come.

Lord LANSDOWNE.

CCXLIII.

Inſcription for a Statue of Cupid.

WHOE'ER thou art, thy Lord and Maſter ſee,
Thou waſt my Slave, or art, or thou ſhalt be.

By the ſame.

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CCXLIV. *On*

CCXLIV.

On the Countess of D——*'s Mistress to* JAMES *the Second.*

TELL me, *Dorinda*, why so gay,
Why such Embroidery, Fringe, and Lace?
Can any Dresses find a Way
To stop th' Approaches of Decay,
And mend a ruin'd Face?
Wilt thou still still sparkle in the Box,
And ogle in the Ring?
Canst thou forget the Age, and Pox?
Can all that shines on Shells and Rocks
Make thee a fine young Thing?
So have I seen in Larder dark
Of Veal a lucid Loin,
Replete with many a glittering Spark,
As wise Philosophers remark,
At once both stink and shine. Earl of DORSET.

CCXLV.

SAYS *Pontius* in Rage, contradicting his Wife,
"You never yet told me one Truth in your Life."
Vext *Pentia* cou'd no Way this Thesis allow,
"You're a Cuckold," says she, "do I tell you Truth
"now?" M. PRIOR.

CCXLVI.

On the Death of the Czarina, Wife to Peter the Great.

THUS to the long-lov'd Partner of his Reign,
Spoke great *Alexiowits*, in Death's last Pain:
Now, be the World's vast Empire your's, alone.
She heard: reclaim'd his Breast, and scorn'd his Throne:
Glad to the Realms of Light, a Ghost, she flew,
Found her lost Lord, and charm'd him to her View.

O!

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O! check th' Amazement, in your Looks, she cry'd,
Nor blame th' impatient Haste, with which I dy'd.
Kind was your Truſt --- but when you ceas'd to ſhare,
You left the World you gave, beneath my Care.

A. Hill.

CCXLVII.

LET him, whoſe preſent Fortune gives him Pain,
Scorn the low vulgar Cuſtom, to complain;
All that with-holds his Wiſh, the brave will break,
Or ſilent bear thoſe Chains 'tis poor to ſhake.

By the ſame.

CCXLVIII.

To a Lady ſinging inwardly.

KINDLY ſuppreſs'd, your Voice rolls ſwift within;
And in ſlow Warblings holds its Tranſports in;
Yourſelf unpleas'd in giving others Pain,
The Tide of tuneful Miſchiefs you reſtrain:
So the fierce Beams which make all Nature bright,
Revolving inward check their long'd for Light:
Left, deluging the World with Seas of Fire,
We die beneath the Luſtre we deſire. By the ſame.

CCXLIX.

To Miſs M. *drawing.*

LET thy own ſelf the Tablet grace,
Herſelf alone my *Anna* ſhou'd deſign:
No Face is fit for ſuch a Hand,
No Hand for ſuch a lovely Face but thine.

J. Hackett.

CCL.

In Anſwer to an Invitation to a Wedding Supper.

JOB curs'd the Day that gave him Birth,
And introduc'd an Age of Grief:
And ſhall I ſpend the Night in Mirth,
That fix'd my Fate beyond Relief?

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Do not my firm Reſolve controul;
I ſhou'd your Harmony annoy:
For Pain wou'd rack my inmoſt Soul,
And I ſhou'd hate the Face of Joy.
Neglect and Scorn tho' I cou'd bear,
While yet for Hope you left me Room;
To hail the Date of my Deſpair,
Is worſe than *Tantalus* his Doom.
The State was dreadful, ſtill to ſee,
Yet never taſte the Fruit inclin'd:
But had ſome other pluck'd the Tree,
With doubled Grief the Wretch had pin'd.

CCLI.

SCOTLAND.

HAD *Cain* been *Scot* God wou'd have chang'd his Doom,
Nor forc'd him wander, but confin'd him home.

CLEVELAND.

CCLII.

WHILST Nature *H-rv-y*'s Clay was blending,
Uncertain what the Thing wou'd end in,
Whether a Female, or a Male,
A *Pin* dropt in and turn'd the Scale:

CCLIII.

IN vain does *Hymen* with religious Vows
Oblige his Slaves to wear his Chains with Eaſe;
A Privilege alone that Love allows,
'Tis Love alone can make our Fetters pleaſe.
The angry Tyrant lays his Yoke on all,
Yet in his fierceſt Rage is charming ſtill:
Officious *Hymen* comes whene'er we call,
But haughty Love comes only when he will.

Mrs. APHRA BEHN.

CCLIV. Pope

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CCLIV.

POPE *Quin*, who damns all Churches but his own,
Complains that Hereſy miſleads the Town,
That *Whitefield Garrick* does corrupt the Age,
And taints the ſound Religion of the Stage.
—Thou great Infallible! forbear to roar;
Thy Bulls and Errors are rever'd no more:
Where Doctrines meet with gen'ral Approbation,
It is not Hereſy, but Reformation.

CCLV.

WHEN *Chloe* I confeſs my Pain,
In gentle Words you Pity ſhow,
But gentle Words are all in vain,
Such Gales my Flame but higher blow.
Ah! *Chloe*, wou'd you cure the Smart,
Your conqu'ring Eyes have keenly made,
Yourſelf, upon my bleeding Heart,
Yourſelf, fair *Chloe*, muſt be laid.
Thus for the Viper's Sting we know,
No ſurer Remedy is found,
Than to apply the tort'ring Foe,
And ſqueeze his Venom on the Wound.

Dr. KENRICK.

CCLVI.

THUS to the Muſes ſpoke the *Cyprian* Dame;
Adorn my *Altars* and revere my Name:
My Son ſhall elſe aſſume his potent Darts,
Twang goes the Bow, my Girls, have at your Hearts.
The Muſes anſwer'd, --- *Venus* we deride,
The Vagrant's Malice, and his Mother's Pride.
Send him to Nymphs who ſleep in *Ida*'s Shade,
To the looſe Dance and wanton Maſquerade:
Our Thoughts are ſettled, and intent our Look,
On the inſtructive Verſe and moral Book;
On female Idleneſs his Pow'r relies,
But when he finds us ſtudying hard he flies.

M. PRIOR.

CCLVII.

WHEN *Willis* of *Ephraim* heard *Rocheſter* preach,
Thus *Bently* ſaid to him, I prythee, dear Brother,
How lik'ſt thou this Sermon? 'Tis out of my Reach —
His is one Way, ſaid *Willis*, and ours is another.
I care not for carping, but this I can tell,
We preach very ſadly if he preaches well.

By the ſame.

CCLVIII.

WHEN *Chriſt*, at *Cana*'s Feaſt, by Pow'r divine,
Inſpir'd cold Water with the Warmth of Wine,
See! cry'd they, while, in red'ning Tide, it guſh'd,
The baſhful Stream hath ſeen its God, and bluſh'd.

A. HILL.

CCLIX.

What is GOD?

HOLD! 'tis too much for Thought! decide no more:
But, in ſafe Silence awfully adore.
Loſt in th' immenſe Abyſs Man can but ſee,
That he who knows God right muſt firſt be He.

By the ſame.

CCLX.

To Mr. Weſt *at* Wickham.

FAIR Nature's ſweet Simplicity
With Elegance refin'd,
Well in thy Seat, my Friend, I ſee,
But better in thy Mind.
To both from Courts and all their State
Eager I fly, to prove
Joys far above a Courtier's Fate,
Tranquillity and Love. Sir G. LYTTELTON.

CCLXI. *Upon*

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CCLXI.

Upon the Buſts of the Engliſh *Worthies at* Stow.

AMONG theſe Chiefs of *Britiſh* Race,
Who live in breathing Stone,
Why has not *Cobham*'s Buſt a Place?
--- The Structure was his own. Mr. N---t.

CCLXII.

On a Lady.

THO' cheerful, diſcreet, and with Freedom well bred,
She never repented an idle Word ſaid;
Securely ſhe ſmiles on the Coward and Bold,
They feel what they owe her, and feel it untold.

CCLXIII.

CHISWICK.

THE potent Lord that this bright Villa plann'd,
Exhibits here a Paradiſe regain'd;
Whate'er of Verdure have Hills, Lawns, or Woods,
Whate'er of Splendor, Buildings, Flow'rs, or Floods,
Whate'er of Fruits the Trees, of Birds the Air,
In bliſsful Union are collected here:
All with ſuch Harmony diſpos'd, as ſhows,
That in the midſt the Tree of Knowledge grows.

CCLXIV.

VAIN Gallants, look on *Waller*, and deſpair:
He, only he may boaſt *the grand Receipt*;
Of fourſcore Years he never feels the Weight:
Still in his Element when with the Fair;
There gay and freſh drinks in the roſy Air:
There happy, he enjoys his Leiſure Hours;
Nor thinks of Winter while amidſt the Flow'rs. T. R.

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CCLXV.

Written in the Fables for the Female Sex.

WHILE here the Poet paints the Charms
Which bleſs the perfect Dame,
How unaffected Beauty warms,
And Wit preſerves the Flame;
How Prudence, Virtue, Senſe agree,
To form the happy Wife:
In *Lucy*, and her Book, I ſee,
The Picture and the Life.

DAVID GARRICK.

CCLXVI.

The Exception.

STANHOPE has gain'd one Branch of Fame,
To which I'll prove he has no Claim.
Say they: His Favours he extends
Without Regard to Wealth, or Friends:
Of ſuch diſintereſted Spirit,
Nothing prevails with him but Merit:
Nay, he'll diſpenſe with Merit too,
When modeſt Want can reach his View.
Meer Prejudice! 'tis plain to me
No Man takes ſweeter Bribes than he.
To clear this Point from any Doubt,
A Parallel ſhall help me out.
The noble *Fulvia* ſpurns at Gain:
Freely ſhe heals her Lover's Pain:
But, ſurely, you'll allow me this,
That, when ſhe grants, ſhe ſhares the Bliſs.
So *Stanhope*, in each gen'rous Action,
Reaps more than half the Satisfaction.

CCLXVII.

THE Engrave Sir *Gilbert* holds it for a Rule
That ev'ry Man in Want is Knave or Fool:
God cannot love (ſays *Blunt*, with tearleſs Eyes)
The Wretch he ſtarves, and piouſly denies:

But

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But the good Biſhop with a meeker Air,
Admits, and leaves them, Providence's Care.
A. POPE, Mor. Epiſt. III.

CCLXVIII.

GREAT *Villers'* Fate ſage *Cutler* con'd foreſee,
And well he thought adviſ'd him—"Live like
"me."
As well his *Grace* reply'd, "Like you, Sir *John?*"
"That I can do, when all I have is gone."
In the ſame.

CCLXIX.

The Dutcheſs of St. ALBAN'S.

THE Line of *Veere* ſo long renown'd in Arms,
Concludes with Luſtre in *St. Alban's* Charms:
Her conqu'ring Eyes have made their Race compleat;
They roſe in Valour, and in Beauty ſet.
Lord HALIFAX.

CCLXX.

On the Venus de Medicis.

THE Trunk to great *Praxiteles* we owe,
The Head to the great *Michael Angelo*:
Each brought his Part to perfect the Deſign;
When join'd, O *Angelo!* the Work is thine!
Viewing the Trunk we curſe relentleſs Time;
But when we view the Head, forgive the Crime.

CCLXXI.

NATURE ſtamps Shame in ev'ry Heart,
Which ſerves inſtead of Grace;
And if you drive it from that Part,
It flies into the Face.

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CCLXXII.

To a Friend who wondered Mr. S—n *would publiſh his* Virgil.

THAT he'd *publiſh* his Stuff, ſure you never cou'd doubt;
Why you know the old Saw—Murder always will out.

J. HACKETT.

CCLXXIII.

To a Lady.

IF fixt on yours, my Eyes in Pray'r you ſee,
You muſt not call my Zeal Idolatry!
For ſince our Maker's Throne is plac'd ſo high,
That only in his Works the God we ſpy:
And what's moſt bright moſt gives him to our View,
I look moſt near him, when I look on you. A. HILL.

CCLXXIV.

On the Lottery, in 1740.

THIS Lottery can never thrive,
Was *Gideon* heard to ſay,
For who but Fools will ever give
Fifteen *per Cent.* to play.
A Sage, with his accuſtom'd Grin
Reply'd, I'll ſtake my Doom;
That if but half the Fools come in
The wiſe will find no Room.

CCLXXV.

GIVE me a Girl, if one I needs muſt meet,
Or in her nuptial, or her Winding-ſheet;
I know but two good Hours that Women have,
One in the Bed, another in the Grave.
Thus of the whole Sex all I would deſire,
Is to enjoy their Aſhes or their Fire.

W. CARTWRIGHT.

CCLXXVI. *Peter*

CCLXXVI.

PETER complains that God has given
To his poor Babe a Life ſo ſhort:
Conſider, *Peter*, he's in Heaven,
'Tis good to have a Friend at Court. Dean SWIFT.

CCLXXVII.

LORD *Pam* in the Church (cou'd you think it?)
kneel'd down;
But when told the Lieutenant was juſt come to Town,
His Station deſpiſing, unaw'd by the Place,
He flies from his God to attend on his Grace:
To the Court it was fitter to pay his Devotion,
Since God had no Hand in his Lordſhip's Promotion.
By the ſame.

CCLXXVIII.

To a Spider making its Web upon a Statue of Minerva.

ARACHNE, dar'ſt thou place thy Loom
Between thoſe chaſte immortal Thighs,
Where none of human Race might come,
Or more prevailing Deities?
E'en in the Quarters of thy Foe?
Is ſhe no better known than this?
Away, or thou mayſt undergo
Some heavier Metamorphoſis.
Or ſhou'd ſhe in her Wiſdom find,
To pour a Deluge from before,
Or blow a Tempeſt from behind,
Thou, and thy Labours, were no more.
HILD. JACOB.

CCLXXIX.

O Love! what Pains do I endure?
Have Patience, Swain, they'll ſoon be paſt:
Your very Paſſion brings its Cure,
For all Philoſophers aſſure,
Nothing that's violent, can laſt.
By the ſame.

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CCLXXX.

WE read of Kings, and Gods, that kindly took
A Pitcher fill'd with Water from the Brook:
But I have daily tender'd without Thanks
Rivers of Tears that overflow their Banks,
A slaughter'd Bull will appease angry *Jove*;
A Horse, the *Sun*; a Lamb, *the God of Love*:
But she disdains the spotless Sacrifice
Of a pure Heart that at her Altar lies.
The Goddess *Vesta*'s pleas'd, if her chaste Urn
Do with repaired Fuel ever burn;
My Goddess frowns, tho' to her honour'd Name
I consecrate a never dying Flame.
Th' *Assyrian* King did none i' th' Furnace throw,
But those that to his Image did not bow:
With bended Knees I daily worship her,
Yet she consumes her own Idolater.
Of such a Goddess no Time leaves Record,
That burnt the Temple where she was ador'd.

T. Carew.

CCLXXXI.

The Giant angling.

HIS Angle Rod made of a sturdy Oak,
His Line a Cable which in Storms ne'er broke,
His Hook he baited with a Dragon's Tail,
And sat upon a Rock, and bobb'd for Whale.

CCLXXXII.

CORNO in deep Repentance lately swore,
He'd shun the Sight of Bawdy-house and Whore.
What *Corno* meant, his Wife is much to seek;
But owns, he has not been at home this Week.

J. Bancks.

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CCLXXXIII.

On joſtling a Lady in ſnowy Weather.

FORGIVE me, *Chloris!* nor my Rudeneſs blame,
Strange as it is, this Froſt has bred a Flame!
Driv'n from your Breaſt, I glow, with new Deſire,
And melt like ſtraggling Snow, that falls on Fire.
Had you been black you might have ſhunn'd this Blow;
For diff'rent Colours won'd each other ſhow;
But, ah! you're fair, and cold, and ſoft, and ev'ry Way like Snow.

A. Hill.

CCLXXXIV.

The Laureat.

WELL, ſaid *Apollo*, ſtill 'tis mine
To give the real Laurel:
For that my *Pope*, my Son divine,
Of Rivals ends the Quarrel.
But gueſſing who wou'd have the Luck
To be the Birth-Day Fibber;
I thought of *Dennis*, *Tibbald*, *Duck*,
But never dreamt of *Cibber*.

CCLXXXV.

The Lover's Legacy.

UNHAPPY *Strephon*, dead and cold,
His Heart was from his Boſom rent,
Embalm'd, and in a Box of Gold,
To his beloved *Kitty* ſent.
Some Ladies might perhaps have fainted,
But *Kitty* ſmil'd upon the Bauble;
A Pin-cuſhion, ſaid ſhe, I wanted,
Go put it on the dreſſing Table.

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CCLXXXVI.

To Mr. ——

LYE on! while my Revenge ſhall be
To ſpeak the very Truth of thee. Mr. N—t.

CCLXXXVII.

From the Greek *of* Menage.

WHEN thro' the Woods the *Paphian* Goddeſs ran,
And *cry'd* the Fugitive, her darling Son;
A Kiſs was the Reward to be beſtow'd,
More ſweet than Nectar, or ambroſial Food.
Your Son, your Fugitive, I cry'd, is here,
Within my Breaſt is hid the Wanderer:
Give me, bright Goddeſs, give the charming Kiſs;
Or bid *Maria*, and improve the Bliſs.

CCLXXXVIII.

SINCE firſt you knew my am'rous Smart,
Each Day augments your proud Diſdain;
'Twas then enough to break my Heart,
And now, thank Heav'n, to break my Chain:
Ceaſe, thou Scorner, ceaſe to ſhun me;
Now let Love and Hatred ceaſe!
Half that Rigour had undone me;
All that Rigour gives me Peace. Mr. N—t.

CCLXXXIX.

The Wonder.

MY Heart ſtill hov'ring round about you,
I thought I cou'd not live without you;
Now we have liv'd three Months aſunder,
How I liv'd with you is the Wonder. By the ſame.

CCXC. *Timon*

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CCXC.

TIMON, chagrin'd, and ſick of Life,
To mend the Matter, takes a Wife.
Things ſtill go worſe: to eaſe his Pain,
Kind Heaven took his Spouſe again.
Unhappy yet: he keeps a Miſs:
But ſtill no better pleas'd with this.
Court next, and Camp in vain he tries;
With like Succeſs o'er *Europe* flies;
Marries once more. At length, reſign'd,
Finds out — the Evil's in his Mind. H. JACOB.

CCXCI.

DETESTED Plague of human Race,
Who Nature's faireſt Works deface,
And your malicious Rage diſcloſe
On *Strephon*'s Shins, or *Phœbe*'s Noſe!
To viſit my inconſtant Fair,
In Pity to her Youth forbear;
Tho' thrice five Years ſhe cannot count,
To five Times three her Lovers mount. By the ſame.

CCXCII.

GERON at Fourſcore marry'd! 'tis too late.
No: but he wants an Heir to his Eſtate.
By the ſame.

CCXCIII.

On Marc Angelo's *famous Piece of the Crucifixion, who ſtabb'd a Perſon, that he might do it more naturally.*

WHILST his Redeemer on the Canvas dies,
Stabb'd at his Feet his Brother welt'ring lies:
The daring Artiſt, cruelly ſerene,
Views the pale Cheek, and the diſtorted Mien;
He drains off Life by Drops, and deaf to Cries,
Examines ev'ry Spirit as it flies,

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He ſtudies Torment, dives in mortal Woe,
To rouze up ev'ry Pang repeats the Blow;
Each riſing Agony, each dreadful Grace,
Yet warm tranſplanting to his Saviour's Face.
Oh! glorious Theft! O! nobly wicked Draught!
With its full Charge of Death each Feature fraught!
Such wond'rous Force the Magic Colours boaſt,
From his own Skill he ſtarts in Horror loſt.

Dr. Young.

CCXCIV.

On the Death of a Lady's Cat.

AND is Miſs *Tabby* from the World retir'd?
And are her Lives, all her nine Lives expir'd?
What Sounds ſo moving as her own, can tell
How *Tabby* dy'd, how full of Play ſhe fell!
Begin, ye tuneful nine, a mournful Strife
And ev'ry Muſe ſhall celebrate a Life.

Will. Harrison.

CCXCV.

Miſs Biddy Floyd.

WHEN *Cupid* did his Grandſire *Jove* intreat,
To form ſome Beauty by a new Receipt,
Jove ſent and found fit in a Country Scene,
Truth, Innocence, Good-nature, Looks ſerene,
From which Ingredients firſt, the dextrous Boy
Pick'd the demure, the awkward, and the coy:
The Graces from the Court did next provide
Breeding, and Wit, and Air, and decent Pride,
Theſe *Venus* clean'd from ev'ry ſpurious Grain
Of nice, coquet, affected, pert, and vain.
Jove mixt up all, and his beſt Clay employ'd,
Then call'd the happy Compoſition, *Floyd*.

Dean Swift.

CCXCVI. *The*

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CCXCVI.

The Catholick.

I Hold as Faith
What *Rome*'s Church
saith
Where the King's Head
The Flock's misled
Where th' Altar's dreſt
The People's bleſt
He's but an Aſs
Who ſhuns the Maſs

What *England*'s Church allows,
My Conſcience diſavows:
That Church can have no
Shame
That holds the Pope ſupreme:
There's Service ſcarce divine,
With Table, Bread, and
Wine;
Who the Communion flies,
Is Catholic and wiſe.

CCXCVII.

On Echard's *and Biſhop* Burnet's *Hiſtories.*

GIL's Hiſtory appears to me
Political Anatomy,
A Caſe of Skeletons well done,
And Malefactors every one.
His ſharp and ſtrong Inciſion Pen
Hiſtorically cuts up Men,
And does with lucid Skill impart
Their inward Ails of Head and Heart.
Laurence proceeds another Way,
And well-dreſs'd Figures does diſplay:
His Characters are all in Fleſh,
Their Hands are fair, their Faces freſh;
And from his ſweet'ning Art derive
A better Scent, than when alive;
He Wax work made to pleaſe the Sons,
Whoſe Fathers were *Gil*'s Skeletons.

MATTHEW GREEN.

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CCXCVIII.

A Receipt for Courtſhip.

TWO or three Dears, and two or three Sweets;
Two or three Balls, and two or three Treats;
Two or three Serenades given as a Lure;
Two or three Oaths how much they endure;
Two or three Meſſages ſent in one Day;
Two or three Times led out from the Play;
Two or three ſoft Speeches made by the Way;
Two or three Tickets for two or three Times;
Two or three Love-Letters writ all in Rhimes;
Two or three Months keeping ſtrict to theſe Rules
Can never fail making a Couple of Fools.

Dean SWIFT.

CCXCIX.

The following Lines were wrote upon a very old Glaſs of Sir ARTHUR ACHESON'S.

FRAIL Glaſs, thou mortal art, as well as I,
Tho' none can tell which of us firſt ſhall die.

Anſwered.

WE both are mortal; but thou, frailer Creature,
Mayſt die like me by Chance, but not by Nature.

Dean SWIFT.

CCC.

YOUR homely Face, *Flippanta*, you diſguiſe
With Patches, numerous as *Argus'* Eyes;
I own that Patching's requiſite for you,
For more we're pleas'd the leſs your Face we view:
Yet I adviſe, ſince my Advice you aſk,
Wear but one Patch, and be that Patch a Maſk.

CCCI.

IF *Febria*'s Judgment you rely on,
Enraptur'd *Febria*'s ſure to tell ye,
That neither *Orpheus*, nor *Amphion*,
Cou'd charm like warbling *Reginelli*.

But

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But if Effects moſt wond'rous prove,
A Title to the greateſt Fame;
Theſe old Muſicians Stones cou'd move;
Can *Reginelli* do the ſame?

CCCII.

The Connoiſſeur.

HE long has been a *Man of Taſte* compleat:
Wou'd that he now had ſomething left to *eat*.

CCCIII.

On the upright Judge who condemned the DRAPIER's *Printer.*

THE Church I hate, and with good Reaſon:
For there my Grandſire cut his Weaſon:
He cut his Weaſon at the Altar;
I keep my Gullet for the Halter. Dean SWIFT.

On the ſame.

IN Church your Grandſire cut his Throat;
To do the Jobb too long he tarry'd,
He ſhou'd have had my hearty Vote,
T' have cut his Throat before he marry'd.
By the ſame.

CCCIV.

Quilca, *an old Country Houſe.*

LET me thy Properties explain,
A rotten Cabin, dropping Rain;
Chimnies with Scorn rejecting Smoak;
Stools, Tables, Chairs, and Bedſteds broke:
Here Elements have loſt their Uſes,
Air ripens Nought, Nought Earth produces:
In vain we make poor *Sheelah* toil,
Fire will not roaſt, nor Water boil.
Thro' all the Valleys, Hills, and Plains,
The Goddeſs Want in Triumph reigns;

And

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And her chief Officers of State
Sloth, Dirt, and Theft around her wait. By the fame.

CCCV.

WHEN *Phœbus* and the nine harmonious Maids,
Of old assembled in the *Thespian* Shades;
What Theme, they cry'd, what high immortal Air,
Befit these Harps to sound, and thee to hear!
Reply'd the God; your loftiest Notes employ,
To sing young *Peleus*, and the Fall of *Troy*.
The wond'rous Song with Rapture they rehearse;
Then ask who wrought that Miracle of Verse?
He answer'd with a Frown; I now reveal
A Truth, that Envy bids me not conceal;
Retiring frequent to this Laureat Vale,
I warbled to the Lyre that fav'rite Tale;
Which, unobserv'd, a wand'ring Greek and blind,
Heard me repeat, and treasur'd in his Mind;
And fir'd with Thirst of more than mortal Praise,
From me, the God of Wit, usurp'd the Bays.
But let vain *Greece* indulge her growing Fame,
Proud with cœlestial Spoils to grace her Name;
Yet when my Arts shall triumph in the West,
And *the white Isle* with female Pow'r is blest;
Fame, I foresee, will make Reprisals there,
And the Translator's Palm to me transfer:
With less Regret my Claim I now decline,
The World will think his *English Iliad* mine.

ELIJAH FENTON.

CCCVI.

Inscription for a Bust of Lady Suffolk, *in a Wood.*

HER Wit and Beauty for a Court was made,
Her Truth and Goodness fit her for a Shade.

CCCVII.

I Dreamt that bury'd in my native Clay,
Close by a common Beggar's Side I lay;

And,

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And, as ſo mean an Object ſhock'd my Pride,
Thus, like a Corpſe of Quality, I cry'd —
Scoundrel! be gone; and henceforth touch me not,
More Manners learn, and at a Diſtance rot.
How — Scoundrel! with a haughtier Tone, cry'd he,
Proud Lump of Earth! I ſcorn thy Words, and thee.
For all are equal now — thy Caſe is mine —
This is thy rotting Place — and that is thine.

CCCVIII.

The Eſſays on Man.

THE fam'd *Eſſays on Man* in this agree,
That ſo Things are, and therefore ſo ſhou'd be:
The Proof inverted wou'd be ſtronger far;
So they ſhou'd be, and therefore ſo they are. G. J.

CCCIX.

WELL you *Sincerity* diſplay,
A Virtue wond'rous rare!
Nor value, tho' the World ſhou'd ſay,
You're *rude*, ſo you're *ſincere*.
To be *ſincere* then, give *me* Leave;
And I will frankly own,
Since you but this one Virtue have,
'Twere better you had *none*. Mrs. BARBER.

CCCX.

AT each Girl tight and freſh,
I've the Luſt of the Fleſh,
This Crime thy Friend *Timothy* owns;
But, *Jack*, is not thine
More atrocious than mine,
Since thou haſt the Luſt of the Bones?

CCCXI.

THRASO picks Quarrels when he's drunk at Night,
When ſober in the Morning dares not fight:

Thraſo

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Thraſo to ſhun thoſe Ills that may enſue,
Drink not at Night, or drink at Morning too.

W. WALSH.

CCCXII.

Engraven on a Column in the Church of Halſtead *in* Eſſex, *the Spire of which, burnt down by Lightning, was rebuilt at the Expence of Mr.* Samuel Firke, 1717.

VIEW not this Spire by Meaſure giv'n
To Buildings rais'd by common Hands;
That Fabric riſes high as Heav'n,
Whoſe Baſis on Devotion ſtands.
While yet we draw this vital Breath,
We can our Faith and Hope declare:
But Charity beyond our Death
Will ever in our Works appear.
Bleſt be he call'd amongſt good Men,
Who to his God this Column rais'd:
Tho' Lightning ſtrike the Dome again,
The Man, who built it, ſhall be prais'd.
Yet Spires and Tow'rs in Duſt ſhall lie,
The weak Efforts of human Pains:
And Faith and Hope themſelves ſhall die,
While deathleſs Charity remains. M. PRIOR.

CCCXIII.

A Diſtich written under the Sign of the King's Head *and* Bell *in* Dublin, *at the Hoſt's Requeſt.*

MAY the King live long,
Dong ding, Ding dong. Dean SWIFT.

CCCXIV.

PAULA, thou fain wouldſt marry me,
Now thou art old and tough;
I cannot; yet I'd venture thee,
Wert thou but old enough.

CCCXV. Fair

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CCCXV.

FAIR half blind Boy, born of an half blind Mother,
Equall'd by none, but by the one the other.
Lend her thine Eye, ſweet Boy; and ſhe ſhall prove
The Queen of Beauty, thou the God of Love.

CCCXVI.

NO Arguments cou'd *Polly* move,
With ſtrong Reluctance ſtill ſhe ſtrove,
Her lovely Hand to hide;
The Caſe is plain ſhe was afraid,
That plac'd in View it might be ſaid,
'Twas by her Hand they dy'd.

CCCXVII.

To Mr. ADDISON, *on his Tragedy of* Cato.

THE Mind to Virtue is by Verſe ſubdu'd,
And the true Poet is a public Good.
This *Britain* feels; while by your Lines inſpir'd,
Her freeborn Sons to glorious Thoughts are fir'd.
In *Rome* had you eſpous'd the vanquiſh'd Cauſe,
Enflam'd her Senate, and upheld her Laws,
Your manly Scenes had Liberty reſtor'd,
And giv'n the juſt Succeſs to *Cato*'s Sword.
O'er *Cæſar*'s Arms your Genius had prevail'd;
And the Muſe triumph'd, where the Patriot fail'd.

CCCXVIII.

Home News to a Politician.

GREAT Friend to *Kouli Kan!* of *Britain*'s Right
Thou ſole Support! where ſupp'd your Wife laſt
Night?

CCCXIX. *An*

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CCCXIX.

An Evening in Town.

WHY ſhine theſe Lights? Theſe Chariots roll ſo briſk?
What makes this dreadful Din? — *A Game at Whiſk.*

CCCXX.

TO *M*'s Couch and Six! — Whither in ſuch Haſte going?
But a ſhort Journey — To his own Undoing.

CCCXXI.

WHEN fam'd *Apelles* ſought to frame
Some Image of th' *Idalian* Dame,
To furniſh Graces for the Piece,
He ſummon'd all the Nymphs of *Greece*:
So many Mortals were combin'd,
To ſhew how one Immortal ſhin'd.
Had *Hyde* thus ſat by Proxy too,
As *Venus* then was ſaid to do,
Venus herſelf, and all the Train
Of Goddeſſes had ſummon'd been;
The Painter muſt have ſearch'd the Skies,
To match the Luſtre of her Eyes.
Comparing then, while thus we view
The *antient Venus*, and the *new*;
In her we many Mortals ſee,
As many Goddeſſes in thee. Lord LANSDOWNE.

CCCXXII.

Written on a broken Pane of Glaſs in a Church Window.

THE Church and Clergy here, no Doubt,
Are very much a-kin;
Both weather-beaten are without;
And empty both within. Dean SWIFT.

CCCXXIII. *Ovid.*

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CCCXXIII.

OVID, who bade the Ladies laugh,
Spoke only to the young and fair:
For thee his Council were not safe,
Who of sound Teeth hast scarce a Pair:
If you your Glass, or me believe,
Shun Mirth, as Foplings do the Wind:
At *Vanbrugh*'s Plays affect to grieve:
And let thy Eyes alone be kind.
Speak not, tho' twere to give Consent;
For he that sees those rotten Bones,
Will dread their monumental Scent,
And fly thy Sighs like dying Groans.
If thou art wise, see dismal Plays,
And to sad Stories lend thine Ear:
With the afflicted spend thy Days,
And laugh not above once a Year.

Sir CHARLES SEDLEY.

CCCXXIV.

Jealousy.

TO *Bedlam* with him: is he sound in Mind,
Who still is seeking what he wou'd not find?

CCCXXV.

Written on the Door of the H—— of C—m-m---ns.

GOLD rules within, and reigns without these Doors,
Makes Men take Places, and poor Maids turn Whores.
Her blooming Virtue's sold, his Trust's betray'd,
Debauch'd the Member falls, alike the Maid.
Each pleads Excuse, tho' Profit each does move,
His is the Monarch's Service, her's is Love.
The World sees thro' the Sham in which both join,
He votes for Int'rest, as she yields for Coin.

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CCCXXVI.

I Owe, ſays *Thomas*, much to *Peter*'s Care;
Once only ſeen, he choſe me for his Heir:
True, *Thomas*; hence your Fortunes take their Riſe;
His Heir you were not, had he ſeen you twice.

LEONARD WELSTED.

CCCXXVII.

CHARLES keeps a Secret well, or I'm deceiv'd:
For Nothing *Charles* can ſay will be believ'd.

CCCXXVIII.

On a young Gentleman of ------ College, Oxon.

OXFORD, for all thy Fops and Smarts
Let this prodigious Youth attone,
Whilſt others friſk and dreſs at Hearts,
He makes thy better Part his own.
Yet ſmall Addition canſt thou give,
Nature gave all her Wealth before;
How little can this Son receive!
How great already is his Store.
Others advance by ſlow Degrees,
Long, long they feed before they taſte;
Their Letters but with Years increaſe,
And good Digeſtion comes the laſt.
But his vaſt Mind compleatly form'd,
Was throughly finiſh'd when begun,
So all the World at once was warm'd
On the great Birthday of the Sun. Mrs. MANLEY.

CCCXXIX.

NO Cauſe nor Client fat will *Chev'rill* leeſe,
But as they come on both Sides he takes Fees.
And pleaſeth both. For while he melts his Greaſe
For this: that wins, for whom he holds his Peace.

BEN JOHNSON.

CCCXXX. *Phillis*,

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CCCXXX.

PHILLIS, you boaſt of perfect Health in vain,
And laugh at thoſe who of their Ills complain:
That with a frequent Fever *Cloe* burns,
And *Stella*'s Plumpneſs into Dropſy turns.
O! *Phillis!* while the Patients are nineteen,
Little, alas! are their Diſtempers ſeen.
But thou for all thy ſeeming Health art ill,
Beyond thy Lover's Hopes, or *Blackmore*'s Skill:
No Medicines can thy Diſeaſe aſſwage,
I tell thee, 'tis incurable — 'tis Age. M. PRIOR.

CCCXXXI.

To * * * *

THO' teaching thy peculiar Bus'neſs be,
Learn this one Leſſon, Schoolmaſter, of me;
Where good Senſe fails, the beſt Deſcription's vile;
And a rough Verſe the nobleſt Thoughts will ſpoil.
Think it not Genius to know how to ſcan,
Nor great to ſhew a Monſter for a Man:
Wound not the Ear with ill-turn'd Proſe in Rhime,
Nor miſtake furious Fuſtian for ſublime:
Believe this Truth, and thy vain Tumbling quit:
What is not Reaſon, never can be Wit.
From the Boy's Hand, take *Horace* into thine,
And thy rude Satyrs by his Rules refine.
See thy groſs Faults in *Boyleau*'s faithful Glaſs,
And get the Senſe to know thyſelf an Aſs.

CCCXXXII.

To Mrs. DUNCH.

O *Dunch!* if fewer with thy Charms are fir'd,
Then when by *Godfrey*'s Name thou waſt admir'd,
'Tis not that Marriage makes thee ſeem leſs fair,
But then we hop'd, and now we muſt deſpair. Dr. B.

CCCXXXIII. *From*

CCCXXXIII.

From the Greek.

WHEN hungry Wolves had treſpaſs'd on the Fold,
And the robb'd Shepherd his ſad Story told;
Call in *Alcides*, ſaid a crafty Prieſt,
Give him one half, and he'll ſecure the reſt:
No, ſaid the Shepherd, if the Fates decree,
By ravaging my Flock to ruin me:
To their Commands I willingly reſign,
Pow'r is their Character, and Patience mine:
For troth, to me there ſeems but little Odds,
Who prove the greateſt Robbers, Wolves or Gods.

M. PRIOR.

CCCXXXIV.

POOR *Hal* caught his Death ſtanding under a Spout,
Expecting till Midnight when *Nan* wou'd come out:
But fatal his Patience, as cruel the Dame,
And curs'd was the Weather that quench'd the Man's Flame.
"Whoe'er thou art that reads theſe moral Lines,
"Make Love at home, and go to Bed betimes."

By the ſame.

CCCXXXV.

OF all the Torments, all the Cares,
With which our Lives are curſt:
Of all the Plagues a Lover bears,
Sure Rivals are the worſt!
By Partners, in each other Kind,
Afflictions lighter grow,
In Love alone we hate to find
Companions of our Woe.
Sylvia, for all the Pangs you ſee,
Are lab'ring in my Breaſt;
I beg not you wou'd favour me,
Wou'd you but ſlight the reſt!

How

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How great ſoe'er your Rigours are,
With them alone I'll cope;
I can endure my own Deſpair,
But not another's Hope.

CCCXXXVI.

WHY all this Stir at *Myra*'s Houſe?
She took laſt Night a ſecond Spouſe.
Then why that Hatchment, Friend, I pray?
Her firſt was bury'd Yeſterday. HILD. JACOB.

CCCXXXVII.

'TIS ſtrange, *Prudilla*, you accuſe
Of too much Warmth my wanton Muſe,
When you read on with all your Might,
And practiſe what I only write. By the ſame.

CCCXXXVIII.

TAR with Beau *Fopling* caught his Wife:
He ſcream'd, and fled; ſhe begg'd for Life.
Tar ſaw Contrition in her Eyes,
And thus the good blunt Sailor cries.
Spouſe, the firſt Fault we may forgive;
But ne'er repeat it while you live. By the ſame.

CCCXXXIX.

To a Painter upon his drawing a Lady's Picture.

SO fair a Semblance of ſo fair a Face,
What Hand but thine ſucceſsfully cou'd trace?
To blended Colours ſo much Beauty give,
As might a Lover's careful Eyes deceive.
On the dark Canvaſs ſee *Miranda* riſe,
Whilſt ev'ry Senſe confeſſes its Surprize:
So beauteous *Cynthia* darts a radiant Light
Thro' gloomy Clouds, and gilds the ſable Night.

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CCCXL.

On one of the Windows in Nottingham *Caſtle.*

YE Heavens! if Innocence deſerves your Care,
Why have ye made it fatal to be fair?
Baſe Man the Ruin of our Sex was born,
The beauteous are his Prey, the reſt his Scorn;
Alike unfortunate, our Fate is ſuch,
We pleaſe too little, or we pleaſe too much.

CCCXLI.

Lady Hyde:

On a drinking-Glaſs.

THE God of Wine grows jealous of his Art,
He only fires the Head, but *Hyde* the Heart.
The Queen of Love looks on, and ſmiles to ſee
A Nymph more mighty than a Deity.

CCCXLII.

JOAN cudgels *Ned*, yet *Ned*'s a *Bully*;
Will cudgels *Beſs*, yet *Will*'s a *Cully*.
Die *Ned* and *Beſs*; give *Will* to *Joan*,
She dares not ſay her Life's her own.
Die *Joan* and *Will*; give *Beſs* to *Ned*,
And ev'ry Day ſhe combs his Head. Dean Swift.

CCCXLIII.

To the Author of the Farmer's Letters, *which were written in* Ireland, *in the Year of the Rebellion by* Henry Brooke, *Eſq*; 1745.

OH thou, whoſe artleſs free-born Genius charms,
Whoſe ruſtick Zeal each Patriot Boſom warms!
Purſue the glorious Taſk, the pleaſing Toil,
Forſake the Fields, and *till* a nobler Soil;
Extend the Farmer's Care to human Kind,
Manure the Heart and *cultivate* the Mind;

There

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There *plant* Religion, Reaſon, Freedom, Truth,
And *ſow* the *Seeds* of Virtue in our Youth:
Let no rank *Weeds* corrupt, or Brambles choak,
And ſhake the *Vermin* from the *Britiſh* Oak;
From Northern Blaſts protect the vernal Bloom,
And guard our *Paſturer* from the Wolves of *Rome*.
On *Britain's* Liberty, *ingraft* thy Name,
And *reap* the *Harveſt* of immortal Fame.

DAVID GARRICK.

CCCXLIV.

Written in a Lady's Houſe-Book.

LORD bleſs me! what a weekly Splutter,
'Twixt Cream and Milk—and Eggs and Butter!
If, haply, varied be the Theme,
'Tis Butter and Eggs—and Milk and Cream.

CCCXLV.

Occaſioned by a poetical Apology from a Lady, for not ſhowing the Author ſome of her Verſes.

HOW many Ways does lovely *Lucia* find,
To captivate the Heart, and charm Mankind!
Ah! fatal Excellence! when thus you chuſe,
Or kind, to grant; or graceful, to refuſe:
Be this my Joy—be this for once my Pride,
Still to intreat, and thus to be deny'd.

CCCXLVI.

On receiving a poetical Compliment.

THE World may aſk, why *Sappho* ſhou'd beſtow
The Poet's Wreath, and place it on my Brow:
The Reaſon's plain—with ſuch a Grace 'twas done,
As fix'd a brighter Laurel on her own,

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CCCXLVII.

IN Love's ſharp Warfare, I have often prov'd
What 'tis to love, and not to be belov'd;
Strong Shocks of chill Indifference I've try'd,
Tormenting Coyneſs, and forbidding Pride:
Contempt for Paſſion, and for Pity ſcorn,
Nay ev'n that Hell on Earth, Deſpair I've borne:
Yet your dark Ways perplex me more
Than all the Suff'rings I e'er felt before.
Reaſon, or Pride, or Time ſtill cur'd my Grief,
Your dubious Conduct baffles all Relief;
All Ills their Cure have, when the Ills are known,
But for the killing Doubt you give, there's none.

CCCXLVIII.

AS *Venus* once *Latona*'s Daughter ſpy'd
Prepar'd for ſylvan Game, the wanton cry'd:
What! ſtill a loit'ring on the Woodland green,
Still ſpreading Nets for Beaſts, moſt noble Queen?
But ſhe: With Nets I make the Beaſts my Prey,
But who ſpread thoſe, fair, modeſt Creature, ſay;
When naked caught, but not alone, you lay?

CCCXLIX.

LUCINDA has the Devil and all,
Of that bright Thing we Beauty call;
But if ſhe yields not to my Arms,
Why what care I for all her Charms?
Beauty's the Sauce to Love's high Meat;
But who minds Sauce that muſt not eat?

By a Gent. of Oxford.

CCCL.

To ———.

THE great, good Man, whom Fortune will diſplace,
May into Scarceneſs fall, but not Diſgrace.

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His ſacred Perſon none will dare profane,
He may be poor, but never can be mean.
He holds his Value with the wiſe and good,
And proſtrate ſeems as great as when he ſtood.
So ruin'd Temples holy Awe diſpenſe,
They loſe their Height, but keep their Reverence;
The pious Crowd the Piles tho' fall'n deplore,
And what they fail to raiſe they ſtill adore.

Dr. KENRICK.

CCCLI.

Under a Statue of Mars, *with the Duke of* Marlborough's *Face.*

WITH ſuch an Air and Mien *Mars* took the Field;
To ſuch an Air and Mien did *Venus* yield.

CCCLII.

HARRY the GREAT *of* France, *his Speech to his Soldiers epitomiz'd.*

SOLDIERS! you view your King in *me*:
You're *Frenchmen*: there's the *Enemy*.

J. HACKETT.

CCCLIII.

YOU think in yon inchanting Dome,
Cupid and *Pſyche* have their Home:
Alas, my Friend! 'tis no ſuch Caſe:
Draw nigh, and hear the Strife and Din,
My Lord and Lady have within,
You'll ſwear Love never knew the Place.

H. JACOB.

CCCLIV.

To the Earl of Somerſet.

DAZZLED thus with Height of Place,
Whilſt our Hopes our Wits beguile,
No Man marks the narrow Space
'Twixt a Priſon and a Smile.

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Then ſince Fortune's Favours fade,
You that in her Arms do ſleep,
Learn to ſwim and not to wade;
For the Hearts of Kings are deep.
But if Greatneſs be ſo blind,
As to truſt in Tow'rs of Air,
Let it be with Goodneſs lin'd,
That at leaſt the Fall be fair.
Then tho' darken'd you ſhall ſay,
When Friends fail and Princes frown,
Virtue is the rougheſt Way,
But proves at Night a Bed of Down.

Sir HENRY WOTTON.

CCCLV.

To a Lady.

From the *French.*

WHILST thro' my Veins brisk Claret flows,
And I behold thoſe Eyes;
Cupid an errant Drunkard grows,
And *Bacchus* love-ſick lies.

CCCLVI.

An Imitation of Dr. Y——'s *Stile.*

WHAT ſubject ſhall a youthful Poet chuſe,
For the firſt Effort of a virgin Muſe?
Shall he in Fancy's Maze bewilder'd ſtray,
And wanton careleſs in the flow'ry Way?
Or ſhall he wake to manlier Strains the Lyre,
And ſing as Truth and Virtue ſhall inſpire?
But ſing to whom? The learned? or the great?
Theſe have no Wit; and thoſe have no Eſtate.
Do what he will the Poet's Caſe is hard,
One cannot read; the other can't reward.

P. TIBAL.

CCCLVII. *On*

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CCCLVII.

On a Window at an Inn.

GIVE me ſweet Nectar in a Kiſs,
That I may be replete with Bliſs.

STREPHON.

Written under it.

GIVE me ſweet Nectar in a Glaſs:
And as for Kiſſing, kiſs my —. SILENUS.

CCCLVIII.

WHILE from our Looks, fair Nymph, you gueſs,
The ſecret Paſſions of our Mind;
My heavy Eyes, you ſay, confeſs
A Heart to Love and Grief inclin'd.
There needs, alas! but little Art,
To have this fatal Secret found:
With the ſame Eaſe you threw the Dart,
'Tis certain you may ſhew the Wound.
How can I ſee you, and not love,
While you as op'ning Eaſt are fair?
White cold as Northern Blaſts you prove,
How can I love, and not deſpair?
The Wretch in double Fetters bound
Your potent Mercy may releaſe:
Soon, if my Love but once were crown'd,
Fair Propheteſs, my Grief wou'd ceaſe. M. PRIOR.

CCCLIX.

To Lady ELIZABETH HARLEY, *on a Column of her drawing.*

WHEN future Ages ſhall with Wonder view,
Thoſe glorious Lines, which *Harley*'s Daughter drew;
They ſhall confeſs, that *Britain* could not raiſe
A fairer Column to the Father's Praiſe.

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CCCLX.

WHILE faſter than his coſtive Brain indites,
Philo's quick Hand in flowing Letters writes;
His Caſe appears to me like honeſt *Teague's*,
When he was run away with by his Legs.
Phœbus, give *Philo* o'er himſelf Command;
Quicken his Senſes, or reſtrain his Hand;
Let him be kept from Paper, Pen, and Ink:
So he may ceaſe to write, and learn to think.

By the ſame.

CCCLXI.

SEE the Effects of Wine, unhappy *Jack*,
Aſk ſome Advice, for God's Sake ſave your Eye;—
Your Caſe is bad, Sir, ſays the ſolemn Quack, —
Drink ev'ry Day — "Dear Doctor, I comply." —
Four Months together — "Twelve, Sir, if you pleaſe;"
— This Julep. — "Julep? I? No, Doctor, no:
"Poiſon myſelf? Here, good Sir, take your Fees;
"I'll keep the Houſe, e'en let the Window go."

CCCLXII.

Occaſioned by the Run of Mr. Moore's *Comedy of* GIL BLAS, *while the Patentee of* C. G. *was preparing* King JOHN.

SINCE *Garrick* each Day ſtill gives out his new Play,
And with *Santillane* tickles Folks ſtill;
Prithee, *Rich*, do bring on old *Quin* in King *John*,
And we'll give him a *Jack* for his *Gill*.

J. HACKETT.

CCCLXIII.

On the Marriage of Mr. THOMAS ROWE, *and Mrs.* EL. SINGER.

NO more, proud *Gallia*, bid the World revere
Thy learned Pair, *Le Fevre* and *Dacier*;
Britain may boaſt this happy Day unites
Two nobler Minds in *Hymen*'s ſacred Rites:

What

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What *these* have ſung, while all th' inſpiring Nine
Exalt the Beauties of the Verſe divine;
Thoſe (humble Critics on th' immortal Strain)
Shall bound their Fame to comment and explain.

CCCLXIV.

Victrix Cauſa Diis placuit, ſed victa Catoni.

THE Gods and *Cato* did in this divide:
They choſe the conqu'ring, he the conquer'd Side.

G. STEPNEY.

CCCLXV.

The Modern Traveller.

FROM the grand Tour, thro' *Paris*, *Florence*, *Rome*,
The travell'd Youth returns accompliſh'd home.
Learn'd in each Goût, and vers'd in ev'ry Faſhion,
He comes to teach, and to adorn the Nation.
With ſmarteſt Airs he ſparkles thro' the Town,
And views with Scorn the academic Clown;
A modern Wit, extremely read in *French*,
Can ſing, and dance, and dreſs, and ſwear, and wench.
Accompliſhments like his demand Eſteem;
He knows the World, — ay, and the World knows him.

CCCLXVI.

LOVE *aſleep.*

HUSH, huſh, the God of Love here ſleeping lies;
His Hands diſarm'd, and cloſ'd his wanton Eyes.
The Bow unſtrung a while forgets to wound;
His uſeleſs Shafts lie ſcatter'd on the Ground.
Sleep on, ſweet Babe, and ſmiling promiſe Peace;
For ſhouldſt thou wake, we know 'twill quickly ceaſe.

P. TIBAL.

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CCCLXVII.

YE Poets ragged and forlorn,
Down from your Garrets haſte,
Ye Rhimers, dead as ſoon as born,
Nor yet conſign'd to Paſte;
I know a Trick to make you thrive;
O, 'tis a quaint Device:
Your ſtill-born Poems ſhall revive,
And ſcorn to wrap up Spice.
Get all your Verſes printed fair,
Then let them well be dry'd;
And *Curl* muſt have a ſpecial Care
To leave the Margin wide.
Lend theſe to Paper-ſparing *Pope*;
And when he ſits to write,
No Letter with an Envelope
Cou'd give him more Delight.
When *Pope* has fill'd the Margins round,
Why then recall your Loan;
Sell them to *Curl* for fifty Pound,
And ſwear they are your own. Dean SWIFT.

CCCLXVIII.

MACHAON ſick, in ev'ry Face we find,
His Danger is the Danger of Mankind;
Whoſe Art protecting, Nature cou'd expire
But by a Deluge, or the general Fire.
More Lives he ſaves, than periſh in our Wars,
And faſter than a Plague deſtroys, repairs.
The bold Carouſer, and adventrous Dame,
Nor fear the Fever, nor refuſe the Flame;
Safe in his Skill, from all Reſtraint ſet free,
But conſcious Shame, Remorſe and Piety.
Sire of all Arts, defend thy darling Son;
O ſave the Man whoſe Life's ſo much our own!
On whom, like *Atlas*, the whole World's reclin'd,
And by reſtoring *Garth*, preſerve Mankind.
Lord LANSDOWNE.

CCCLXIX. *To*

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CCCLXIX.

To one that desired the Author not to name him.

BE safe: nor fear thyself so good a Fame,
That any Way my Book shou'd speak thy Name;
For if thou shame rank'd with my Friends, to go,
I'm more asham'd to have thee thought my Foe.

BEN. JOHNSON.

CCCLXX.

DEAR *Thomas*, didst thou never pop
Thy Head into a Tin-man's Shop?
There, *Thomas*, didst thou never see
('Tis but by Way of Simile)
A Squirrel spend his little Rage,
In jumping round a rowling Cage?
The Cage as either Side turn'd up,
Striking a Ring of Bells a-top?
Mov'd in the Orb, pleas'd with the Chimes,
The foolish Creature thinks he climbs:
But here, or there, turn Wood or Wire,
He never gets two Inches higher.
So fares it with those merry Blades,
That frisk it under *Pindus'* Shades.
In noble Songs, and lofty Odes,
They tread on Stars, and talk with Gods.
Still dancing in an airy Round,
Still pleas'd with their own Verse's Sound,
Brought back, how fast soe'er they go,
Always aspiring, always low.

M. PRIOR.

CCCLXXI.

IN soft *Clarissa's* Form united shine
Such female Ease and Majesty divine,
That each Beholder mast with Awe declare
Apelles' Venus was not half so fair;
But when the Stores of Judgment, Wit and Sense
Her Lips with graceful Diffidence dispense,
Each Hearer owns, with Pleasure and Surprize,
That *Homer's Pallas* was not half so wise:

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Theſe diff'rent Charms ſuch diff'rent Paſſions move,
Who ſees muſt rev'rence, but who hears muſt love.

GRANTICOLA.

CCCLXXII.

SOL *Daphne* ſees, and ſeeing her admires,
Which adds new Flames to his cœleſtial Fires:
Had any Remedy for Love been known,
The God of Phyſic ſure had cur'd his own.

CCCLXXIII.

TENDER-handed ſtroke a Nettle,
And it ſtings you for your Pains:
Graſp it like a Man of Mettle,
And it ſoft as Silk remains.
'Tis the ſame, with common Natures,
Uſe 'em kindly they rebel:
But, be rough as Nutmeg-graters,
And the Rogues obey you well. AARON HILL.

CCCLXXIV.

BRIGHT as the Sun, and as the Morning fair;
Such *Cloe* is — and common as the Air.

Lord LANSDOWNE.

CCCLXXV.

On two beautiful Statues of Wreſtlers at Florence.

WERE living Wreſtlers with ſuch Strength to ſtrive,
Soon ſpent, they'd ſeem than theſe far leſs alive.

CCCLXXVI.

NOW how ſhall I do with my Love and my Pride?
Dear *Dick*, give me Counſel, if Friendſhip has any:
Prithee purge or let Blood, ſurly *Richard* reply'd,
And forget the Coquet in the Arms of your *Nanny*.

While

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While I pleaded with Paſſion how much I deſerv'd,
For my Pains and my Torments for more than a Year;
She look'd in an Almanack whence ſhe obſerv'd,
That it wanted a Fortnight to *Bartlemy* Fair.
My *Cowley* and *Waller* how vainly I quote,
While my negligent Judge only hears with her Eye,
In a long flaxen Wig, and embroider'd new Coat,
Her Spark ſaying Nothing talks better than I.

M. PRIOR.

CCCLXXVII.

I Lov'd thee beautiful and kind,
And plighted an eternal Vow;
So alter'd are thy Face and Mind,
'Twere Perjury to love thee now. Mr. N—T.

CCCLXXVIII.

On the Toaſts of the Kit-Cat *Club*, An. 1716.

WHENCE deathleſs *Kit-Cat* took its Name,
Few Critics can unriddle;
Some ſay from Paſtry-Cook it came,
And ſome from Cat and Fiddle.
From no trim Beaux it's Name it boaſts,
Grey Stateſman, or green Wits;
But from this Pellmell Pack of Toaſts,
Of old *Cats* and young *Kits*. Dean SWIFT.

CCCLXXIX.

To a Lady with The Temple of Fame.

WHAT's Fame with Men, by Cuſtom of the Nation,
Is call'd in Women only Reputation:
About them both why keep we ſuch a Pother?
Part you with one, and I'll renounce the other.

By the ſame.

CCCLXXX. You

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CCCLXXX.

YOU beat your Pate, and fancy Wit will come:
Knock as you will, there's Nobody at home.
By the ſame.

CCCLXXXI.

THE Poets ſing of old, that am'rous *Jove*
In various Shapes perform'd the Feat of Love.
Chang'd to a Swan he rifled *Leda*'s Charms,
And with a rival Whiteneſs fill'd her Arms.
On *Danae*'s Lap he fell a golden Show'r:
Gold is the ſureſt Friend in an Amour.
Now in a Bull's, or Satyr's griſly Shape,
He on ſome Beauty makes a welcome Rape.
Nor think it ſtrange, that *Jove*'s almighty Pow'r,
Thro' theſe baſe Forms taught Females to adore.
A Likeneſs leſs agreeable he try'd,
He came a *Huſband* to *Amphitryon*'s Bride:
And, in a Huſband's Shape, cou'd welcome prove.
Who muſt not own th' Omnipotence of *Jove?*
By a Lady.

CCCLXXXII.

To a young Gentleman.

NATURE has done her Part: do thou but thine;
Learning and Senſe let Decency refine.
For vain Applauſe tranſgreſs not Virtue's Rules,
A witty Sinner is the worſt of Fools.

CCCLXXXIII.

To the Duke De Noailles.

VAIN the Concern which you expreſs,
That uncall'd *Alard* will poſſeſs
Your Houſe and Coach, both Day and Night;
And that *Macbeth* was haunted leſs
By *Banquo*'s reſtleſs Spright.

With

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With fifteen thouſand Pound a Year,
Do you complain you cannot bear
An Ill, you may ſo ſoon retrieve?
Good *Alard*, faith, is modeſter
By much, than you believe.
Lend him but fifty Louis' d' Or,
And you ſhall never ſee him more;
Take the Advice; *probatum eſt.*
Why do the Gods indulge our Store,
But to ſecure our Reſt? M. PRIOR.

CCCLXXXIV.

A Flower: By VARELST.

WHEN fam'd *Vareſt*, this little Wonder drew;
Flora vouchſaf'd the growing Work to view:
Finding the Painter's Science at a Stand,
The Goddeſs ſnatch'd the Pencil from his Hand;
And finiſhing the Piece, ſhe ſmiling ſaid;
Behold one Work of mine that ne'er ſhall fade.
By the ſame.

CCCLXXXV.

SHYLOCK.

THERE needs no Calumny on him be thrown,
Nature hath done the Buſineſs of Lampoon:
And in his Face his Character hath ſhewn,
As clear as when the Sun ſhines forth at Noon.

CCCLXXXVI.

BELINDA *at* Bath.

WHILE in theſe Fountains bright *Belinda* laves,
She adds new Virtues to the healing Waves;
Thus in *Bethesda*'s Pool an Angel ſtood,
Bad the ſoft Waters heal, and bleſt the Flood;
But from her Eye ſuch bright Deſtruction flies,
In vain they flow! for her the Lover dies.
No more let *Tagus* boaſt, whoſe Beds unfold
A ſhining Treaſure of all conq'ring Gold!

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No more the *Po!* whoſe wand'ring Waters ſtray
In mazy Errors thro' the ſtarry Way;
Henceforth theſe Springs ſuperior Honours ſhare,
There *Venus* laves, but my *Belinda* here.

Dr. BROOME.

CCCLXXXVII.

CAN you count the ſilver Lights
That deck the Skies, and chear the Nights:
Or the Leaves that ſtrow the Vales,
When Groves are ſtript by Winter Gales:
Or the Drops that in the Morn
Hang with tranſparent Pearl the Thorn:
Or Bridegroom's Joys, or Miſer's Cares,
Or Gameſter's Oaths, or Hermit's Prayers:
Or Envy's Pangs, or Love's Alarms,
Or *Malbro*'s Acts, or *Molly*'s Charms?

Sir SAM. GARTH.

CCCLXXXVIII.

On prefixing the Names of the nine Muſes to the Student.

WHATEVER Subjects Poets chuſe,
They pray th' Aſſiſtance of their *Muſe*;
Nor can indite a ſingle Line,
Unleſs they're aided by the *Nine*.
No rhyming Scribbler pens a Rebus,
Without petitioning his *Phœbus*;
Nor *Colin* praiſes *Celia*'s Eyes,
If *Erato* her Help denies:
Nay, I myſelf, in humble Strain,
Have ſu'd the Nymphs, but ſu'd in vain:
At length, 'tis ſcarce to be believ'd,
This cruel Anſwer I receiv'd:
We, by Command of great *Apollo*,
Forbid you thus our Mount to follow;
And henceforth charge you to forbear,
Nor peſter us with idle Pray'r;

Your

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Your Suit, fond Swain, is quite imprudent,
We're all engag'd to write the *Student*.

ROBERT LLOYD.

CCCLXXXIX.

HOW is the World deceiv'd by Noiſe and Show!
Alas! how diff'rent, to pretend and know!
Like a poor Highway Brook, Pretence runs loud
Buſtling, but ſhallow, dirty, weak and proud:
While like ſome nobler Stream, true Knowledge glides,
Silently ſtrong, and its deep Bottom hides.

AARON HILL.

CCCXC.

Written on a Window.

WHERE'ER the Diamond's buſy Point cou'd paſs,
See! what deep Wounds have pierc'd the middle Glaſs!
While partially untouching all the reſt,
Higheſt and loweſt Panes ſhine un-impreſs'd:
No Wonder, this! — For e'en in Life, 'tis ſo;
Hi_h Fortunes ſtand, un-reach'd — unſeen the low,
But middle States are Marks for ev'ry Blow.

By the ſame.

CCCXCI.

WHISP'RING cloſe a Maid long courted,
Thus, cry'd *Drone*, by Touch tranſported;
Prithee tell me, gentle *Dolly!*
Is not loving long a Folly?
Yes, ſaid ſhe, with Smile reproving,
Loving long and only loving.

By the ſame.

CCCXCII.

The Royal Knotter.

AH! happy People, ye muſt thrive,
Whilſt thus the royal Pair does ſtrive
Both to advance your Glory;
While He, by's Valour conquers *France*,
She Manufactures does advance,
And makes Thread Fringes for ye.

Bleſt

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Bleſt we! who from ſuch Queens are freed,
Who by vain Superſtition led,
Are always telling Beads;
But here's a Queen now, Thanks to God,
Who, when ſhe rides in Coach abroad,
Is always knotting Threads.
Then haſte, victorious *Naſſau*, haſte,
And when thy Summer Show is paſt,
Let all thy Trumpets ſound:
The Fringe which this Campaign has wrought
Tho't coſt the Nation ſcarce a Groat,
Thy Conqueſts will ſurround.

Sir Ch. SEDLEY.

CCCXCIII.

What's Honour?

NOT to be captious: not unjuſtly ſight:
'Tis to confeſs what's wrong, and do what's right.

CCCXCIV.

On Mrs. WALKER's *Poems.*

BLUSH, *Wilmot*, bluſh; a female Muſe,
Without one guilty Line,
The tender Theme of Love purſues
In ſofter Strains than thine.
'Tis thine the Paſſion to blaſpheme,
'Tis hers with Wit and Eaſe
(When a mere Nothing is the Theme)
Beyond thyſelf to pleaſe.
Then be to her the Prize decreed,
Whoſe Merit has prevail'd;
For what male Poet can ſucceed,
If *Rocheſter* has fail'd?
Since *Phœbus* quite forgetful grows,
And has not yet thought fit
In his high Wiſdom to impoſe
A *Salique* Law on Wit;

Since

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Since of your Rights he takes no Care
Ye *Priors*, *Popes*, and *Gays*;
'Tis hard! but let the Women wear
The Breeches and the Bays.

CHRISTOPHER PITT.

CCCXCV.

WHEN Fortune seems to smile, 'tis then I fear
Some lurking Ill, and hidden Mischief near:
Us'd to her Frowns, I stand upon my Guard,
And arm'd in Virtue, keep my Soul prepar'd.
Fickle and false to others she may be,
I can complain but of her Constancy.

Lord LANSDOWNE.

CCCXCVI.

To the Right Honourable the Earl of Chesterfield, *on his being installed Knight of the Garter.*

THESE Trophies, *Stanhope*, of a lovely Dame,
Once the bright Object of a Monarch's Flame,
Who with such just Propriety can wear,
As thou, the Darling of the gay and fair?
See ev'ry Friend to Wit, Politeness, Love,
With one Consent thy Sov'reign's Choice approve:
And liv'd *Plantagenet* her Voice to join,
Herself and *Garter* both were surely thine.

S. JENNINGS, Esq:

CCCXCVII.

On taking the Oaths.

OUR Fathers took Oaths, as of old they took Wives,
To have and to hold for the Term of their Lives;
But we take our Oaths, as our Whores, for our Ease;
And a Whore and a Rogue may part when they please.

CCCXCVIII. *To*

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CCCXCVIII.

To Miſs * * *

WHENE'ER I look, I may deſcry
A little Face peep thro' that Eye:
Sure that's the Boy, who wiſely choſe
His Throne among ſuch Beams as thoſe,
Which, if his Quiver chance to fall,
May ſerve for Darts to kill withal.

CCCXCIX.

JACK his own Merit ſees. This gives him Pride,
That he ſees more than all the World beſide.

CCCC.

To Lord BUCKHURST, *very young, playing with a Cat.*

THE am'rous Youth, whoſe tender Breaſt
Was by his darling Cat poſſeſt,
Obtain'd of *Venus* his Deſire,
Howe'er irregular his Fire:
Nature the Pow'r of Love obey'd:
The Cat became a bluſhing Maid;
And, on the happy Change, the Boy
Employ'd his Wonder and his Joy.
Take Care, O beauteous Child, take Care,
Leſt thou prefer ſo raſh a Pray'r:
Nor vainly hope, the Queen of Love
Will e'er thy Fav'rite's Charms improve.
O quickly from her Shrine retreat;
Or tremble for thy Darling's Fate.
The Queen of Love who ſoon will ſee
Her own *Adonis* live in thee,
Will lightly her firſt Loſs deplore;
Will eaſily forgive the Boar;
Her Eyes with Tears no more will flow,
With jealous Rage her Breaſt will glow:
And on her Rival *Tabby*'s Face
She deep will mark her new Diſgrace. M. PRIOR.

CCCCI. *Damon*,

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CCCCI.

DAMON, whom all the World but I, believ'd
The falſeſt Wretch that ever Nymph deceiv'd,
According to the Promiſe of my Mind,
The trueſt and the faithfull'ſt Youth I find;
Thro' ev'ry little Vice I trac'd the Swain,
But ſtill found Honour in his Boſom reign:
So *Proteus*, if a Chain but held him faſt,
Shook off the Beaſt and prov'd a God at laſt.

CCCCII.

CLOE's the Wonder of her Sex,
'Tis well her Heart is tender,
How might ſuch killing Eyes perplex,
With Virtue to defend her?
But Nature graciouſly inclin'd
With lib'ral Hand to pleaſe us,
Has to her boundleſs Beauty join'd
A boundleſs Bent to eaſe us. Lord LANSDOWNE.

CCCCIII.

SEE, whilſt thou weepſt, fair *Cloe*, ſee,
The World's in Sympathy with thee.
The chearful Birds no longer ſing,
Each drops his Head, and hangs his Wing.
The Clouds have bent their Boſom lower,
And ſhed their Sorrows in a Shower.
The Brooks beyond their Limits flow;
And louder Murmurs ſpeak their Woe.
The Nymphs and Swains adopt thy Cares:
They heave thy Sighs, and weep thy Tears.
Fantaſtic Nymph! that Grief ſhou'd move
Thy Heart, obdurate againſt Love.
Strange Tears! whoſe Pow'r can ſoften all,
But that dear Breaſt on which they fall. M. PRIOR.

CCCCIV. Yes,

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CCCCIV.

YES, ev'ry Poet is a Fool:
By Demonſtration *Ned* can ſhow it:
Happy, cou'd *Ned*'s inverted Rule
Prove ev'ry Fool to be a Poet. By the ſame.

CCCCV.

Dean SWIFT's *Curate.*

I March'd three Miles thro' ſcorching Sand,
With Zeal in Heart, and Notes in Hand;
I rode four more to Great *St. Mary*;
Uſing four Legs, when two were weary.
To three fair Virgins I did tie Men,
In the cloſe Bands of pleaſing *Hymen*;
I dipt two Babes in holy Water,
And purify'd their Mothers after.
Within an Hour and eke an half,
I preach'd three Congregations deaf,
Which thund'ring out with Lungs long-winded,
I chopt ſo faſt, that few there minded.
My Emblem, the laborious Sun,
Saw all theſe mighty Labours done,
Before one Race of his was run;
All this perform'd by *Robert Hewit*;
What Mortal elſe cou'd e'er go through it?

CCCCVI.

The Miſer's Feaſt.

HIS Chimney ſmoaks! it is ſome Omen dire!
His Neighbours are alarm'd; and cry out *Fire.*

CCCCVII.

Written over a Gate.

HERE lives a Man, who by Relation
Depends upon Predeſtination;

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For which the Learned and the Wise
His Underſtanding much deſpiſe:
But I pronounce with loyal Tongue
Him in the Right, them in the Wrong.
For how cou'd ſuch a Wretch ſucceed?
But that, alas! it was *decreed*.

JOHN Duke of BUCKINGHAM.

CCCCVIII.

WHEN you with *High Dutch Heeren* dine,
Expect falſe *Latin*, and ſtumm'd Wine;
They never taſte who always drink,
They always talk who never think. M. PRIOR.

CCCCIX.

AT *Barton*'s Feet the God of Love
His Arrows and his Quiver lays,
Forgets he has a Throne above,
And with this lovely Creature ſtays.
Not *Venus*' Beauties are more bright,
But each appear ſo like the other,
That *Cupid* has miſtook the right,
And takes the Nymph to be his Mother.

CCCCX.

WHY, Doctor, cure that pleaſing Ill?
He had been mad, but wealthy ſtill:
He feels and owns he now is poor:
Better for *Lovegold* do as much
Who ſtarves, yet is afraid to touch
The uſeleſs Hoards he has in Store.

H. JACOB.

CCCCXI.

HERMIT! who with Contempt look'ſt down
From yon high Mountain's barren Crown
Upon this lewd licentious Town,
Deſcend, and live with us unmov'd:
Your boaſted Force is yet unprov'd,

While

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While in that cold, ſad, moſſy Cell
Untempted thus alone you dwell:
See *Cloe* ſmile, and feel no Wound;
Brave all the Joys, that here abound,
And we'll pronounce your Virtue ſound.

By the ſame.

CCCCXII.

WHEN *Milton*'s forfeit Life was in Debate,
Some urg'd his Crimes, and ſome th' unſettled State;
Hyde paus'd: now keen Reſentment fill'd his Breaſt,
Now Softneſs ſooth'd, while Genius ſhone confeſt:
At length the ling'ring Stateſman thus his Thoughts expreſt:
When I conſider with impartial View,
The Crimes he wrought, the Good he yet may do:
His violated Faith, and Factions dire;
His tow'ring Genius and poetic Fire;
I blame the Rebel, but the Bard admire.
Mercy unmerited his Muſe may raiſe,
To ſound his Monarch's, or his Maker's Praiſe.
Yet come it will, the Day decreed by Fate;—
By *Bentley*'s Pen reduc'd to woeful State,
Far more thou'lt dread his Friendſhip than our Hate.
Procruſtes like, he'll ever find Pretence
To ſtrain, or pare thee to his wretched Senſe;
Rack'd, ſcrew'd, enerv'd by Emendation ſad,
The Hangman had not us'd thee half ſo bad.

CCCCXIII.

THE *Trojan* Swain had judg'd the great Diſpute;
And Beauty's Pow'r obtain'd the Golden Fruit;
When *Venus*, looſe in all her naked Charms,
Met *Jove*'s great Daughter, clad in ſhining Arms.
The wanton Goddeſs view'd the warlike Maid
From Head to Foot, and tauntingly ſhe ſaid:
Yield, Sifter! Rival, yield; naked, you ſee,
I vanquiſh; gueſs how potent I ſhou'd be,
If to the Field I came in Armour dreſt,
Dreadful like thine, my Shield, and terrible my Creſt.

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The warrior Goddeſs with Diſdain reply'd;
Thy Folly, Child, is equal to thy Pride;
Let a brave Enemy for once adviſe,
And, *Venus*, (if 'tis poſſible) be wiſe.
Thou'to be ſtrong muſt put off ev'ry Dreſs;
Thy only Armour is thy Nakedneſs:
And more than once, or thou art much bely'd,
By *Mars* himſelf that Armour has been try'd.

M. PRIOR.

CCCCXIV.

Quid ſit futurum cras, fuge quærere.

FOR what To-morrow ſhall diſcloſe,
May ſpoil what you To-night propoſe:
England may change; or *Cloe* ſtray:
Love and Life are for To-day. By the ſame.

CCCCXV.

MINERVA one Day, pray let Nobody doubt it,
Rid an Airing from *Oxford*, ſix Miles, or about it,
Where ſhe ſpy'd a young Damſel ſo blooming and fair,
Tha, ah! *Venus!* ſhe cry'd, is your Ladyſhip there?
Pray is not that *Oxford?* And lately you ſware,
Neither you, nor Aught like you, ſhou'd ever come there:
Do you thus keep your Promiſe? And am I defy'd?
The Virgin drew near her, and ſmiling reply'd,
My Goddeſs! what have you your Pupil forgot?
Your Pardon, my Dear, — Is it you, *Molly Scot?*

CCCCXVI.

On Sir GODFREY KNELLER's *painting for the Author, the Statues of* Apollo, Venus, *and* Hercules.

WHAT God, what Genius did the Pencil move
When *Kneller* painted theſe?
'Twas Friendſhip—warm as *Phœbus*, kind as *Love*,
And ſtrong as *Hercules*. A. POPE.

CCCCXVII.

OH! cry'd *Arſenia*, long in Wedlock bleſt,
Her Head reclining on her Huſband's Breaſt,
Shou'd Death divide thee, from thy doating Wife,
What Comfort cou'd be found in widow'd Life?
How the Thought ſhakes me! Heav'n my *Strephon* ſave,
Or give the loſt *Arſenia* half his Grave!
Jove heard the lovely Mourner, and approv'd:
And ſhou'd not Wives like this, he ſaid, be lov'd?
Take the ſoft Sorrower at her Word, and try,
How deeply rooted Woman's Vows can lie?
'Twas ſaid and done — the tender *Strephon* dy'd;
Arſenia two long Months — t' out-live him try'd,
But in the third — alas! became a Bride.

AARON HILL.

CCCCXVIII.

*On Lord * * * *'s Eſtate.*

THE Father took it of the Devil, and then
Gave it his Son to ſend it back again.

CCCCXIX.

The Duke of Ch——s.

JAMES B——s was the Dean's familiar Friend;
James grows a Duke; their Friendſhip here muſt end:
Surely the Dean deſerves a ſore Rebuke,
From knowing *James*, to ſay, he knows a Duke.

Dean SWIFT.

CCCCXX.

ON rainy Days alone I dine,
Upon a Chick and Pint of Wine.
On rainy Days, I dine alone,
And pick my Chicken to the Bone:
But this my Servant much enrages,
No Scraps remain to ſave Board Wages.

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In

In Weather fine I nothing ſpend,
But often ſpunge upon a Friend;
Yet where he's not ſo rich as I,
I pay my Club, and ſo good b'y'—. By the ſame.

CCCCXXI.

On a Lady playing on a Lute.

SUCH moving Sounds from ſuch a careleſs Touch;
So unconcern'd herſelf and we ſo much:
What Art is this that with ſo little Pains
Tranſports us thus, and o'er our Spirits reigns?
The trembling Strings about her Fingers crowd,
And tell their Joy for ev'ry Kiſs aloud:
Small Force there needs to make 'em tremble ſo:
Touch'd by that Hand, who would not tremble too?
Here Love takes Stand, and while ſhe charms the Ear,
Empties his Quiver on the liſt'ning Deer;
Muſick ſo ſoftens and diſarms the Mind,
That not an Arrow does Reſiſtance find.
Thus the fair Tyrant celebrates the Prize,
And acts herſelf the Triumph of her Eyes.
So *Nero* once, with Harp in Hand, ſurvey'd
His flaming *Rome*, and as it burnt, he play'd.

EDM. WALLER.

CCCCXXII.

The Doctor and the Patient.

SLEPT you well? "Very well." My Draught did Good.
"It did no Harm: for yonder it hath ſtood."

CCCCXXIII.

Verſes occaſioned by Mr. Aikman's Death.

AS thoſe we love decay, we die in Part,
String after String is ſever'd from the Heart;
Till looſen'd Life, at laſt but breathing Clay,
Without one Pang is glad to fall away.
Unhappy he, who lateſt feels the Blow,
Whoſe Eyes have wept o'er ev'ry Friend laid low,

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Dragg'd ling'ring on from partial Death to Death,
Till, dying, all he can reſign is Breath.

JAMES THOMSON.

CCCCXXIV.

To the Reverend Mr. Murdoch, *Rector of* Straddiſhall, *in* Suffolk.

THUS ſafely low, my Friend, thou canſt not fall;
Here reigns a deep Tranquillity o'er all;
No Noiſe, no Care, no Vanity, no Strife;
Men, Woods, and Fields, all breathe untroubled Life:
Then keep each Paſſion down, however dear;
Truſt me, the tender are the moſt ſevere.
Guard, while 'tis thine, thy philoſophic Eaſe,
And aſk no Joy but that of virtuous Peace;
That bids Defiance to the Storms of Fate;
High Bliſs is only for a higher State. By the ſame.

CCCCXXV.

WHO can believe with common Senſe,
A Bacon Slice gives God Offence?
Or, that a Herring hath a Charm
Almighty Vengeance to diſarm?
Wrapt up in Majeſty divine,
Does he regard on what we dine? Dean SWIFT.

CCCCXXVI.

The Power of Time.

IF neither Braſs nor Marble can withſtand
The mortal Force of Time's deſtructive Hand:
If Mountains ſink to Vales, if Cities die,
And leſs'ning Rivers mourn their Fountains dry:
When my old Caſſock, ſaid a *Welch* Divine,
Is out at Elbows, why ſhou'd I repine?

By the ſame.

CCCCXXVII. The

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CCCCXXVII.

THE Threſher *Duck* cou'd o'er the Queen prevail :
The Proverb ſays ; *No Fence againſt a Flail.*
From threſhing *Corn*, he turns to *threſh* his Brains ;
For which her Majeſty allows him *Grains.*
Tho' 'tis confeſt, that thoſe who ever ſaw
His Poems, think them all *not worth a Straw.*
Thrice happy *Duck*, employ'd in threſhing Stubble ;
Thy Toil is leſſen'd, and thy Profits double.

By the ſame.

CCCCXXVIII.

To Mr. PRIOR, *on his* Solomon.

A Muſe devoted to celeſtial Things,
Again for thee profanes th' immortal Strings :
The Stars, the Myrtle Shade, and roſy Bow'r
She quits, to revel in thy iv'ry Tow'r :
The Muſic of the Spheres and heav'nly Throngs
She minds no more, to liſten to thy Songs.
Inchanted with thy lovely *Hebrew King*,
Gabriel in vain diſplays his purple Wing ;
Boaſts of his golden Zone and bright Attire,
His ſtarry Crown, ſoft Voice, and charming Lyre ;
With all his fine Addreſs and glitt'ring Shew,
The Muſe abandons the celeſtial Beau :
Perverted by the *Jewiſh Monarch*'s Eyes,
She fondly turns Apoſtate to the Skies,
And envies *Abra*'s Beauty, while it ſhines
With undecaying Bloom in *Prior*'s Lines.

Mrs. ROWE.

CCCCXXIX.

On the Publication of Mrs. ROWE's *Poems, ſince her Death.*

THUS *Philomela* ſung, on Earth detain'd,
While cumb'rous Clay the riſing Soul reſtrain'd ;
Now the freed Spirit, with th' angelic Choir,
In Fields of Light attunes th' immortal Lyre,
And hymns her God in Strains more ſoft, more ſtrong ;
There only cou'd ſhe learn a loftier Song.

CCCCXXX.

BELIEVE me, *Chloe*, thoſe Perfumes that coſt
Such Sums to ſweeten thee, is Treaſure loſt;
Not all *Arabia* wou'd ſufficient be;
Thou ſmell'ſt not of thy Sweets, they ſtink of thee.
Lord LANSDOWNE.

CCCCXXXI.

WHEN *Topewell* thought fit from the World to retreat,
As full of Champaigne as an Egg's full of Meat:
He wak'd in the Boat, and to *Charon* he ſaid,
He wou'd be row'd back, for he was not yet dead.
Trim the Boat, and ſit quiet, ſtern *Charon* reply'd,
You may have forgot, you was drunk when you dy'd.
M. PRIOR.

CCCCXXXII.

Topaz *and* Mat.

In *Chaucer*'s Stile.

FULL oft doth *Mat.* with *Topaz* dine,
Eateth bak'd Meats, drinketh *Greek* Wine;
But *Topaz*, his own Werke reherſeth;
And *Mat.* mote praiſe what *Topaz* verſeth.
Now ſure as Prieſt did ever ſhrive Sinner,
Full hardly earneth *Mat.* his Dinner. MAT. PRIOR.

CCCCXXXIII.

BRUTUS unmov'd heard how his *Porcia* fell.
Shou'd *Jack*'s Wife die, he wou'd behave as well.

CCCCXXXIV.

BETTER we all were in our Graves
Than live in Slavery to Slaves;
Worſe than the Anarchy at Sea,
Where Fiſhes on each other prey;
Where ev'ry Trout can make as high Rants
O'er his Inferiors as our Tyrants;

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And ſwagger while the Coaſt is clear;
But ſhou'd a lordly Pike appear,
Away you ſee the Varlet ſcud,
Or hide his coward Snout in Mud.
Thus, if a Gudgeon meet a Roach,
He dare not venture to approach;
Yet ſtill has Impudence to riſe,
And, like *Domitian*, leap at Flies. Dean SWIFT.

CCCCXXXV.

DEAF, giddy, helpleſs, left alone,
To all my Friends a Burthen grown;
No more I hear my Church's Bell,
Than if it rang out for my Knell:
At Thunder now no more I ſtart,
Than at the Rumbling of a Cart:
Nay, what's incredible, alack!
I hardly hear a Woman's Clack. By the ſame.

CCCCXXXVI.

On a Fan which bore the Story of Cephalus *and* Procris, *with this Motto:* Aura veni.

COME, gentle Air; th' *Æolian* Shepherd ſaid,
While *Procris* panted in the ſacred Shade;
Come, gentle Air! the fairer *Delia* cries,
While at her Feet her Swain expiring lies:
Lo! the glad Gales o'er all her Beauties ſtray,
Breathe on her Lips and in her Boſom play;
In *Delia*'s Hand this Toy is fatal found,
Nor cou'd that fabled Dart more ſurely wound;
Both Gifts deſtructive to the Givers prove,
Alike both Lovers fall, by thoſe they love:
Yet guiltleſs too this bright Deſtroyer lives,
At Random wounds, nor knows the Wound ſhe gives:
She views the Story with attentive Eyes,
And pities *Procris* while her Lover dies. A. POPE.

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CCCCXXXVII.

VENUS, contending for the golden Ball,
Us'd *Helen*'s Charms to bribe her Judge withal:
Had ſhe been bleſt with *Tempeſt*'s brighter Eyes,
Unborrow'd Beauty wou'd have gain'd the Prize.

CCCCXXXVIII.

On Miſs R— G—n's *Picture, by* Varelſt.

SHALL candid *Prior* in immortal Lays,
Thy Anceſtor with gen'rous Ardor praiſe;
Who with his Pencil's animating Pow'r,
In livelieſt Dies immortaliz'd a Flow'r?
And ſhall no juſt impartial Bard be found,
Thy more exalted Merits to reſound?
Who giv'ſt to Beauty a perpetual Bloom,
And lively Grace which Age ſhall not conſume;
Who mak'ſt the ſpeaking Eyes with Meaning roll,
And paint'ſt at once the Body and the Soul.

C. SMART.

CCCCXXXIX.

ONE Day in *Chelſea* Meadows walking,
Of Poetry and ſuch Things talking,
Says *Ralph*, a merry Wag,
An Epigram if ſmart and good,
In all its Circumſtances ſhou'd
Be like a Jelly Bag.
Your Simile, I own, is new,
But how wilt make it out? ſays *Hugh*.
Quoth *Ralph*, I'll tell thee, Friend:
Make it at Top both wide and fit
To hold a Budget full of Wit,
And point it at the End.

CCCCXL. Hercules

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CCCCXL.

Hercules *bantered.*

WHEN *Hercules* by *Omphale* ſubdu'd,
Or held the Diſtaff, or with Needle ſew'd;
The vanquiſh'd Lion's Skin he wiſely wore,
To ſhew what mighty Feats he'd done before.
Once a pert Taſk-mate of the female Train
Her Spleen no longer, mirthful cou'd reſtrain:
His Metamorphoſis ſhe turn'd to Joke,
And thus ſhe jeer'd th' immortal Hero's Cloak.
Dread Sir, quoth ſhe, methinks this ſhaggy Skin
Is but an odd Dreſs to ſit ſpinning in.
You overcame a Lion, ſay you did,
And ſtript his Coat, the worthy Victor's Meed:
Alack! Sir! ſhou'd my Miſtreſs flea the Corſe
Of all ſhe conquer'd, yours wou'd fare the worſe.

T. P.

CCCCXLI.

On a good Singer's being turned out of one of the Theatres, at the Inſtigation of Mrs. C—.

SAYS *Kate C*— to the Devil, in Spite of Refiſtance,
I've *damn'd* one good Singer without your Aſſiſtance.
Then *Kate*, ſays *Old Nick*, I'm a Damn in your Debt:
So they parted good Friends, as they always had met.

CCCCXLII.

STELLA and *Flavia* ev'ry Hour,
Unnumber'd Hearts ſurpriſe;
In *Stella*'s Soul lies all her Pow'r,
And *Flavia*'s in her Eyes.
More boundleſs *Flavia*'s Conqueſts are,
And *Stella*'s more confin'd;
All can diſcern a Face that's fair,
But few a lovely Mind.

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Stella like *Britain*'s Monarch reigns
O'er cultivated Sands;
Like *Eaſtern* Tyrants *Flavia* deigns
To rule o'er barren Sands.
Then boaſt, fair *Flavia*, boaſt your Face,
Your Beauty's only Store;
Each Day that makes thy Charms decreaſe
Will give to *Stella* more. Mrs. BARBER.

CCCCXLIII.

To Miſs ——.

IF Youth and Beauty fade, my Dear,
Impart them wiſely while you may;
If ſtill they laſt, why ſhou'd you fear
To give, what none can take away?

CCCCXLIV.

To Mr. POPE, *on his* Dunciad.

THE Raven, Rook, and pert Jackdaw,
Tho' neither Birds of moral Kind,
Yet ſerve, if hang'd, or ſtuff'd with Straw,
To ſhew us which Way blows the Wind.
Thus dirty Knaves, or chatt'ring Fools,
Strung up by Dozens in thy Lay,
Teach more by half than *Dennis*' Rules,
And point Inſtruction ev'ry Way.
With *Ægypt*'s Art thy Pen may ſtrive,
One potent Drop let this but ſhed,
And ev'ry Rogue that ſtunk alive
Becomes a precious Mummy dead.

CCCCXLV.

The Phyz:

YOU aſk why *Roome* diverts you with his Jokes,
Yet if he writes, is dull as other Folks?

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You wonder at it. This, Sir, is the Caſe,
The Jeſt is loſt, unleſs he prints his Face.

CCCCXLVI.

TREASON does never proſper: what's the Reaſon?
Why, when it proſpers, none dare call it Treaſon.

CCCCXLVII.

CURIO's rich Side-board ſeldom ſees the Light,
Clean is his Kitchen, and his Spits are bright;
His Knives and Forks, all rang'd in even Rows,
No Hand moleſts, no Servants diſcompoſe;
A curious Jack, hung up to pleaſe the Eye,
For ever ſtill; whoſe Flyers — never fly.
His Plates unſullied, ſhining on the Shelf;
For *Curio* dreſſes Nothing but himſelf.

CCCCXLVIII.

On a Bee ſtifled in Honey.

FROM Flow'r to Flow'r, with eager Pains,
See the bleſt buſy Lab'rer fly;
When all that from her Toil ſhe gains,
Is in the Sweets ſhe hoards to die.
'Tis thus, wou'd Man the Truth believe,
With Life's ſoft Sweets, each fav'rite Joy;
If we taſte wiſely, they relieve,
But if we plunge too deep, deſtroy.

CCCCXLIX.

On Mr. POPE's *Death.*

ARISE, ye glimmering Stars of Wit!
For, lo! the Sun of Verſe is ſet.

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CCCCL.

VAIN are the Charms of White and Red,
Which form the blooming Fair;
Give me the Nymph whoſe Snow is ſpread,
Not o'er her Face, but Hair.
Of ſmoother Cheeks the winning Grace
As open Forces I defy;
But in the Wrinkles of her Face,
Love does in Ambuſh lie.
If naked Eyes ſet Hearts on Blaze,
And am'rous Warmth inſpire;
Thro' Glaſs who darts her pointed Rays,
Lights up a fiercer Fire.
Nor Rivals nor the Train of Years,
Diſturb my Peace, or Bliſs deſtroys;
Alive ſhe gives no jealous Fears,
And dead, ſhe crowns my Joys.

CCCCLI.

NO more, O *Rome*, thy wrong Belief defend,
No more for ſeven Sacraments contend:
Each wedded Wretch will readily proclaim
Penance and Matrimony are the ſame.

CCCCLII.

AS *Thomas* was cudgell'd one Day by his Wife,
He took to his Heels and he ran for his Life.
Tom's three deareſt Friends came by in the Squabble,
And ſcreen'd him at once from the Shrew and the Rabble;
Then ventur'd to give him ſome wholeſome Advice;
But *Tom* is a Fellow of Honour ſo nice,
Too proud to take Counſel, too wiſe to take Warning,
That he ſent to all three a Challenge next Morning.
He fought with all three; thrice ventur'd his Life;
Then went home, and was cudgell'd again by his Wife.

Dr. SWIFT.

CCCCLIII. *On*

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CCCCLIII.

On Mr. BUTLER's *Monument in* Weſtminſter Abbey.

WHILST *Butler*, needy Wretch! was yet alive,
No gen'rous Patron wou'd a Dinner give:
See him, when ſtarv'd to Death, and turn'd to Duſt,
Preſented with a monumental Buſt!
The Poet's Fate is here in Emblem ſhown;
He aſk'd for Bread, and he receiv'd a Stone.

SAM. WESTLEY.

CCCCLIV.

HOW ſhall we pleaſe this Age? If in a Song
We put above ſix Lines they count it long;
If we contract it to an Epigram,
As deep they dwarfiſh Poetry they damn:
If we write Plays, few ſee above an Act,
And thoſe lewd Maſks, and noiſy Fops diſtract.
Let us write Satire then, and, at our Eaſe,
Vex the ill-natur'd Fools we cannot pleaſe.

CCCCLV.

UNHAPPY *Chremes*, Neighbour to a Peer,
Kept half his Sheep, and fatted half his Deer;
Each Day his Gates thrown down, his Fences broke,
And injur'd ſtill the more, the more he ſpoke,
At laſt reſolv'd his potent Foe to awe,
And guard his Right by Statute and by Law.
A Suit in Chancery the Wretch begun,
Nine happy Terms thro' Bill and Anſwer run,
Obtain'd his Cauſe; had Coſts; and was — undone.

CCCCLVI. When

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CCCCLVI.

WHEN *Cloe*'s Picture was to *Venus* shown,
Surpriz'd the Goddess took it for her own:
And what, says she, does this bold Painter mean?
When was I bathing thus? And naked seen?
Pleas'd *Cupid* heard, and check'd his Mother's Pride;
And, who's blind now, Mama? the Urchin cry'd.
'Tis *Cloe*'s Eye, and Cheek, and Lip, and Breast;
Friend *Howard*'s Genius fancy'd all the rest.

M. PRIOR.

CCCCLVII.

Inscription for a Fountain adorned with Queen ANNE's, *and the Duke of* Marlborough's *Statues, and the chief Rivers of the World round the Work.*

YE active Streams, where'er your Waters flow,
Let distant Climes, and farthest Nations know,
What ye from *Thames* and *Danube* have been taught,
How *Anne* commanded, and how *Marlbro'* fought.

By the same.

CCCCLVIII.

On the King's Statue oddly placed.

THE King of *Great Britain* was reckon'd before
The Head of the Church by all good Christian People;
His Subjects of *Bloomsb'ry* have added one more
To his Titles — and made him the Head of the Steeple.

CCCCLIX. When

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CCCCLIX.

WHEN *Gay* breath'd his laſt, we in Silence complain'd;
For yet we'd a *Pope* and a *Swift* that remain'd:
Pope falls — all *Parnaſſus* reſounds with our Cries,
And our Prayers are ſent up to keep *Swift* from the Skies.
Vain Wiſhes! vain Pray'rs! to the Winds they are given;
For Death comes relentleſs, and takes him to Heav'n.
At little Misfortunes we're ſoberly ſad, —
Now we've loſt all our Wits we ſhall ſurely run mad.

CCCCLX.

SIX tedious Months young *Damon* ſigh'd
In vain his am'rous Tale:
He ſu'd, implor'd: *Clo* ſtill deny'd;
No Efforts cou'd prevail.
At length he try'd the Pow'r of Gold —
She ſoon to chide forgot;
The fair one was no longer cold,
But prov'd — alas! too hot.

CCCCLXI.

WHEN *Eve* wou'd try, but to her Coſt,
Th' Experiment of Evil,
That ſhe with Gods might Wiſdom boaſt,
And Cunning with the Devil;
Too ſoon the Knowledge ſhe obtain'd;
Too late ſhe curs'd the Prize:
Oh! had ſhe but a Fool remain'd,
We ſhould have all been wiſe.

CCCCLXII. *Say*

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CCCCLXII.

SAY, lovely *Fanny*, lewd and fair,
Venus in Face and Mind,
Why muſt I not that Bounty ſhare,
You pour on all Mankind?
That Sun which ſhines promiſcuouſly
On Prince and Porter's Heads,
Why muſt it now leave only me
To languiſh in the Shades?
In vain you cry, you'll ſin no more,
In vain you pray and faſt:
You'll ne'er perſuade us till threeſcore,
That *Fanny* can be chaſte.
When thus affectedly you cant,
You're ſuch a young Beginner,
You are at beſt an awkward Saint,
But are a charming Sinner.

CCCCLXIII.

SEE, ſee, ſhe wakes, *Sabina* wakes,
And now the Sun begins to riſe:
Leſs glorious is the Morn that breaks
From *his* bright Beams than *her* bright Eyes.
With Light united, Day they give,
But diff'rent Fates ere Night fulfill;
How many by his Warmth will live!
How many will her Coldneſs kill!

W. CONGREVE.

CCCCLXIV.

LET *Blackmore* ſtill, in good King *Arthur*'s Vein,
To *Fleckno*'s Empire his juſt Right maintain;
Let him his own to common Senſe oppoſe,
With Praiſe and Slander maul both Friends and Foes;
Let him great *Dryden*'s awful Name prophane,
And learned *Garth* with envious Pride diſdain;

Let

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Let the Quack ſcribble any thing but Bills,
His Satyr wounds not, but his Phyſick kills.

CCCCLXV.

WHEN *Iſrael*'s Daughters mourn'd their paſt Offences,
They dealt in Sackcloth and turn'd Cinder Wenches;
The *Richmond* fair ones ne'er will ſpoil their Locks,
They uſe white Powder, and fine Holland Smocks.
O beauteous Church! where Females think clean Linnen
As decent to repent in as to ſin in.

CCCCLXVI.

SILENCE, ye Winds; ye Zephyrs, ceaſe to blow;
Be huſh'd, ye murm'ring Streams, ſerenely flow;
Ye Nightingales, your vanquiſh'd Notes forbear;
For *Iris*' ſweeter Song commands the liſt'ning Ear.

W. DUNCOMB.

CCCCLXVII.

TO *M Saffold* expiring, the ſovereign Quack
Bequeath'd his Poſſeſſions to *Caſe* and to *Drake*,
To divide 'em between them the Monarch thought fit,
So *Caſe* had his Practice, and *Drake* had his Wit.
On each Side of *Paul*'s each ſat up his Throne,
Diſpenſing his Gifts, as their Father had done:
The one made the Philters, the other the Bills;
The younger made Verſes, the elder made Pills;
Till Envy and Avarice tempted poor *Drake*
To encroach on his Brother, and paſs for a *Quack*,
But *Caſe*, who to loſe his Advantage was loth,
Grew mighty in Wit, and excell'd him in both;
And *Drake* met the Fate which Uſurpers deſerve,
To be damn'd as a Wit, as a Doctor to ſtarve.

Mr. OLDMIXON.

CCCCLXVIII. *Buck-*

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CCCCLXVIII.

BUCKHURST, thou dear Concern of th' heav'nly Pow'rs,
Immortal Roſes crown thy gentle Hours;
May rich Perfumes ſtill ſcent thy rich Attire,
And thy bright Hearth ſhine with eternal Fire:
May gen'rous Wine in thy clear Cryſtals move,
And thy ſoft Bed warm with a ſofter Love.
Whoe'er lives thus, tho' he dies young, cheats Fate,
And ſtretches Life beyond th' appointed Date.

CCCCLXIX.

GALLSTOWN-HOUSE.

'TIS ſo old and ſo ugly, and yet ſo convenient,
You're ſometimes in Pleaſure tho' often in Pain in't;
'Tis ſo large you may lodge a Friend or two with Eaſe in't;
You may turn and may ſtretch at your Length if you pleaſe in't.
'Tis ſo little the Family live in a Preſs in't,
And poor *Lady Betty* has ſcarce Room to dreſs in't;
'Tis ſo cold in the Winter you can't bear to lye in't;
And ſo hot in the Summer you're ready to fry in't.
'Tis ſo brittle 'twould ſcarce bear the Weight of a Tun,
Yet ſo ſtaunch that it keeps out a great Deal of Sun.
'Tis ſo crazy, the Weather with Eaſe beats quite thro' it,
And you're forc'd ev'ry Year in ſome Part to renew it.
'Tis ſo ugly, ſo uſeful, ſo big, and ſo little,
'Tis ſo ſtaunch and ſo crazy, ſo ſtrong, and ſo brittle,
'Tis at one Time ſo hot, and another ſo cold,
It is Part of the new and Part of the old,
It is juſt half a Bleſſing, and juſt half a Curſe,
I wiſh then, dear *George*, it were better or worſe.

Dr. DELANY.

CCCCLXX. No

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CCCCLXX.

NO *Varus* hates a Thing that's baſe,
I own indeed he's got a Knack
Of flatt'ring People to their Face,
But ſcorns to do't behind their Back.

JOSIAH RELPH.

CCCCLXXI.

Under a Picture of Mr. POYNTZ.

SUCH is thy Form, O *Poyntz!* but who ſhall find
A Hand, or Colours to expreſs thy Mind?
A Mind unmov'd by ev'ry vulgar Fear,
In a falſe World that dares to be ſincere:
Wiſe without Art; without Ambition great;
Tho' firm, yet pliant; active, tho' ſedate;
With all the richeſt Stores of Learning fraught;
Yet better ſtill by native Prudence taught;
That, fond the Griefs of the diſtreſt to heal,
Can pity Frailties it could never feel;
That, when Misfortune ſu'd, ne'er ſought to know
What Sect, what Party, whether Friend, or Foe;
That, fix'd on equal Virtue's temp'rate Laws,
Deſpiſes Calumny, and ſhuns Applauſe;
That, to its own Perfections ſingly blind,
Wou'd for another think this Praiſe deſign'd.

Sir G. LYTTELTON.

CCCCLXXII.

IN Crowds the Ladies throng where Pleaſure calls,
To gaming Rooms, to Concerts, and to Balls.
But none to Church! and why? No Men are there.
Muſt Belles on one another only ſtare?

Anſwer.

But none to Church! 'tis falſe! your pious Fools,
Poliſh'd no higher than by Bible Rules,

Lame,

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Lame, old and ugly, thither run in Sholes;
They've Nothing elſe to do but mind their Souls.

CCCCLXXIII.

WILL has but one poor Peeper got,
His Conſort has no more;
The P—x has ſent them both to Pot;
Mark! Sinners how you whore!
Will, let thy one thy Conſort's be,
And ſhare not half a Senſe;
You may be blind and fiddle, ſhe
See clear to take the Pence. Vide N°. 305.

CCCCLXXIV.

SAID Cynick in a teſty Mood,
Well! ſince *Athens* is ſo rude
To laugh at me and mine,
I'll laugh at all that laugh at me,
And ſo with them I'll even be,
And pay them in their Coin.
A dry Philoſopher ſat by,
And ſtraitway made him this Reply;
For all that ſurly Frown,
If what you've juſt now ſaid be true,
You laugh at all that laugh at you,
You're the merry'ſt Blade in Town. NASO.

CCCCLXXV.

PRITHEE, dear *Green*, the Reaſon tell,
When other *Greens* all look ſo well;
Why you alone are pale and wan,
Or if you cannot — then I can;
The Reaſon is, believe the Muſe,
Becauſe they drink and you refuſe! JOSIAH RELPH.

CCCCLXXVI On

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CCCCLXXVI.

On a Lady's drinking the Bath *Waters.*

THE guſhing Streams impetuous flow
In Haſte to *Delia*'s Lips to go,
With equal Haſte and equal Heat,
Who wou'd not ruſh thoſe Lips to meet?
Bleſs'd envy'd Streams ſtill greater Bliſs
Attends your warm and liquid Kiſs:
For from her Lips your welcome Tide,
Shall down her heaving Boſom glide;
There fill each ſwelling Globe of Love,
And touch that Heart I ne'er cou'd move.
From thence in ſoft Mæanders ſtray,
And find at laſt the bliſsful Way
Which Thought may paint, tho' Verſe mayn't ſay.
Too happy Rival, dwell not there
To rack my Heart with jealous Care.
But quit the bleſt Abode, tho' loth,
And quickly paſſing eaſe us both. The Earl of C.

CCCCLXXVII.

WHEN at our Houſe the Servants brawl,
And raiſe an Uproar in the Hall;
While *John* the Butler, and ſhort *Mary*,
About the Plate and Linen vary;
Till the ſmart Dialogue grows rich,
In ſneaking Dog! and ugly Bitch!
Down comes my Lady like the Devil,
And makes 'em ſilent all and civil.
Thus Cannon clears the cloudy Air,
And ſcatters Tempeſts brewing there;
Thus Bullies ſometimes keep the Peace,
And one Scold makes the other ceaſe. N. Rowe.

CCCCLXXVIII. *Lol-*

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CCCCLXXVIII.

LOLLIUS with Head bent back and close shut Eyes,
All Service Time devoutly snoring lies;
Its great Dislike in Fits the Parish speaks,
And wonder *Lollius* thus the Sabbath breaks.
But I think *Lollius* keeps the Sabbath best;
For why, he makes it still a Day of Rest.

JOSIAH RELPH.

CCCCLXXIX.

The Wish.

IF some good-natur'd Pow'r divine
E'er deign to view this Cot of mine,
And if that God (as Gods have been
Delighted with a rural Scene)
Well pleas'd shall promise to impart
The Blifs that heaves my longing Heart;
This Wish I'll readily present,
"Make me in ev'ry State content."

By the same.

CCCCLXXX.

HERE, Ladies, all your Favours show'r;
Your Favours none can merit more.
Other ungrateful Souls (P—x on 'em)
Forget a Favour really done 'em;
But grateful *Damon*, 'tis believ'd,
Remembers those he ne'er receiv'd.

By the same.

CCCCLXXXI. When

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CCCCLXXXI.

WHEN from her Bosom *Arria* pull'd the Blade,
Thus to her Lord the tender Heroine said;
The Wound I gave myself, with Ease I bear,
Alas! I die by that which kills my Dear.

By the same.

CCCCLXXXII.

To NARCISSA, *who took it ill to have the Author called her Lover.*

LORD, Miss, how Folks can frame a Lie;
Love you, say they? By *Jove* not I.
Both *Jove* and you may Witness bring
I never dreamt of such a Thing.
Henceforth bid Jealousy be gone;
Thyself, dear self is thine alone:
From Fear of Rivals thou art free:
—O! were I half so blest as thee. By the same.

CCCCLXXXIII.

FOOL Man wou'd cry if sure to dye
Before a Month were past;
Yet laughs away this poor short Day,
Which is perhaps his last. By the same.

CCCCLXXXIV.

The Petition of Justice B——n's *Horse to the Duke of* Newcastle.

QUITE worn to the Stumps in a piteous Condition,
I present to your Grace this my humble Petition:
Full twenty-eight Stone, as all the World sees,
(To me it seems more) my plump Master weighs!

A

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A Load for a Team this, yet I all alone,
To *Claremont* muſt draw him, for Help I have none,
O'er *Eſher*'s hot Sands in a dry Summer's Day,
How I ſweat and I chafe and I pant all the Way;
But when I return, and the Draft is encreas'd,
By what he has cramm'd — a Stone at the leaſt —
No ſingle Horſe can be in Conſcience thought able
To draw both the Juſtice, and eke half your Table.
This my Caſe, *gracious Duke*, to your tender Compaſſion,
I ſubmit, and O! take it in Conſideration.
To drive with a Pair, put the Squire in the Way,
Your Petitioner then, bound in Duty, will neigh.

CCCCLXXXV.

YOUR fighting Aſs is a Bully,
Your ſneaking Aſs is a Cit,
Your keeping Aſs is a Cully,
But your top prime Aſs is a Wit.
They all fool Cit of his Wife,
He fools all them of their Pelf;
But your Wit's ſo damn'd an Aſs,
He only fools himſelf.

CCCCLXXXVI.

To Miſs Lucy F.

ONCE by the Muſe alone inſpir'd,
I ſung my am'rous Strains;
No ſerious Love my Boſom fir'd;
Yet ev'ry tender Maid deceiv'd
The idly mournful Tale believ'd,
And wept my fancied Pains.
But *Venus* now to puniſh me,
For having feign'd ſo well,
Has made my Heart ſo fond of thee,
That not the whole *Aonian* Quire
Can Accent ſoft enough inſpire,
Its real Flame to tell.

Sir G. Lyttelton.

CCCCLXXXVII. *To*

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CCCCLXXXVII.

To the same.

With a new Watch.

WITH me while present may thy lovely Eyes
Be never turn'd upon this golden Toy;
Think ev'ry pleasing Hour too swiftly flies,
And measure Time by Joy succeeding Joy.
But, when the Cares that interrupt our Bliss
To me not always will thy Sight allow,
Then oft with kind Impatience look on this,
Then ev'ry Minute count — as I do now.

By the same.

CCCCLXXXVIII.

The Commons' Petition to King CHARLES *the* Second.

IN all Humility we crave
Our Sovereign may be our Slave;
And humbly beg that he may be
Betray'd by us most loyally.
And if he please once to lay down
His Scepter, Dignity, and Crown,
We'll make him, for the Time to come,
The greatest Prince in Christendom.

By the Earl of ROCHESTER.

The King's Answer.

CHARLES, at this Time having no Need,
Thanks you as much as if he did.

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CCCCLXXXIX.

On Mr. SHEFFIELD's *Houſe in St.* James's *Park.*

Sic ſiti lætantur Lares.

HAPPILY hous'd theſe *Lares* are,
To feed on Viſto's and freſh Air;
To dine with *Humphry's Duke* each Day,
And gaze their Supper Time away.
But *Ceres* with her Sheaf of Corn,
Would better *Sheffield*'s Houſe adorn,
To which if *Bacchus* Grapes wou'd bring,
Then might the merry *Lares* ſing.

CCCCXC.

FOUL ——— with graceleſs Verſe,
The noble ——— dar'd aſperſe.
But when he ſaw her well beſpatter'd,
Her Reputation ſtain'd and tatter'd;
He gaz'd, and lov'd the hideous Elf,
She look'd ſo very like himſelf.
True ſung the Bard well known to Fame,
Self-love and ſocial are the ſame. Mr. N—T.

CCCCXCI.

LOVELY ſhines thy wedded Fair,
Gentle as the yielding Air;
Cheering as the ſolar Beam,
Soothing as the Fountain Stream.
Why then, jealous Huſband, rail?
All may breathe the ambient Gale,
Baſk in Heav'n's diffuſive Ray,
Drink the Streams that paſs away.
All may ſhare unleſs'ning Joy;
Why then jealous, peeviſh Boy?

Water,

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Water, Air, and Light confine,
Ere thou think'ſt her wholly thine. By the ſame.

To CLARISSA.

CCCCXCII.

WHY like a Tyrant wilt thou reign,
When thou mayſt rule the willing Mind?
Can the poor Pride of giving Pain,
Repay the Joys that wait the kind?
I curſe my fond enduring Heart,
Which ſcorn'd preſumes not to be free,
Condemn'd to feel a double Smart,
To hate myſelf, and burn for thee. By the ſame.

CCCCXCIII.

WHILST *Lucy* chaſte as Mountain Snows,
Gives ev'ry idle Fop a Hearing;
In *Mary*'s Breaſt a Paſſion glows,
Which ſtronger is from not appearing.
Say, who has choſe the better Part!
Mary to whom no Joy is miſſing;
Or ſhe, who Dupe to her own Art,
Pays the full Price of *Mary*'s Kiſſing?
By the ſame.

CCCCXCIV.

Mrs. PENELOPE * * *

THE gentle *Pen.* with Look demure,
A While was thought a Virgin pure;
But *Pen.* as antient Poets ſay,
Undid by Night the Work of Day. By the ſame.

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CCCCXCV.

WHILST Thirſt of Praiſe and vain Deſire of Fame,
In ev'ry Age, is ev'ry Woman's Aim;
With Courtſhip pleas'd, of ſilly Toaſters proud,
Fond of a Train, and happy in a Crowd;
On each poor Fool beſtowing ſome kind Glance,
Each Conqueſt owing to ſome looſe Advance;
While vain Coquets affect to be purſu'd,
And think they're virtuous, if not groſsly lewd;
Let this great Maxim be my Virtue's Guide
In Part ſhe is to blame that has been try'd;
He comes too near, that comes to be deny'd.

Lady MARY WORTLEY MONTAGUE.

CCCCXCVI.

Written in a Lady's Sherlock on Death.

MISTAKEN Fair, lay *Sherlock* by,
His Doctrine is deceiving:
For whilſt he teaches us to die,
He cheats us of our living.
To die's a Leſſon we ſhall know
Too ſoon without a Maſter;
Then let us only ſtudy now
How we may live the faſter.
To live's to love, to bleſs, be bleſt
With mutuall Inclination;
Share then my Ardour in your Breaſt,
And kindly meet my Paſſion;
But if thus bleſt I may not live,
And Pity you deny;
To me at leaſt your *Sherlock* give,
'Tis I muſt learn to die.

C.

CCCCXCVII. *The*

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CCCCXCVII.

The Worm Doctor.

VAGUS advanc'd on high proclaims his Skill
By Cakes of wondrous Force the Worms to kill:
A ſcornful Ear the wiſer Sort impart,
And laugh at *Vagus*'s pretended Art.
But well can *Vagus* what he boaſts perform,
For Man (as *Job* has told us) is a Worm.

JOSIAH RELPH.

CCCCXCVIII.

Written on an Hour Glaſs.

THESE little Atoms that in Silence pour,
And meaſure out with even pace the Hour,
Were once *Alcippus*; ſtruck by *Galla*'s Eyes,
Wretched he burn'd, and here in Aſhes lyes:
Which ever ſtreaming this ſad Truth atteſt,
That Lovers count the Time, and know no reſt.

By the ſame.

CCCCXCIX.

HOW great thy Might let none by Miſchief know,
But what thou canſt by Acts of Kindneſs ſhew;
A Pow'r to hurt is no ſuch noble Thing;
The Toad can poiſon, and the Serpent ſting.

By the ſame.

CCCCC.

On a beautiful Boy ſinging.

WHILST lovely *Daphnis* chaunts his charming Lays,
And ſporting Echo with the Muſick plays,
Around the *Dryads* and the *Fauns* appear,
The ſavage wild Beaſts ſoften as they hear;

Old

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Old Thames uprears him from the Ooze below,
And in Attention loſt the Streams forget to flow:
Apollo hearing wonder'd at the Strain,
And thought his *Orpheus* was return'd again;
But when his heav'nly Face and Mien he ſpy'd,
Ah! cruel! no: 'Tis *Venus*' Son, he cry'd;
Was't not enough the *Archer* to out-do;
What will he challenge the *Muſician* too?

By the ſame.

CCCCCI.

ORINDA's Judgment's juſt and true;
It never made a Slip but two;
When ſhe approv'd my Lines, was one;
The other when ſhe blam'd her own. By the ſame.

CCCCCII.

The Art of War.

FIRST let *Freeman* and *Sidney* the Gazetteer Drums,
Roar manfully out that the Enemy comes.
Then during the Panic urge Taxes good Store,
Not barely enough but ſome twenty Times more:
Next levy new Forces by Sea and by Land,
And give each pretty Fellow his Share of Command.
Let Seamen be preſs'd and Embargoes be laid,
To ruin the Merchant defending the Trade:
Whole Herds dye untimely to victual the Fleet,
No Matter, tho' Carrion, if bought for good Meat.
Hold Councils, ſend Couriers, diſpatch Plenipos,
Bribe ſome to be Friends, and ſome not to be Foes:
And when ev'ry Job and Expedient is ſerv'd,
Let us *reſt* on our Arms, till our Foes are all ſtarv'd.

CCCCCIII. *To*

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CCCCCIII.

To Dr. W———.

WHEN the fair Critic Comments on
An obſcure Author writes,
He thinks the Bus'neſs fairly done,
If he ſtrikes out new Lights.
Oh! then let none thy Genius doubt,
Surpaſt by very few,
Who'ſt ſtruck not only *new Lights* out,
But all the *old ones* too. J. HACKETT.

CCCCCIV.

THOSE Epigrams you moſt commend,
That with a Turn leaſt thought of end;
Then ſure a tip-top one you'll call,
This which concludes with — none at all.

Ann Flood was committed for ſtealing a —— pe!
Was tried for't poor thing! may convicted she stood:
Well well cries Sir Chairman we'll let the girl go—
Why its only a Pot carried off by "A Flood"
Quiver 1824. FINIS.

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Dr. Mead. 6.
D. Brown. 7

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There was also published in 1757, a work in 2 vols, according to Lowndes, of wh. the title reads

"Select & remarkable Epitaphs on illustrious & other Persons, in several Parts of Europe".

For T. Osborne & J. Shipton

But he does not mention this book: nor is it in the Britwell catalogue, wh has only the "Epitaphs": so in Allibone.

Blackett is not in the D.N.B.

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The calf the goose the bee.
The world is ruled by these three.

Parchment pens & wax —

Nettle p 108 — ~~5th~~ . CCCLXXIII
Poet Laureate 8.

p 32. 113

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